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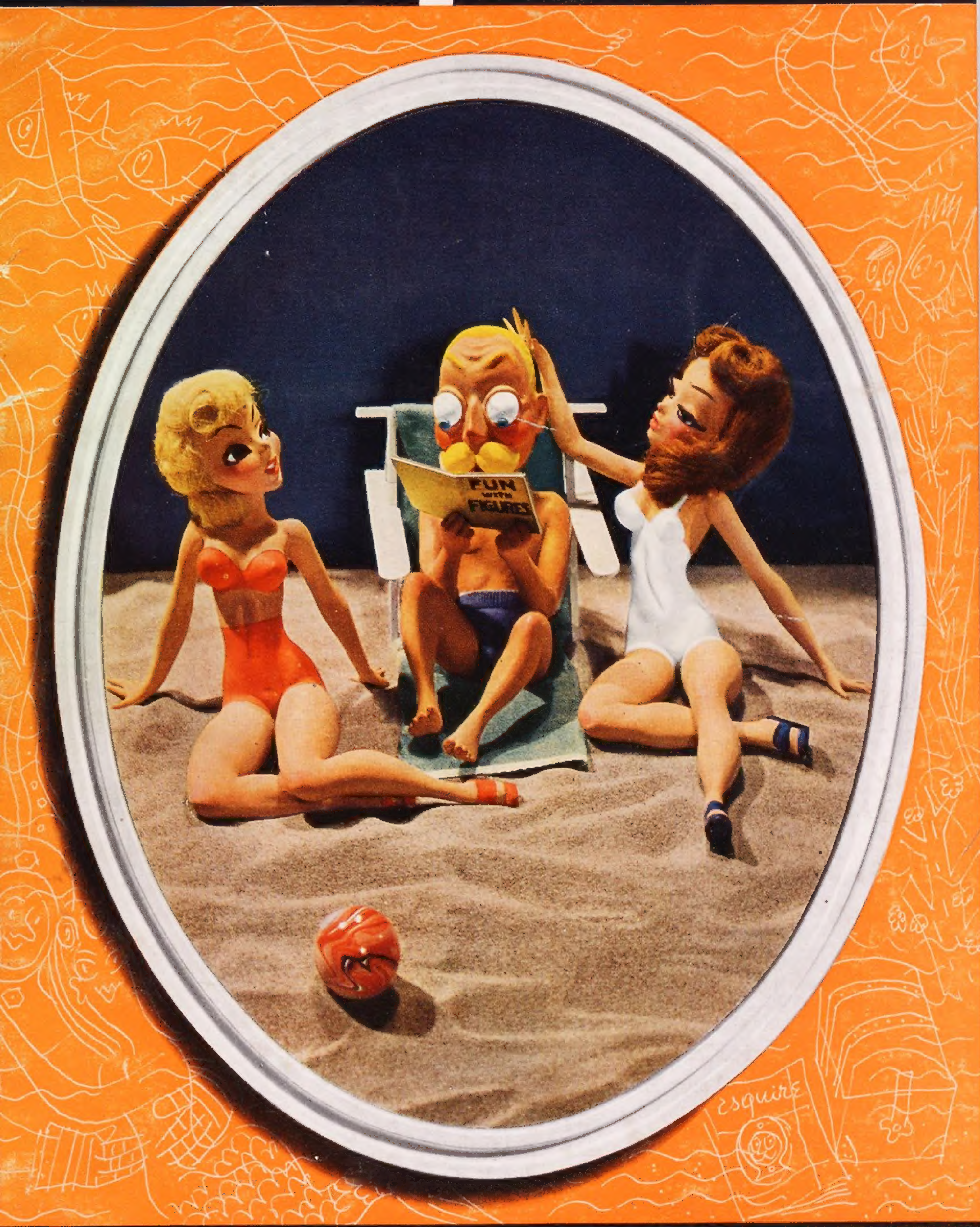
THIS PRINTING 580,000

AUGUST
1941

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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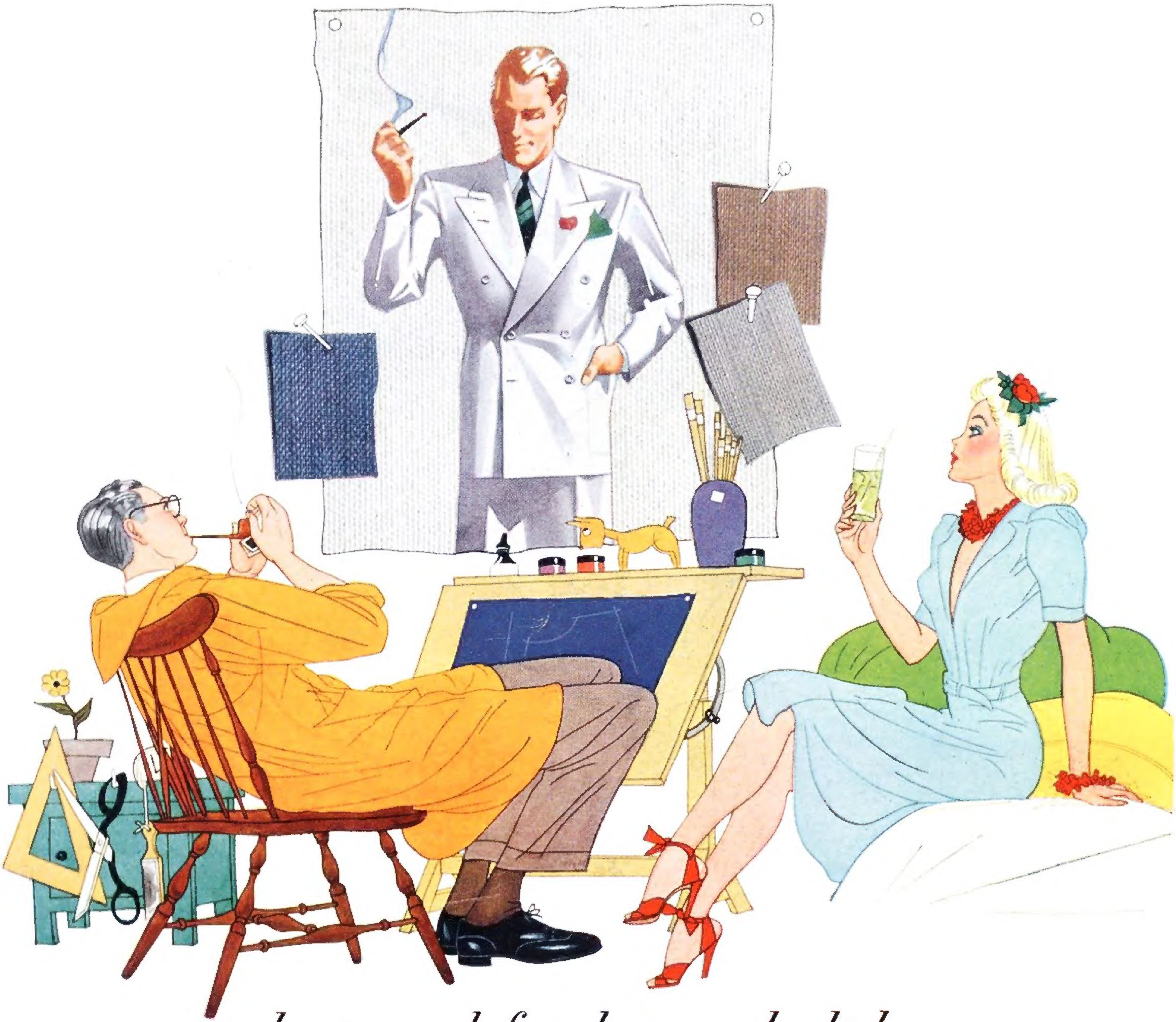

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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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PETTY

● For months, now, the evanescent Petty girl has been preening herself, behind the mysterious lattices of the seraglio.

Strange sounds have slipped through the secret places, like the soft sighs of strummed virginals, if any virginals be left at large in these parlous times.

Viziers have come; and viziers have gone. Seneschals have run hither and yon. Some say that that master of the sensuous brush, Kemal al-Din Bhizad, "The Marvel of the Age," was seen slipping in and out, disguised as a pencil of light. Others, that papermakers and bookbinders consorted with the Master's favorite, unbeknownst to the officialdom of the court.

But at last—the secret is out:

The Petty girl has taken on new and more direct duties. Unveiled to the ultimate zone, in order that no long sleeves remain to deceive you, she will step forth shortly from her perfumed garden to preside over a little book—a book of the hours, and the hours' golden moments.

This book will have a special function. It will guard those small pieces of information which nourish the life of action—data for the lack of which men have been known to go berserk, or resign themselves to the fat, flat, fatal inanities (which is the same thing in modern dress).

In short, the Petty girl's little book will bring you the numbered details of the high places; the figured names of life's best numbers. It is a guide book to your inner life; a life line to the balconies and little rotundas and rose-topped peaks where all reasoned pleasure lies.

Hold your palfreys, gentlemen; sheath your scimitars. The September *Esquire* will supply all necessary details about how, what, when, where, if, and why.

Alakim Salaam!

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
August, 1941
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EDITORIAL: Fair Warning Concerning an Unfair Trade Practice

The word "esquire" was obsolescent in 1933, before this magazine was born. The word lay in the dictionary, all but forgotten. Except for lawyers' correspondence, the once general practice of addressing men by mail as John Jones, *Esq.*, as opposed to *Mr.* John Jones, had gone out with the quill pen. Before the common use of typewriters, tradesmen generally addressed their patrons as *Esq.* In America there was never the hair-splitting accuracy that prevailed in England over the use of *Esq.* and *Mr.*, limiting the use of the former designation to a landed gentleman. Over here it was simply considered a more respectful way of saying *Mr.* to address a man as *Esq.* But it had been dying out fast ever since the turn of the twentieth century.

Then along came Esquire, The Magazine for Men, and breathed new life into a moribund word. Over night the word "esquire" came out of the ranks of the unemployed to become one of the busier words of the American language. Suddenly there began a lively burgeoning of *Esquire Thises and Thats*, all under the banner of this word which had always, until only yesterday, been barren of all appeal to entrepreneurs. What had happened, so suddenly, to make this quaint old word so popular?

Well, it was our conviction and contention that the only thing that could explain this sudden popularity of the word "esquire" was the sudden popularity of this magazine under that name. There was logic in support of this deduction, for if the magazine hadn't made the word popular why wasn't the word popular before the magazine's inception?

Anyway, all over the country the word began to be used in a way that showed that it had acquired a secondary meaning—and a meaning quite different from the rather musty connotations of its original status. For Esquire very quickly came to stand for everything modish and smartly distinctive, especially in relation to things of particular interest and appeal to men.

That this had taken place as an after-the-fact development, so to speak, following upon the launching and widespread acceptance of Esquire, The Magazine for Men, as the first magazine of general appeal to devote a measurably large portion of its content to masculine fashions, was made a matter of record in the New York courts as early as 1935. At that time, in a consent decree in that state, recognition was accorded this magazine as having endowed this word "esquire" with this secondary meaning of smartness and distinction as relating to things of especial interest and appeal to men.

At first, trying to be good fellows, we confined ourselves to written protests, and aside from taking legal action in some particularly flagrant cases, involving the marketing and advertising of clothing items in such a way as to suggest that they were somehow sponsored by the magazine, where we had to step in to prevent fraud, we were content to employ "methods short of war" against the majority of the people who were all trying, as it were, to shave off our beard.

But it soon became evident that more was at stake than our reputation as disinterested reporters of men's fashion trends. The use of the name Esquire, although in no way connected with men's clothes, began to be coupled with unwarranted borrowings of our distinctive script lettering of the name, and even with close imitations of our bug-eyed trademark figure, Esky. Other devices of display and advertising were used, all cleverly calculated to give the impression that the magazine had at least condoned, if not actually sponsored or even produced, the venture in question.

One such operation under false colors was begun by a nightclub whose owners proved anything but amenable to good natured suggestions from us that something be done to obviate the possibility of confusion on the part of its patrons. Nothing, in other words, suggested that the owners had anything to do with the place, while everything suggested that this magazine had.

Now it must be recorded, in fairness, that many other such instances had come to our attention and that, in most cases, an amicable exchange of letters explaining and recognizing the justice of our position, had been sufficient to eliminate any abuse of our rights in the name Esquire. In some cases, litigation was begun which, in every instance, terminated in recognition of our rights. But in the case of this particular nightclub the owners remained obdurate and, after being warned that a court decision had once recognized our proprietary rights in the name, chose to get tough about the whole matter. Pointing out that a nightclub could certainly not be defined as a thing of "especial interest and appeal to men," they redoubled their emphasis upon the name Esquire and invited us to take a flying leap into nether regions.

That was almost three years ago, and we have been in litigation ever since. Hence it is with what we hope will be considered pardonable satisfaction and pride that we now announce the result. Clearly defining and recognizing our rights in the name Esquire, the following is the finding of facts and conclusions of law by a Federal Judge in the United States District Court, Southern District of Florida:

> Plaintiff and its immediate predecessor have been in business continuously since 1933 operating under the name "Esquire," which business primarily relates to a publication of originality, class and distinction, sold under the name "Esquire" and has built up an extensive business and good will under its trade-mark or trade-name "Esquire." As a result of this good will and extensive sales and advertising by the plaintiff, *the name "Esquire" has acquired a secondary meaning in the mind of the purchasing public referring to plaintiff wherever and whenever used in connection with any of the objects or things treated in plaintiff's Esquire publication, particularly articles and things of interest to men, including foods, drinks, wines, liquors, clothes, fashions and the theatre, clubs and other places of amusement.*
>
> Defendant's use of plaintiff's name "Esquire" is *calculated to and does cause the public to believe there is some connection between the two, either that the plaintiff owns or controls the business of the defendant or sponsors it, or has given leave to conduct the business under some contract, and that the defendant's business has the approval of the plaintiff or that the defendant's business is in some manner related to the plaintiff's business. The defendant is guilty of wilful and deliberate unfair competition in violation of plaintiff's rights both before and since filing the original and supplemental bills of complaint herein.*
>
> Plaintiff is the owner of valid trademarks and all rights thereunder, which the defendant has wilfully and deliberately and unfairly used on and in connection with its business and in its advertisements thereof, all in unfair competition with and in violation of plaintiff's rights.
>
> Plaintiff obtained certain copyrights covering pictorial drawings embodying plaintiff's "Esky" bulbous eyed character which are component parts of copyrighted registrations duly obtained by the plaintiff, each and all of which, particularly as to the component parts thereof here in suit, are good and valid and the plaintiff is the sole owner thereof and all rights thereunder. Each of said copyrights have been wilfully and deliberately infringed by the defendant both before and after filing the original and supplemental bills of complaint herein by reproducing and using said copyrighted pictorial drawings on the interior walls of its place of business and on its printed material used in connection with its business and by reproducing and using certain of said copyrighted pictorial illustrations on "layouts" which defendant caused to be published in the regular daily newspapers of general distribution.
>
> That a perpetual injunction issue out of and under the seal of this court, strictly enjoining said defendant, its officers, servants, agents, attorneys, employees, and those in active concert or participation with them, from directly or indirectly
>
> > (a) using in any manner on or in connection with its business the name "Esquire" or any name confusingly similar thereto;
> >
> > (b) using in any manner on or in connection with its business plaintiff's Esky figure, trade-mark and trade symbol, or any mark confusingly similar thereto;
> >
> > (c) using in any manner on or in connection with its business plaintiff's cover layout of its periodical or any mark confusingly similar thereto;
> >
> > (d) in any manner making or causing to be made, copying or causing to be copied, printing or causing to be printed, publishing or causing to be published, selling or causing to be sold, using or advertising or causing to be advertised or used any of plaintiff's copyrighted works or component parts thereof covered and identified by the Certificates of copyright registrations here in suit.

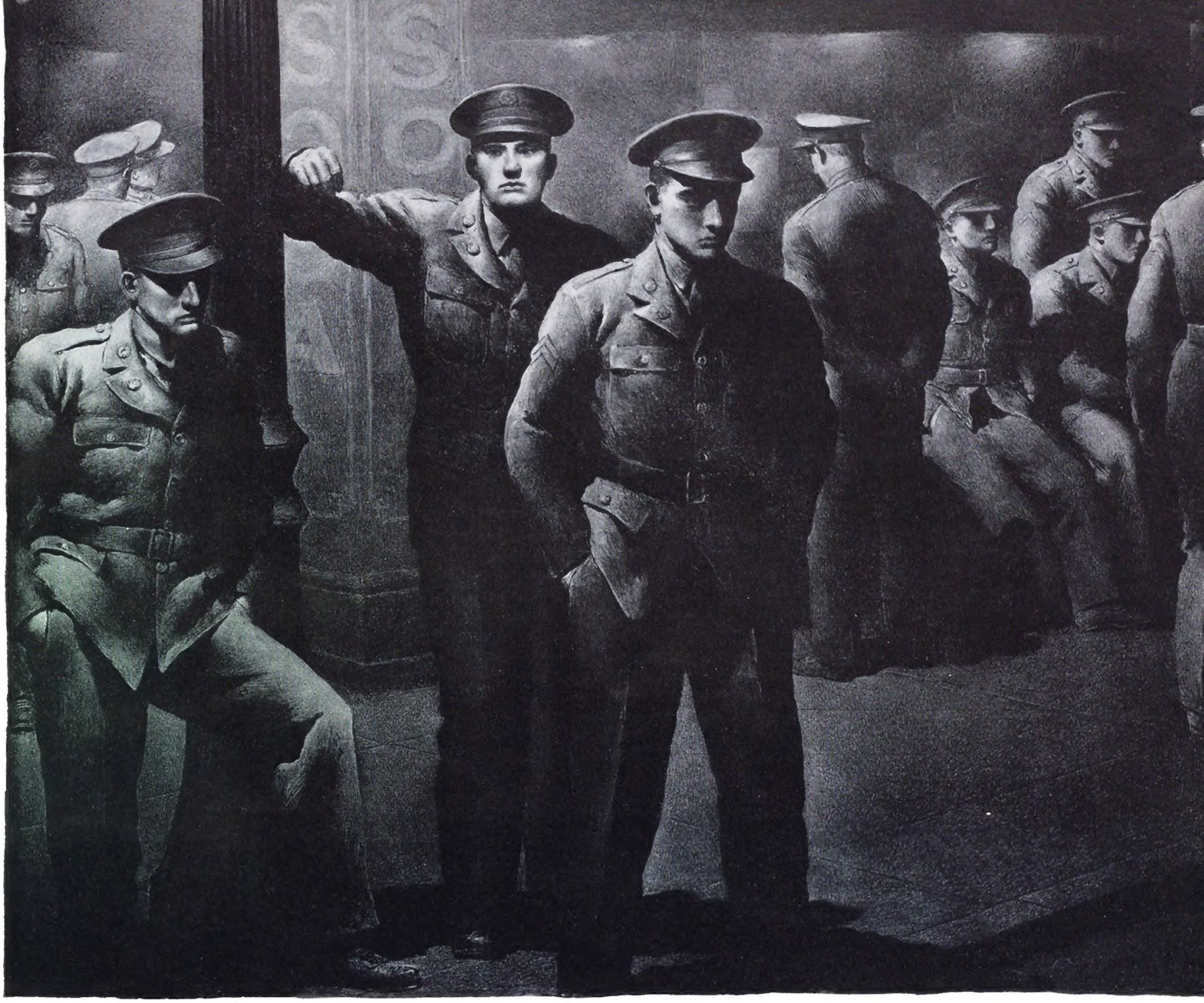
And, on June 10th, 1941, the court entered a decree ordering:

> That the defendant be required to deliver up to the Marshal of this court, within ten days from the date of this decree, for destruction any and all infringing copies of plaintiff's copyrighted pictorial drawings or component parts thereof which it now has on hand, or in its possession or under its control . . . bearing the name "Esquire."
>
> That the plaintiff recover from the defendant the gains and profits to the defendant and the damages caused the plaintiff by defendant's aforesaid wilful and deliberate unfair competition.
>
> That plaintiff recover from the defendant its full costs and disbursements and expenses made, or obligated to make, in connection with this suit.

* * *

In other words, the decision is ours by a knockout. That it may have some further usefulness, just as a word to the wise, in any pending or future cases where there may be any doubt as to whether we will, and can, enforce our right to regulate the conditions governing the use of the name Esquire, should be obvious.

Nobody likes a sourpuss. This magazine probably exceeds the average intensity of dislike for poor sports, bad losers, and heels in general. And when we find ourselves forced to tell anybody to lay off the name Esquire we always try to say it with a smile. But it is nevertheless somewhat comforting to be able to show, as conclusively as this, that when our first smiling protest is answered with a snarl, we can back it up with a mighty bite.



LIBERTY—TO DO WHAT?

THREE soldiers on a street corner, wondering where to go from here.

Where next—in a town whose sidewalks are overflowing with men on leave from camp? A dance somewhere? No such luck, soldier. The movies? Take a look at that line down the block. Somewhere to meet a friend, to write a letter . . .

"Dad used to tell me about places back in '17 . . ."

"We were at war then, Buddy. People cared."

• • •

Isn't it time America woke up to the fact that building an army is more than camps and guns? An army is men. And one of the most urgent problems in any all-out scheme of national defense is how to provide for these men off duty.

Within the camps and naval stations the services themselves have excellent facilities—canteens, athletic equipment, movies for all. But in the surrounding cities and towns, where the men off duty spend their leisure hours, the problem is urgent and serious.

Many of the newer army camps, housing up to 50,000 men, are located far from the larger cities. Into towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population may come as many as 3,000 men on a single evening. Not half of them can find places to eat; hardly any can find opportunities for wholesome entertainment.

• • •

To meet this emergency all the "service agencies" of the last war have joined forces. The Y. M. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association have combined to form the United Service Organizations—known as the U. S. O.

Differences of race and creed have been forgotten; lesser distinctions of purpose and method have been subordinated to the larger idea of united effective service.

It is truly an American conception, just as it's thoroughly American that the leisure-time needs of the military forces should be met by the people themselves, instead of through government regimentation.

• • •

How can you help? The U. S. O. is raising approximately eleven million dollars to finance its program of leisure-time aid to the men in service. This is your first opportunity as a civilian to do your bit for national defense. Give generously to the U. S. O.

How will the money be used? In maintaining more than 350 U. S. O. clubs in the cities and towns where they are most needed. The government has already appropriated funds to build the club houses themselves. What is required now is money to operate them.

How and where shall you give? To the local committee that has charge of your city's part in this national drive. No matter how much or how little you feel you can give, send it today to your local chairman or to National U. S. O. Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

VITAMINS
And What They Might Do For YOU!

If you read about the war, the Army, the Navy, Defense, the Home, Food, Health, Baseball, almost invariably you'll find vitamins in the news. Yet how little the average person knows about this much discussed subject! Wouldn't you like to be informed? Wouldn't you like to know what vitamins might do for you? If your hair is turning gray, can vitamins be of help? If you are just fagged out about four o'clock every afternoon, what's this got to do with vitamins? Is there such a thing as an anti-sterility vitamin? What do you know about vitamin units? How can you tell if you are getting your money's worth in vitamins? You may get all of this information, and many other interesting new facts about vitamins in a very informative booklet which is yours, free, for the asking; and if you are thrifty you will want to know about a new interesting plan to provide your full vitamin needs in ample protective unitage at substantial savings. Send for this free Vitamin Booklet today to VITAMIN-QUOTA, Borden Ave., & 21st Street, Dept. 77, Long Island City, New York.

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Staturaid shoes make you taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ in. (more than in ordinary shoes). Improve posture too. Built-up feature cleverly concealed from outside view. Select from 50 smart styles for town, country, sports, military, university wear. Staturaids are custom-made. One week delivery. Free Staturaid catalog sent in plain wrapper. Write Dept. 57.
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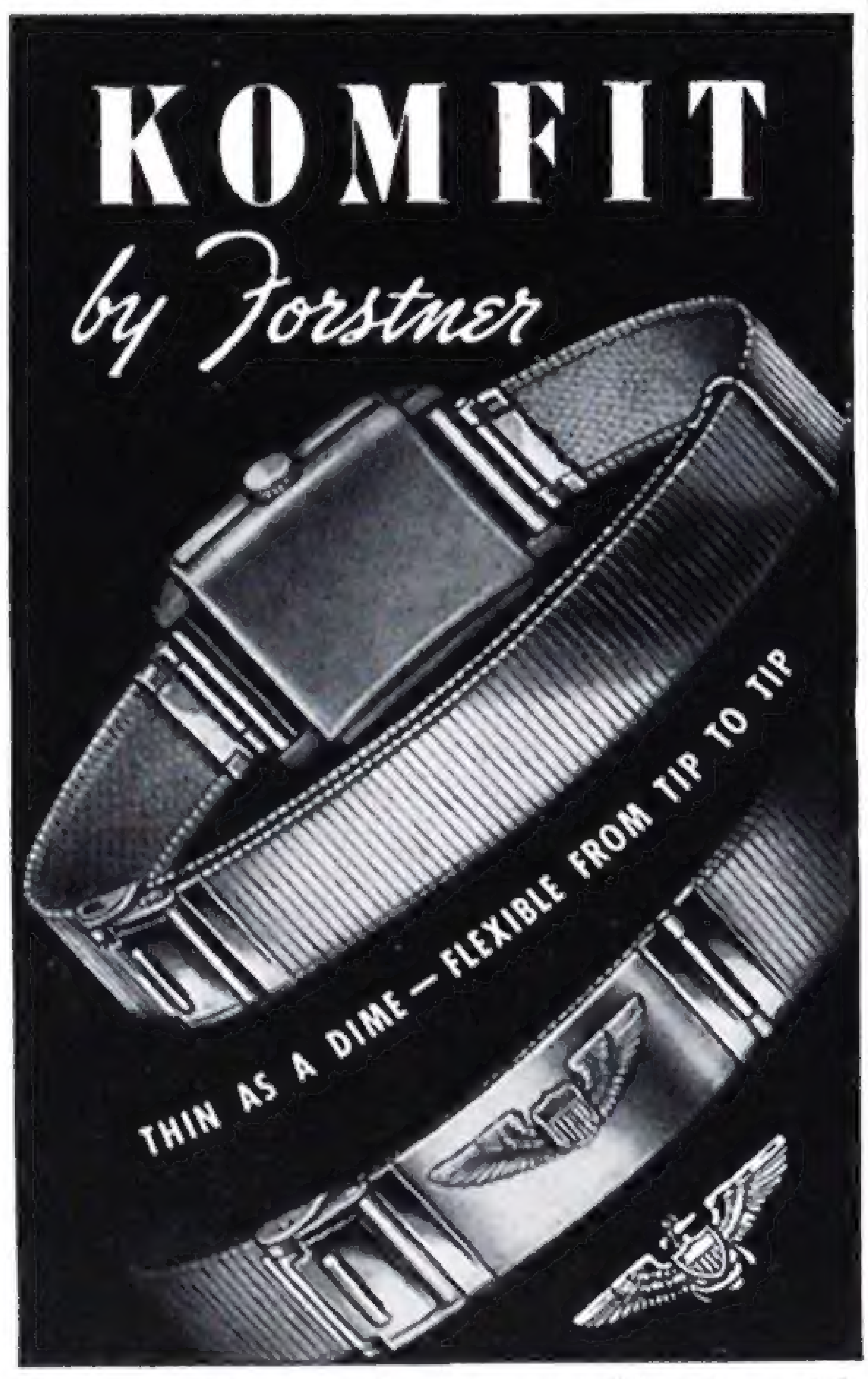

If you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! *Stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable*—just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner! Komfit is also available with Army Aviation or Navy Aviation insignia.
ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Gold filled, stainless steel lined $7.50 to $12.00. 14 Kt gold stainless steel lined $80.00. All stainless steel $3.50. With Service insignia $5.00 to $10.00.
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Irvington, New Jersey
Please send descriptive booklet giving full information
NAME....................................
ADDRESS.................................

BEFORE AND AFTER. Retouching photographs is an expensive and not always satisfying process, either to you or your subjects. Make everybody happy by doing your retouching in advance—on your models themselves, via a set of panchromatic makeup that's easily applied, easily removed, inexpensive, and professional in effect. Varying shades of foundation makeup are used to build up highlights, subdue shadows, obliterate unflattering lines and wrinkles. And of course the camera never lies.

THE ICE HAS IT. Try *not* to give a swank outdoor party when you find out about the punchbowl made entirely of ice. Octagonal or oblong in shape, it stays that way for six hours or more, being thick and solidly frozen. A final sensation can be created by having flowers, ferns, or what you will, embedded in the ice. Need we add that your punch will stay cold.

MOTORING MADE SIMPLE. What good is a rear view mirror when headlights behind you create a blinding glare? This trying situation can be fixed up by means of a prismatic glare-proof mirror with two reflecting surfaces, adjusted with a flick of the finger; one for day driving, one for night . . . To cool off the steaming occupants of your car, there's a streamlined rubber-blade fan, six inches in diameter, with a two-speed switch . . . If you're a coin-groper at toll bridges and highways, try a slotted rubber gadget with a suction base that fastens on the front window. The slots hold enough change to get you through the gate without having to writhe for spondulix.

A LIFE OF ITS OWN. There's a toothbrush on the market that is to the ordinary kind what a vacuum cleaner is to a broom. To wit, it's electric, and it goes to work on your sunny smile on the same principle your dentist uses—vibration. Comes with it a detachable brush and a rubber gum massager — and extra sets are available for other members of the family, in varying colors.

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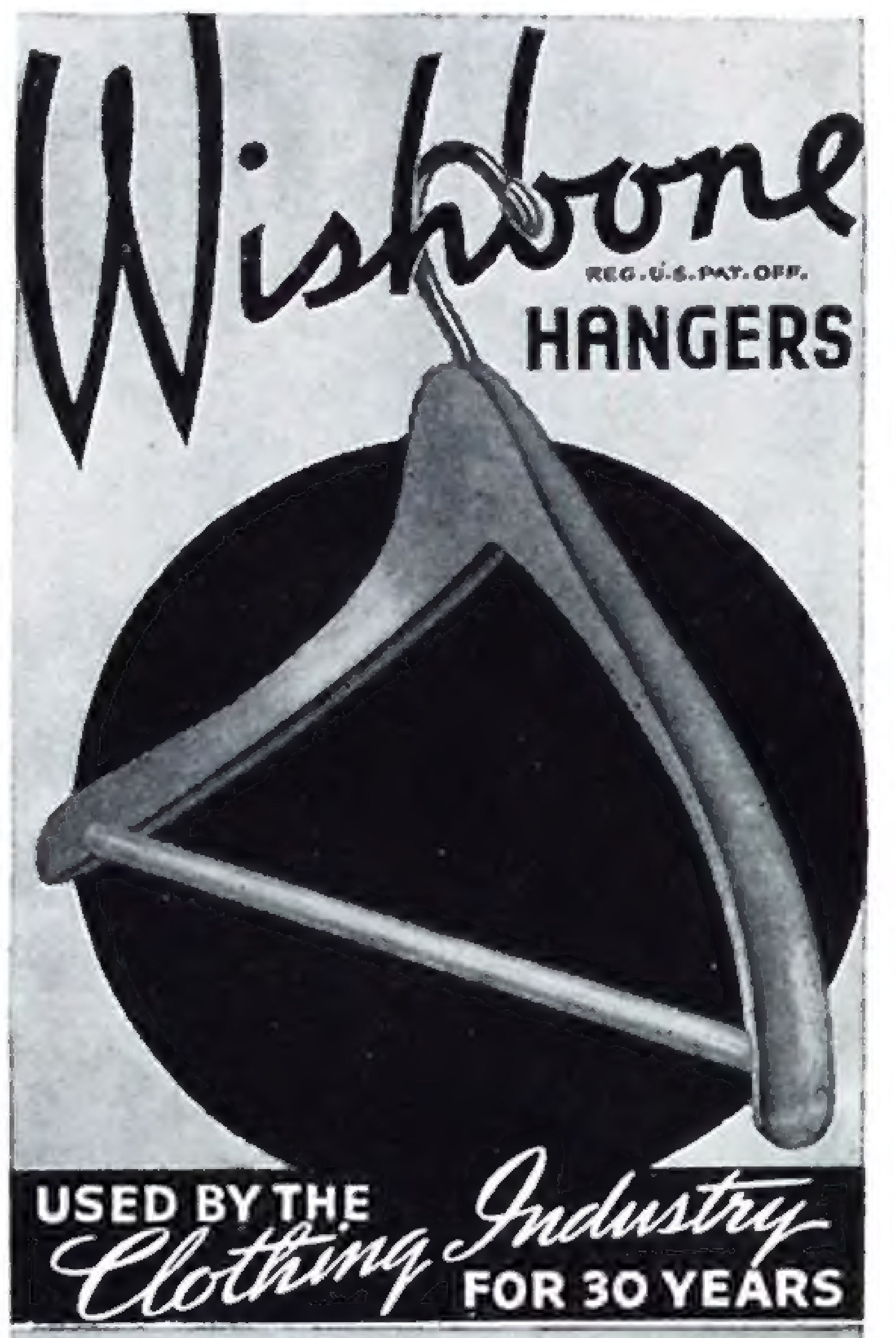

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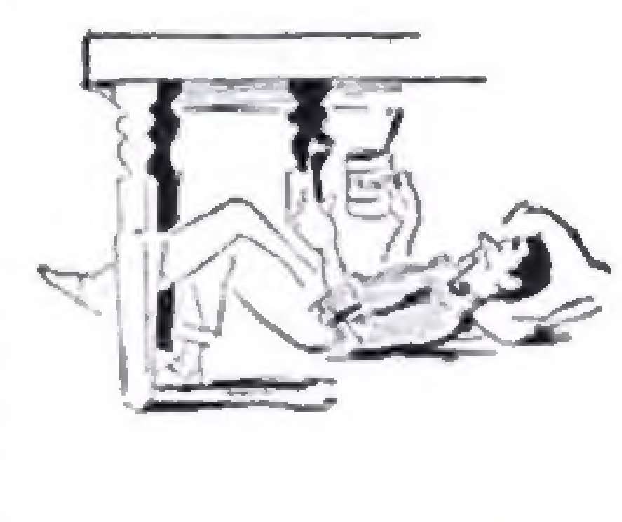

WET PAINT. Go ahead and paint the kitchen furniture if you want to, but if you end up with bright red streaks up to your elbows and all over the floor, don't say we didn't try to help you out. At a nominal cost, you can get a spring steel device that attaches to the side of the paint can and serves both as handle and brush holder (with the brush dripping *into* the can). A wiping bar comes with it—fits across the open top. The set comes in three standard sizes.

OWN YOUR OWN SOAP. It takes a heap of individuality to make a house a home. The *dernier cri* in individuality, we think, might well be achieved by a fine grade of soap embellished with monogram or name and a reproduction of your favorite snapshot. What's more, these custom-tailored embellishments don't wash off, but stay on the soap until it's a mere scrap. A gift with a difference.

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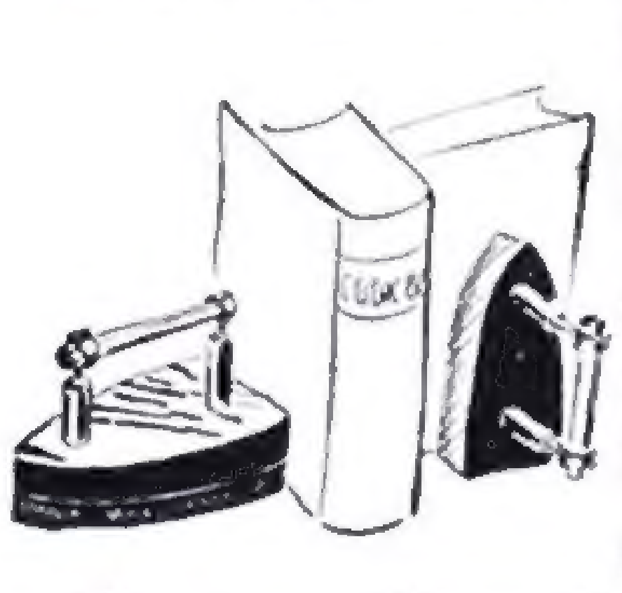

THE FLATIRON GRADUATES. The shape of the humble flatiron, long now in disuse, turns out to be practical for other things besides the week's wash. Handle and all, it's been streamlined into bookends, the base covered with fine leather hand-tooled with 22K gold, the handlebar made of lucite supported by chromium. They stand sturdily on either the base or the flat end; do double duty as paperweights.

DRINK TO THE ARMY. In tune with the times, but with more merit than most of the current bandwagon ideas, is the set of eight highball glasses with cord-bound bases, each designated with a different Army rank, from Private up to General. Done up in National colors, they parade smartly across the bar and are an amusing answer to the "which glass is whose" situation.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FLATTENER FOR FLATBUSH

That Flatbush blonde (aged 17) in *The Sound and the Fury* in April issue, says she's not unsophisticated—and talks it—complains about our magazine. I can't seem to figure out what right she has to beef. I picked up one of my wife's magazines the other day and tried to read a story in it; but it was too much and I laid it down. I didn't write a letter to the editor, though; I figured maybe he had a better idea than I of what his dames wanted to read.

Carol alludes to a man's drinking his way through South America and sleeping it off in airplanes. It's an idea. I'll go back and read that piece. I drank my way through South America and didn't sleep at all. Those sleeping dictionaries wouldn't let me.

Generally, Flatbush blondes are 17, then they're "secr't'ries" in Manhattan; but Carol says she's a college girl. Well, there's lots for a woman of 17 to learn that they don't teach in classrooms. If she's interested in learning about men—and what young blonde isn't?—she might try reading Aristophanes and finding out what men were like in the good old days. I've a book here called *The Writers Market* and it lists over two thousand publications, all of which are open to her not unsophisticated inquiring mind.

If I were a doctor, I should tell this weary old blonde that such serious philosophizings are characteristic of the troubled emotional state of post-puberty adolescence, especially with erotic-neurotic subjects; and if I hadn't become so flippant from reading such lighthearted books as ESQUIRE, I might go on to suggest that she brood not too much over the sudden awakening to the question, "Are all men dominated by the base qualities your magazine appeals to?"

Cheer up, old woman, the worst is yet to come!

Brooklyn, N.Y. G. C. RUBLE

UTOPIA AS A CO-ED STATE

Of all the provocative articles that have appeared in ESQUIRE, none has ever held implications so intriguing as those aroused by *Bombs, Bosoms, and Billets.* While I suspect an ulterior motive behind the effulgent compliments of Mr. Marks, I am nevertheless pleased to learn that someone admires the feminine attributes Petty overlooks. All that flattery on behalf of my sex must surely have gone to my head because when I got to: ". . . as soon as we have co-educational battalions, the military life becomes, overnight, 'the' life. Your living is taken care of, your expenses are guaranteed and all around is more youth and gayety and excitement and anticipation than ever was . . .", I wanted to ask (innocently), why must this little paradise be contingent to war? Couldn't we just live?

All the scheme needs to make it practicable is a provision for progeny. A lot of time could be gained by omitting the artillery and the skirmishes and all the clap-trap of war. Instead of working for all the things we don't need—like bombs, bullets, and guns, we could spend our time on the better things in life that aren't free. For instance, instead of training the strong healthy young men and women to roll a seventy pound pack into the smallest possible bundle and wallow in the mud with it, they could raise wheat, cotton and beef and sell it back to the government at a small margin. All profits accruing therefrom could be set up as a trust fund for the next generation.

Or why doesn't someone with a genius for organization and economics take up the glove and figure out a simple system by which we could live as though we were in this Utopian Co-ed Army Camp and yet dispense with the army.

Yours for the good life,
"One-of-the-girls-who-has-all-the-things-Lamarr-and-Goddard-haven't-got."

Los Angeles, Calif.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

In the June issue of ESQUIRE, General L. R. Gignilliat states that "The V. M. I. is the only school whose corps of cadets as such ever participated in an actual battle and the only school whose regimental color is decorated with a battle streamer."

I beg to differ with the general. If he will look up the history of THE CITADEL, THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, he will find that the Citadel cadets fired the opening shots of The War Between the States when they sank *The Star of the West* a Federal ship bringing supplies to Fort Sumter, then in the hands of Federal troops. The general may also be interested in knowing that the regimental standard of the Citadel is decorated with a battle streamer to commemorate this occasion.

Yours very truly,
Anderson, S.C. FRANK H. FARMER

CANTERBURY COMMENTARY

Moste gentil sires, deponent doth petition,
That these fayre wordes haue thine attention:
Whereas, thine book is clept "for menne,"
Lest comely dears grow 'yond therre yeares
In worldly comprehension
(Of subjecktes benythe mention
But in ye stable broad and o'er the tavern board
Bi ye trauellynge marchaunt to his Lord
Ye doughtye burghere). But i' honest fact,
Ye menne, they never see thine tract.
The ladyes fayre, one and all
Do snitch it fram ye table i' the hall
And reade yt safely beyond call
And searching eye, knowing that ye boudiour wall
Hath naught ye eyen for to see
Sophisticated deviltry
In wordes so fayre and inuendo rare
To 'light theyre wayward cavalier—
The titiuationes concealed there
'tween sober lines and stroke of brush
So cautiously and artfully,
Maketh one to wonder in simplicity
How that these innocent paragons of purity
Know where and when to laugh, as laugh they do,
And hide book fram theyre Lord and mastyre, lest he too get ideas.

Now therefore, so i wot
Ye menne wad reade thine ESQUIRE too, like as not
Were 't clept "Madame";
And miladye's jealousie
And curiosity wad naught inspired be
And menne coulde tak their book to reade and not
Foreuer wonder how it got
Lost in ye mails.

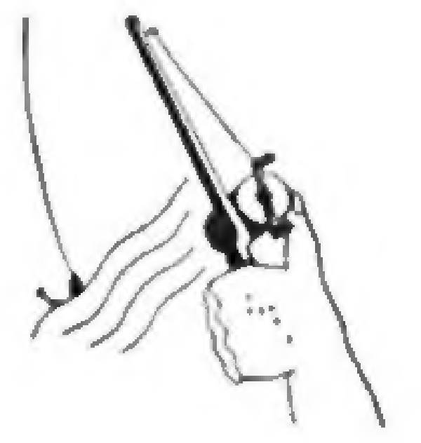
ORRIS McCARTNEY

Klamath Falls, Ore.

Glossary:
benythe—beneath
eyen—eyes
'light—delight
trauellynge marchaunt—Middle English for "travelling salesman"

TESTIMONIAL TO HART STILWELL

I got a great kick out of Hart Stilwell's article in the June ESQUIRE, entitled *We All Fish Left-Handed,* as it brought back to memory the thrill I got one August afternoon some years ago while fishing for muskallonge on Lake Court O'Reilles, in Wisconsin.



This is the location of the Kentucky Fishing Club, of which I am a member, and the founder of which was Colonel George L. Payne, an 87-year old veteran Nimrod, of Frankfort, who with seven other Kentucky gentlemen first pitched their tents on this beautiful body of water in 1899. He is the sole surviving member of the original troupe.

Colonel Payne, who has always fished according to the Stilwell formula, and who has endeavored for years to convert the younger members of the club to his technique, prevailed upon me this August afternoon to try his rod and reel.

With my guide, and Carl Crosby, of Lynn, Mass., a fellow club-member, I set out and in less than 10 minutes had hooked onto a 40-lb. Muskallonge; the first that ever hit my bait after years of effort.

And did I have the time of my life with that "left-handed" rigging, as I termed it? After about an hour I landed my fish, but only with the verbal help of my two more-experienced companions, and the fact I had the "Muskie" hooked so well it would have taken a stick of dynamite to have shaken him off.

I haven't caught a "Muskie" since. Maybe it's because I have gone back to my old tackle. But, after reading the Stilwell article, I think I'll take another whirl at the "left-handed" set-up.

Wonder if Stilwell has any more tips on fishing. Let's have them.

Cincinnati, O. F. GEORGE MOHR

DOWST SAID IT WOULD—AND DID

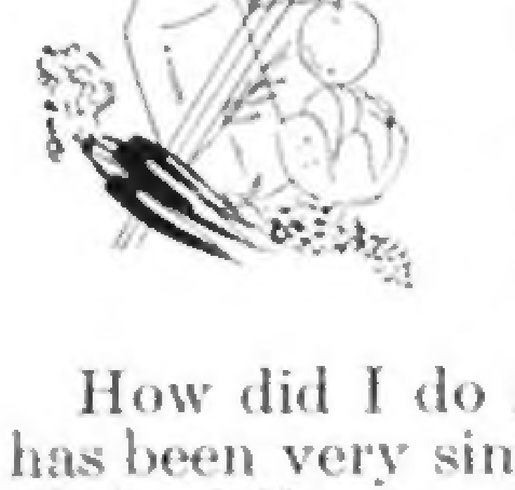
Many months ago—I should say six to eight—I read an article in ESQUIRE and among other things the writer predicted that WHIRLAWAY would win the Kentucky Derby. Keeping this in mind, I bet on WHIRLAWAY and won a few dollars on the derby as well as on the Preakness.

As a matter of curiosity, would you mind letting me know who this writer was, and the date and name of the article, and if you have the opportunity give him my congratulations.

Yours very truly,
New Orleans, La. I. T. RHEA

SCORE ONE FOR DR. MILLER

This is a testimonial for Dr. Miller's advice from your May issue. At twenty, I was faced with the probability of dentures at thirty. Now, at thirty, I think the issue can be postponed until I am fifty or sixty. Fortunately, I was warned as to what to expect, and I heeded the warning, and you can take my word for it that Dr. Miller is right. My teeth are in better shape today than ten years ago.



How did I do it? Well, my formula has been very simple. I try to work all of the following items into each daily ration:

Quart of milk.
Serving of whole-wheat cereal.
Whole-wheat or rye bread.
Fruit salad, raw if possible.
Vegetable salad or head-lettuce, raw.
Cooked vegetable or greens, spinach.

I make no pretense of avoiding anything except the excessive use of sugar, but any person who includes the above items in his daily diet along with other wholesome food is not going to have room for an excessive use of unwholesome and devitalized foodstuffs. I also avoid eating anything between meals. If I get hungry, I take a drink of water —*no* pop or soft drinks—a little beer, maybe, but *no* pop.

Incidentally, the man who follows such a formula, will still feel like licking his weight in wildcats at sixty in place of being a wreck at thirty-five.

Yours very truly,
Muncie, Ind. LYMAN E. GREENLEE

ESQ THE MAG FOR MEN WHO THINK

Bravo—Viva—Huzza—ESKY's editors have finally realized that not all their readers are retained by the monthly and ardent perusal of suggestive and voluptuous cartoonery but that their average I.Q.'s are sufficiently high to appreciate the significance of C.E.M. Joad's June article, *The Higher Escapism.*

The article implies that man has biologically and materially evolved to such a degree that no further progress can be achieved in this field and that he must now seek new and hidden vistas in the spiritual and psychic realms for his development.

Just so has ESQUIRE completed the gamut of sophisticated and evanescent journalism and now must branch into something more substantial, something with a bite to it in order to maintain its appeal.

I anticipate that you will receive a flood of criticisms to the effect that this dissertation smacks of occult orientation or is merely Blavatsky blatancy, or a metaphysical metamorphosis; but to me, and I presume many others, it marks a milestone in ESQUIRE's literary career.

It is a meaningful and timely essay, and one conducive to a re-channeling of routine thought processes. It would be both interesting and enlightening to your subscribers to publish a reply by Aldous. How about it? Give us more of this "deeper stuff."

Toronto, Ontario ALBERT EMSLEY

KEEPING SCOTT'S MEMORY GREEN

Enclosed please find $1.50 for the February, March and April, 1936, issues containing the three sections of F. Scott Fitzgerald's essay *The Crack Up.*

You have probably read Mr. Glenway Westcott's article in the *New Republic*, in which he deplores that this essay has not been issued in book form.

Perhaps, you yourselves, could issue such a book, or, at least, remind the public that the essay is to be found in ESQUIRE, and that there are copies available.

Fitzgerald's death was so shockingly tragic. Such an incalculable blow to American letters. Many of us feel that anything that can be done to keep his memory green in the present (of the future we have no doubts) will be worthwhile. That anything that may be done will stand as a reproach to an astonishingly fickle public is only fitting and just. The reception accorded *Tender Is the Night* both by the press and the Common Reader should fill us not only with shame, but with anger, also.

DESIDERIO PARRENO
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Charles Scribner's Sons are preparing a memorial volume, containing Scott Fitzgerald's last novel and a selection of his other works.* The Crack Up *will undoubtedly be included.*

From the land of the terrapin, the turkey and the soft-shelled crab, we bring you this unusual beer—NATIONAL PREMIUM—a beer of marked character and rare distinction. You will find it now from coast to coast. Ask for it everywhere—on trains—on steamships—at clubs, lounges, hotels and at finer food purveyors.

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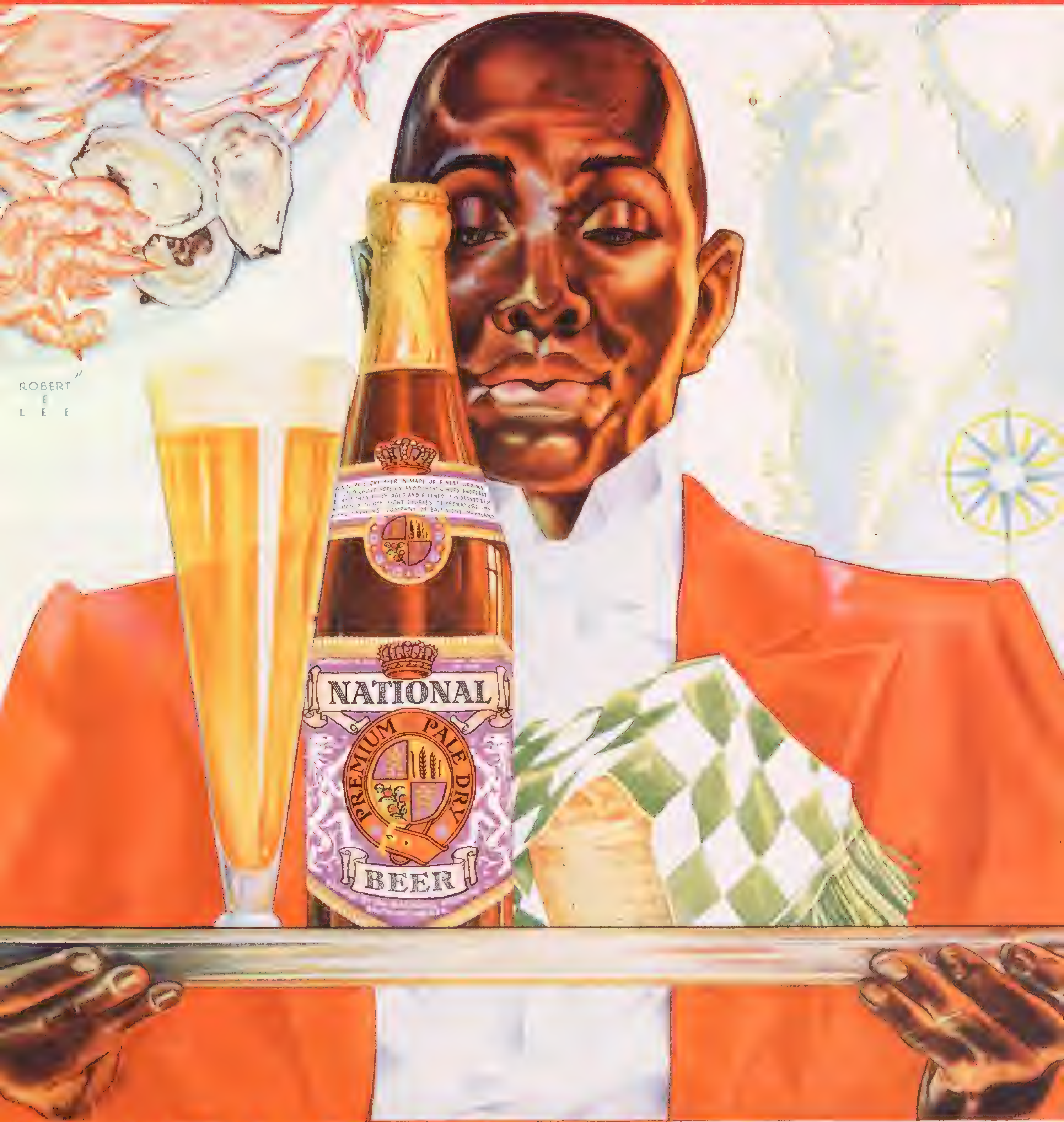
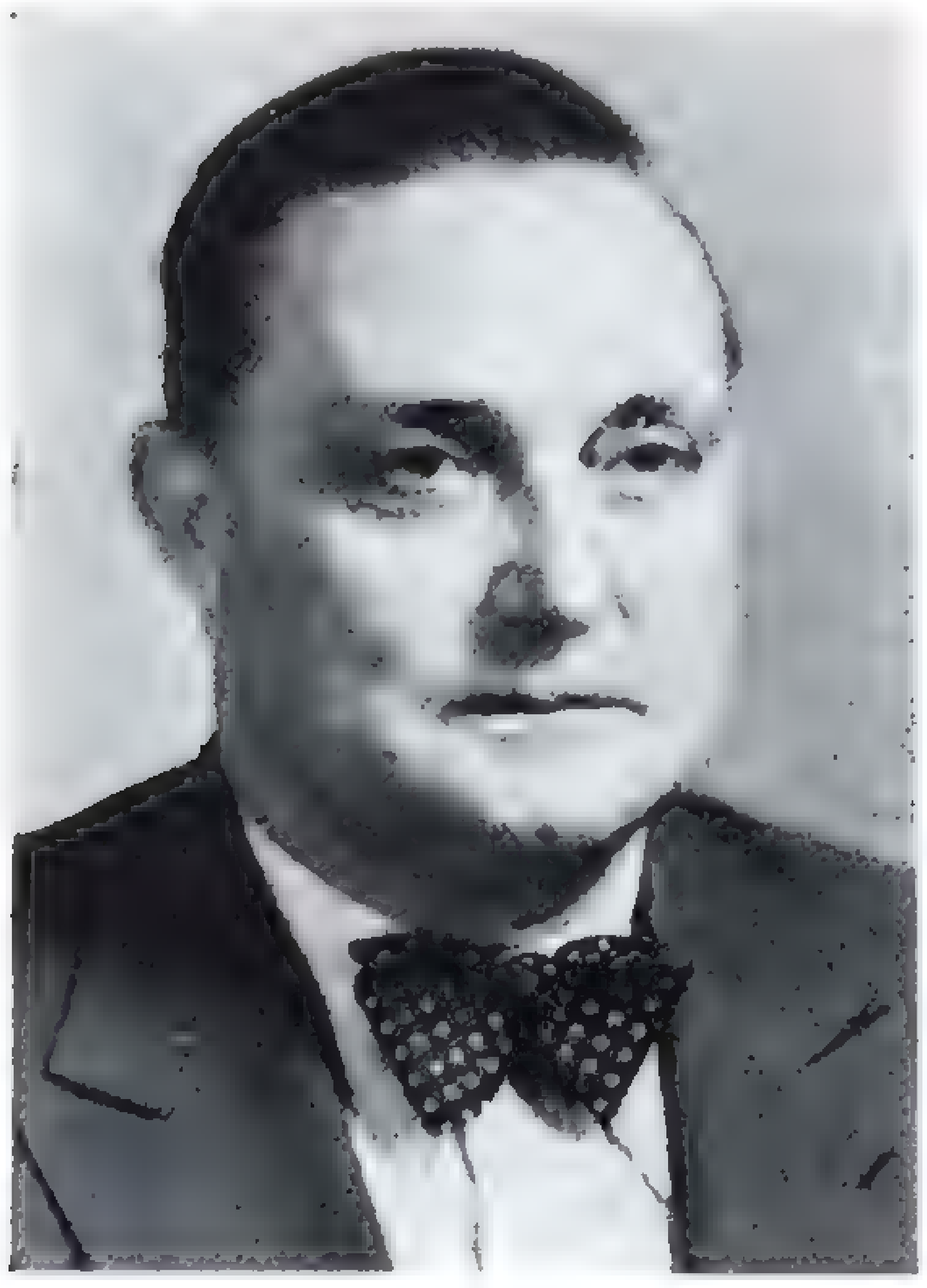


NATIONAL *Premium*

A pale dry BEER

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Billy Evans

After three years at the Cornell Law School, **Billy Evans** turned to baseball and newspaper work as a more certain way to make a living, taking a job on a Youngstown, Ohio, paper. Covering a baseball game one day, he turned umpire when that official failed to show up. This started his career of twenty-two years as an American League Umpire, eight years as General Manager of the Cleveland Baseball Club, and (for the past five) Director of the Boston Red Sox Minor League Clubs. During all this time he has continued writing on sports, and for ten years was Sports Editor of NEA Service for Scripps-Howard papers. His contribution to Esquire is *Cheers and Jeers*, page 20.

●

Martin Aver Cohen becomes Esquire's Discovery with *The Man of Pulp*, on page 50. He's twenty-two, and says he feels like an old man when he thinks how long he's been writing—twelve years—and hoping for an acceptance. He graduated from the University of Pittsburgh last year where one of his instructors was Edwin Peterson, author of *The Paramachene Belle* (August, '40 Esquire). Cohen had been a high school editor, and thought he was pretty hot, until Prof. Peterson started off marking his Freshman English themes "D," for unsatisfactory. Later, he says: "Pete agreed to read all the stuff I wrote and I guess I must have driven him crazy because I did at least two stories a week. When he read a story he'd get enthusiastic about my new idea. And when the new idea was on paper, he'd be enthusiastic about another idea. Most of the stuff was bad but a very clever man Pete. He kept me working. During summer vacations I worked. One summer I dug ditches on a WPA project and added some width to what would be otherwise a 75-inch beanpole. The next summer I worked in a dance orchestra in Atlantic City. The third I worked in my uncle's buying office in the New York Garment District. Last summer, after graduation, I went to work in Gimbel's advertising department."

Martin Aver Cohen

●

Hamilton Basso hails from New Orleans. He worked on several newspapers there as a reporter and did not give his complete attention to writing until 1933 when his biography of General P. G. T. Beauregard was published. He is the author of several novels, including *Cinnamon Seed*, *Courthouse Square* and *Days before Lent*. The last-mentioned received the Southern Authors Award for 1939. He lives in the mountains of western North Carolina but spent last winter in Charlottesville, Virginia, working on a new novel and doing research work for a proposed book on the life and ideas of Thomas Jefferson.

Hamilton Basso

●

Don't look now, but here are the answers to **Dr. William Lyon Phelps**'s current questionnaire:

1. *Ecclesiastes* III, 7, (Holy Bible)
2. *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare
3. *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, John Keats
4. *Up at the Villa*, Robert Browning
5. *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Julia Ward Howe
6. *Negro Spiritual*
7. *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare
8. *I John V, 4*, (Holy Bible)
9. *Alice in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll
10. *The Hunting of the Snark*, Lewis Carroll
11. *King Richard III*, William Shakespeare

Our movie correspondent, **Donald Hough**, who first went to Hollywood as a salesman for a paper manufacturer, is now writing for pictures with Samuel Goldwyn. It all came about when he went to the Goldwyn studios to have lunch with Bette Davis, whom he interviewed for our pages. Niven Busch, the story editor, found Hough's slants on fiction so interesting that he asked him to read *Stage Station*—and Hough's suggestions were valuable enough to land him the job.

●

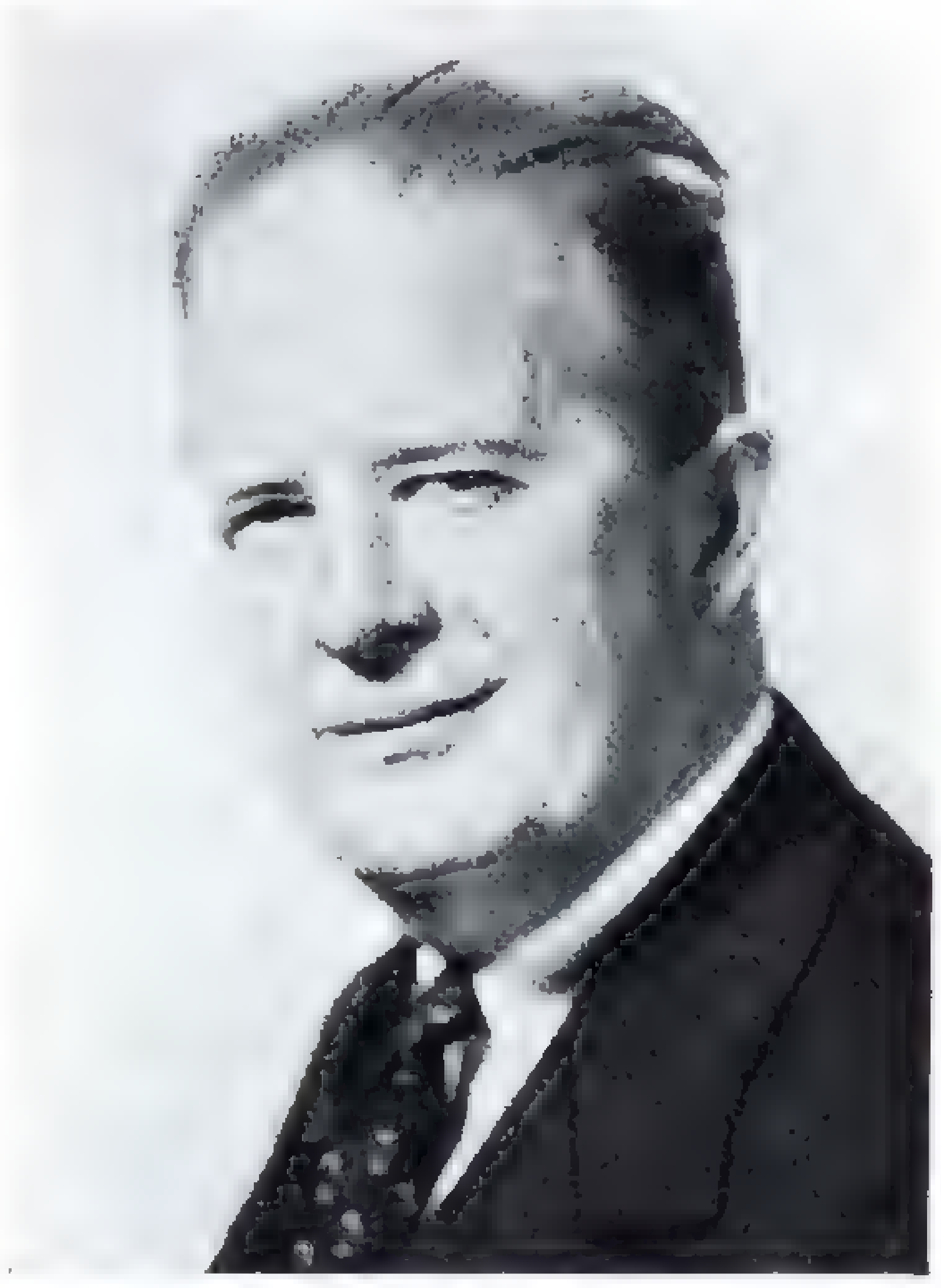
Alvin Rosensweet has been hanging around newspapers since the age of thirteen, with a constitutional predilection for sports-writing. Graduating from the Ohio State University School of Journalism in 1932, he went to Hollywood gaining a minimum of immortality as extra in two movies. Later, he did department store advertising for a time, then joined the sports department of *The Dayton Herald*, from which he was transferred a year ago, into news. He's thirty and a bachelor which he considers a reflection on the good taste of American womanhood.

●

Allan Seager, who wrote *Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark*, sent us these brief notes: "I was born in Adrian, Michigan, in 1906, educated at the University of Michigan and Oxford. I was married two years ago and we live on a farm at Onsted, Michigan."

●

Charles E. Planck says: "It's hard to surprise an old-timer in aviation with anything about flying, but this business of using insects for motors usually stops them cold. I anticipate a flourishing hot-stove league of houseflying after Esquire spreads the word, with *Airplanes on the Ceiling* [page 54]. I've been writing aviation news, articles and publicity since somebody gave me a free airplane ride back in 1923. The next year, I originated a column of aviation news in the *Detroit Free Press* called *Sky Traffic* which I edited until 1927. I covered all national aviation events up to 1927 and perjured my professional soul by writing over and over, 'Detroit is destined to be the center of the aviation industry.' In 1927 I went whole-hog into aviation, learned to fly and have since handled many publicity accounts of flying schools, airplane factories and airlines, and have edited various house organs. My aviation ambitions involve a flight in a free balloon across the Atlantic. However, with two mortgages, two 'exemptions' and an old-fashioned wife who thinks a free balloon is just a lot of hot air, it may be the nearest I'll get to that will be a story." He was born in Kentucky in 1896, earned an A.B. in Journalism at the University of Kentucky, spent six months in the Marine Corps and now lives in Arlington, Virginia, writing and handling publicity accounts.



Charles E. Planck

●

Leonard Dankmar Wyle was born and reared in Chicago and was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1922. He worked for a sausage casing company and a bond house and did odds and ends on the *Chicago Daily News* in the days of H. J. Smith. He was in the famous Baker Workshop at Yale and wrote a play with John Becker called *If You Get It Do You Want It*, which had a short run. Some years ago he and his wife saw an island in Long Island Sound. After seeing it a second time, they started to live there. They thought they would gradually change the island to their way of life, but the island took hold first. One of the results is *Etiquette for Shipwrecks*, page 89.

Leonard Dankmar Wyle

A Casual Column Supporting THE SATURDAY SUN

HERMITS don't all wear beards and live in caves. Some isolate only their *minds* from the world. These dull people, we assure you, are just about the only ones who would not like The Saturday Sun.

This unusual newspaper is only for people with active minds, wide-ranging interests. Like a well-balanced menu, it has something for everyone and everything for someone. It covers world affairs just as thoroughly and accurately as the regular daily issues of The New York Sun. And it fairly sparkles with special features—35 of them, many running a page or more. From aviation and antiques to stamps and the stage, The Saturday Sun is sheer reading pleasure. Highlights:

ART. Of Henry McBride, editor of The Sun's Art Page, a recent Art News profile said: "Chief apostle of modern art in America . . . always in the know, he seldom misses a trick, forgets a bon-mot or stops being gently oracular . . . an art critic in the broadest sense of the word . . . he is writing better than ever . . . not mere art criticism . . . sheer wizardry." You'll enjoy him even if you can't tell a Botticelli from a Van Gogh!

FASHIONS. Kay Thomas, winner of a 1940 New York Newspaper Women's Club award, knows her dirndls! She covers fashions at their source, edits a smart, prognostic page for smart women. And even blase males cock approving eyes at the models in Sun fashion photographs.

POLITICS ON PARADE. Politics we have always with us—and a confusing subject it is. But each week in this feature George Van Slyke cuts through the confusion, puts politics on parade for all to see and understand. An experienced observer and keen analyst, he takes you inside.

MUSIC. Brilliantly edited by William G. King, The Saturday Sun Music Page covers everything from Bach to Boogie Woogie with the ease of a virtuoso. Editor King writes a newsworthy column on "Music and Musicians," Oscar Thompson reviews the latest musical offerings and Irving Kolodin keeps you up on "The New Records." A page that prompts even Euterpean unenthusiasts to call for encores!

What! All this and more, too, in one newspaper? Much more! And all for three little coppers a week! Aren't you a bit annoyed at not having subscribed long before this?

HERE'S HOW

THE NEW YORK SUN
280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I *am* annoyed. Thanks for reminding me. Here's $1.00 for the next 34 issues of The Saturday Sun.

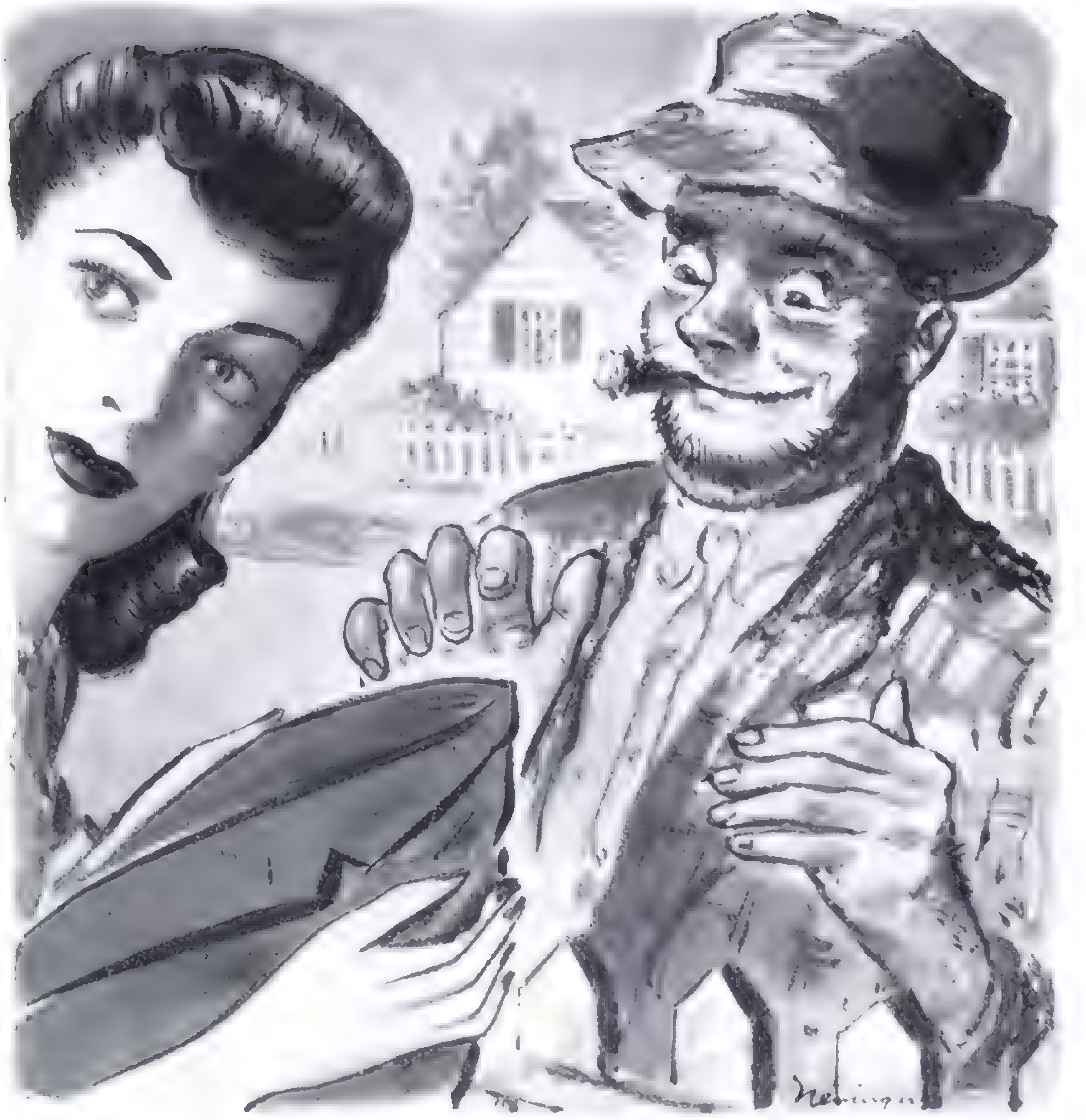
NAME..

STREET & NO...................................

CITY.......................... STATE . . .

(This offer not good for addresses in Greater New York City, Jersey City, Hoboken, Bayonne or Newark.)

LIFE'S MORE FUN WITH THE SATURDAY SUN



A Wife's Wiles at Work

Mrs. Wood's gift over the garden fence is not pure charity. There's method in her largesse. Like all wives, she knows there are more ways than one of getting a husband to buy new clothes. Furtively disposing of a suit her husband would never willingly part with is one of those ways.

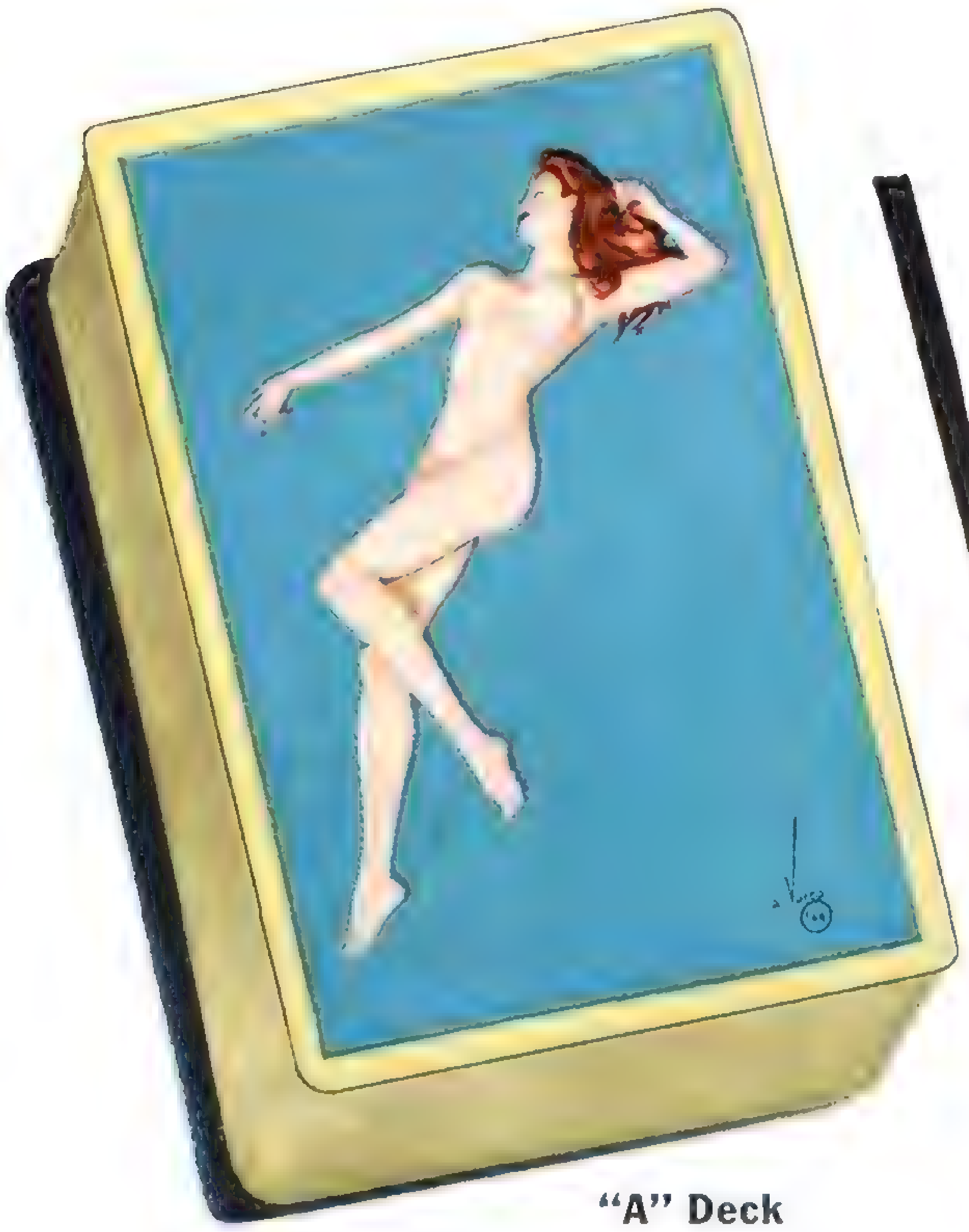
A wife's wiles have a way of affecting both the size and selection of her husband's wardrobe. By suggestion or persuasion—even by nagging—she gets him to replace outmoded or outworn apparel. She coaxes him into buying clothes he lacks, personally helps select them and actually buys (shirts, ties, accessories) for him.*

"Everything's got a moral if only you can find it." This one's easy. No matter what you sell to men, be sure to tell their wives, too. In New York tell them both in The Sun, favorite home newspaper of over 300,000 prosperous families. Put women's wiles to work for you to do a thorough selling job!

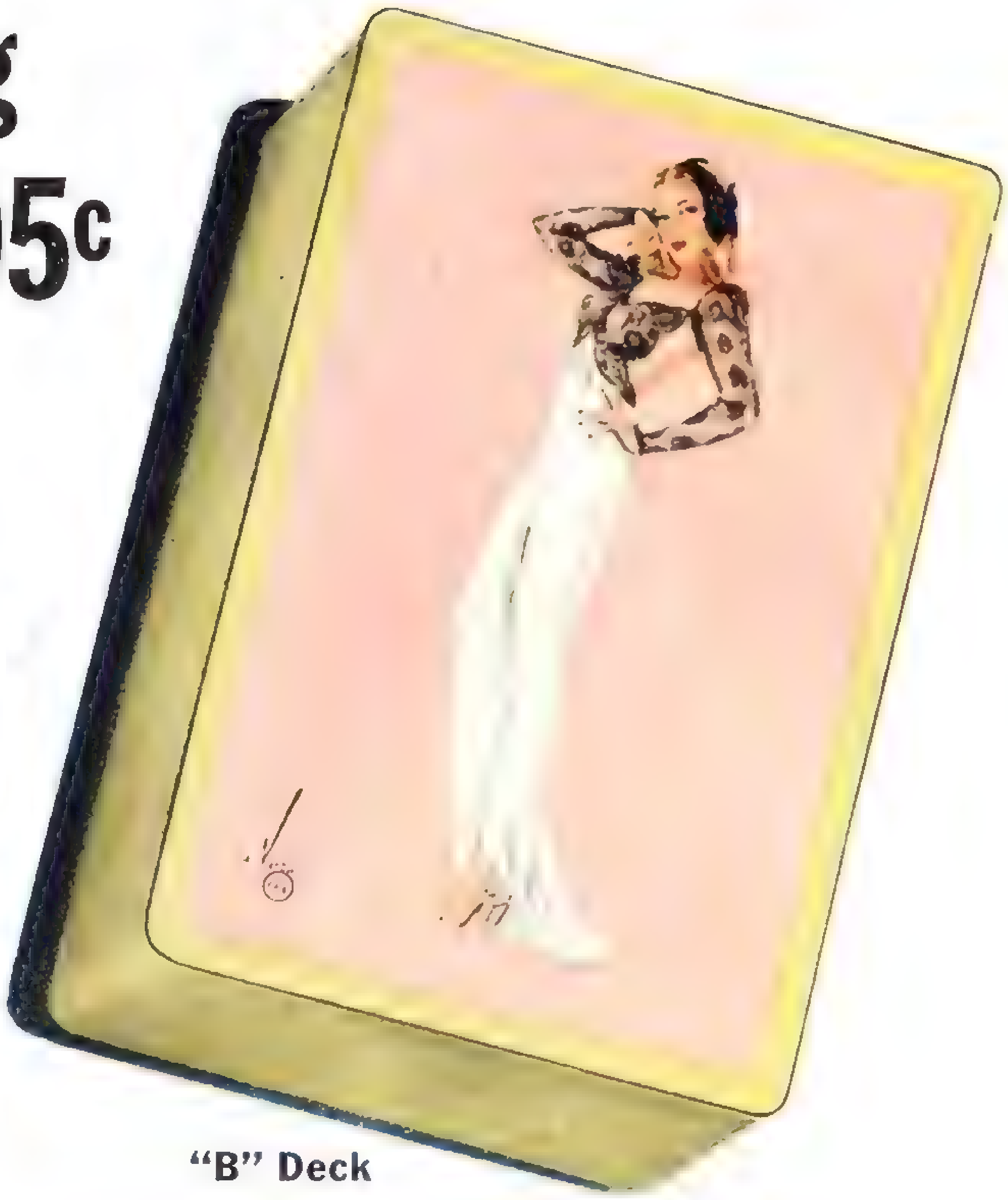
The Sun
NEW YORK

*In upping its linage in The Sun 50%, Rogers Peet confirms the importance of women to men's wear advertisers. When buying clothes, more than 50% of Rogers Peet customers are accompanied by their wives.

Oyez, the last trump is sounding —so stock up at two decks for 95c



"A" Deck



"B" Deck

Varga

THIS is the final call of the muezzin to the faithful; the last incantation from the ivory tower.

Once again we chant, in the mode Hejaz, the sage syllables that guide each man to his oasis, and furbish each oasis with the choicest milk-skinned maidens in the caliphate of Allah.

For we intone the words that literally as well as figuratively put into your hands that daughter of the sacred pomegranate, that incomparable long-stemmed sister of the lotus, whose body waves gracefully in the desert wind, as it intertwines softly with your disrupted sense of proportion.

At the risk of growing tedious, we have had our felaheen beat slowly on the low-pitched tambour; and to its solemn music, we repeat: *L-hazzaq fe jm'a'a rubbi yehzib*—"Reach out your hand for the right cards, O horsemen, and the veils will be lifted from the gleaming lips of Paradise."

This is the classic translation. In plain words, we say: clip your baksheesh to the coupon below, and receive, via camel back or air mail, one, two, or ten packs of luck-bringing cards, each presided over by the incomparable, long, lush, sinuous, and artful Varga girl—to embellish your summer evenings with fine play and ripe harvests.

Check your pack; and pack your deck for your devious ends. "A" Deck brings the Varga girl's net sweetnesses to your hands, boldly and unabashed; "B" Deck involves the Ziegfeld touch—for brisker nights, when frost creeps up on the heather, and the loon lies low in the brake.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Okay, Esquire, you can lay your cards on my table. Please rush me my order of Varga Girl Playing Cards as indicated below. I understand that this coupon, properly filled out and accompanied by full remittance, entitles me to the special low price of just 50c for either one of the two decks illustrated above—or only 95c for both decks. I have checked my choice below, together with the amount of remittance enclosed. (U.S. orders only).

☐ Send me......"A" decks at 50c per deck ($......enclosed)
☐ Send me......"B" decks at 50c per deck ($......enclosed)
☐ Send me......pairs of decks at 95c per pair ($......enclosed)

My Name..
Address..
City.................... *State*....................

☐ I am an Esquire subscriber ☐ I am a newsstand buyer

GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

This is New York: Where you can go ice-skating in the summertime and swimming in the winter . . . Where practically everything, from restaurants, theatres, and private offices, to Grant's Tomb, is air-conditioned . . . Where you can get a suntan at midnight in many Times Square barber shops . . . Where chorus girls bowl at four in the morning because their doctors said bowling is healthful.

Where the Brooklyn Bridge, sold twice a day since its erection, still belongs to its original owners . . . Where polo is never played at the Polo Grounds . . . Where Madison Square Garden isn't in Madison Square . . . Where the Barn is a night club . . . And the Plantation a Harlem hot spot . . . And the babies who go to the Stork don't go in perambulators, but in taxis.

Where the 18 Club isn't at 18 West 52nd Street, but at 22 . . . And in the summertime, there are no doors to the Famous Door . . . Where 21 isn't a game, but an exclusive dining salon . . . Where the Riviera overlooks, not the Mediterranean, but the Hudson . . . Where Versailles is the site of a treat, not a treaty . . . Where there are two Monte Carlos with gambling at neither . . . Where there are many more out-of-towners at the New Yorker than there are New Yorkers . . . Where New York's most popular hotel host, Robert K. Christenberry of the Astor, hails from a semicolon on the map of Tennessee with a smaller population than the census of his own hotel . . . Where more celebrities gather in the Astor weekly than you'll find in Hollywood in a year . . . Where most of Broadway is on Seventh Avenue . . . Where New Yorkers say to each other at three-thirty in the morning, "What'll we do now?" . . . Where St. Nicholas is an avenue, not a Yuletide character . . . Where the trolleys have auto horns and the Good Humor salesmen have sad faces.

Where penthouse farmers grow flowers, radishes, and in some instances, tobacco, from fifteen to forty stories up in the air . . . Where Tin Pan Alley isn't an alley at all, but a disjointed battery of blocks . . . Where the mosquitoes have their choice of coming over from Jersey by way of the George Washington Bridge or the Holland Tunnel . . . Where you can reach half a dozen beaches, scores of lakes, or dozens of mountains within an hour's ride of the Queensboro Bridge . . . Where thirteen million books are loaned annually by the main Public Library . . . Where more than three million quarts of milk are consumed daily, not counting the quantity consumed in mixing Alexanders in the city's eleven thousand bars.

Where there are scores of state parks, picnic grounds, carnivals, bathing beaches, scenic drives, moonlight excursions, bridle paths . . . Where you can get a longer ride for a nickel in the subways than you can buy anywhere else in the world for even ten times the price . . . Where there are restaurants of thirty-four different nationalities within a drive and a putt of the Father Duffy statue in Times Square . . . Where the spectacular night clubs vie in favor with the stage shows, the first-run movies, the major broadcasts, the free music festivals . . . Where you can witness major league baseball in three different stadiums . . . Where you can watch champion boxing, wrestling, tennis, hockey, football, bicycling, roller skating . . . Where you can let down your back hair and have all-out, cut-rate fun at Coney Island along with about a million others . . . Where you can take photograph Number 2,487,596 of fabulous, photogenic Radio City . . . Where there are some 7,346,017 souls who can't visit New York, because they already live there.

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Air-Conditioned Rooms Available
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The SHERRY NETHERLAND
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MANHATTAN ROOM
CIRCULAR BAR
Cocktails from 25¢.
Entertainment from cocktail time 'til closing.
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Your Vacation City
You've been through a lot these last few years. Maybe you've stayed pretty close to home. This year you owe it to yourself to take the holiday trip you've so fully earned. Travel costs are still low, you know. So pack up.
You'll welcome the luxurious livability of the Astor—the big modern restful guest rooms, the gay new restaurants, the marvelous location, right on Times Square, the crossroads of the world.
And you'll find Astor room rates and restaurant prices as pleasant as your visit is bound to be. Rooms from $3.
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SWAMPSCOTT
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Where the New England Coast is most picturesque . Ideal seaside and country environment . Every recreational feature . . Private bathing beach . . Convenient to historic points . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . Booklet.
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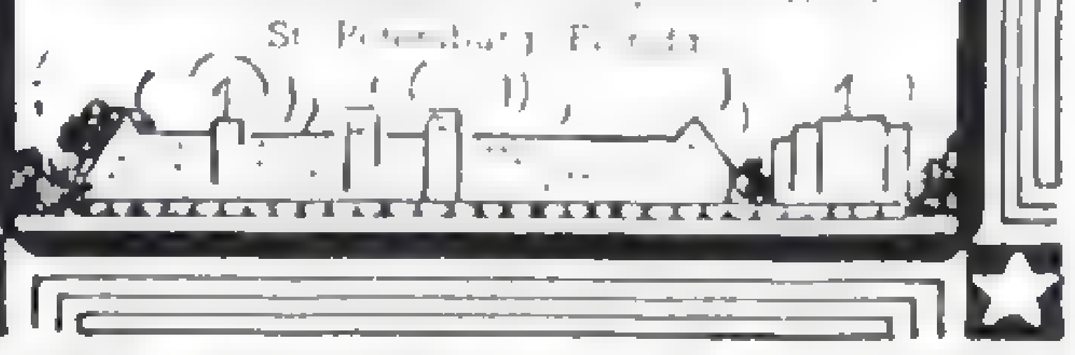

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CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for the Special
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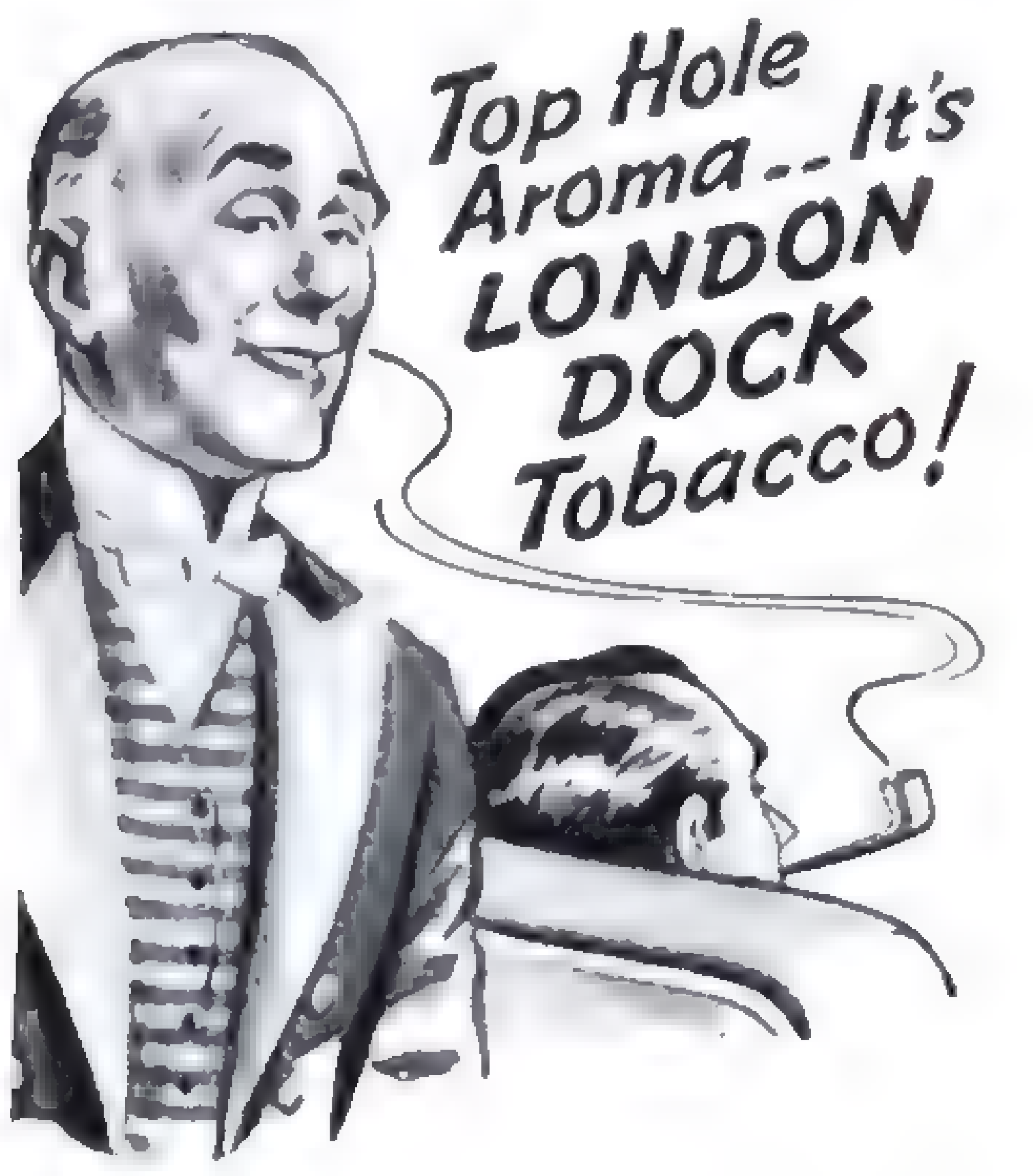
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


Top Hole Aroma -- It's LONDON DOCK Tobacco!

TRY London Dock,"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco," and see how much this skillful blend of the world's finest aromatic leaves can add to your pipe smoking enjoyment.

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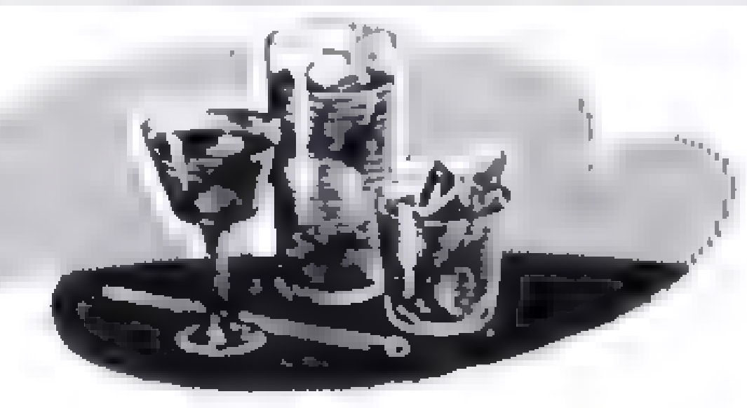

A COCKTAIL BOOK FOR THE AMATEUR

Laird's new 48 page Cocktail Booklet contains tested recipes, helps, hints and other useful information designed to help you mix better drinks. Get your copy now . . .

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Simply send your name and address, enclosing a 3 cent stamp to cover handling, to . . .

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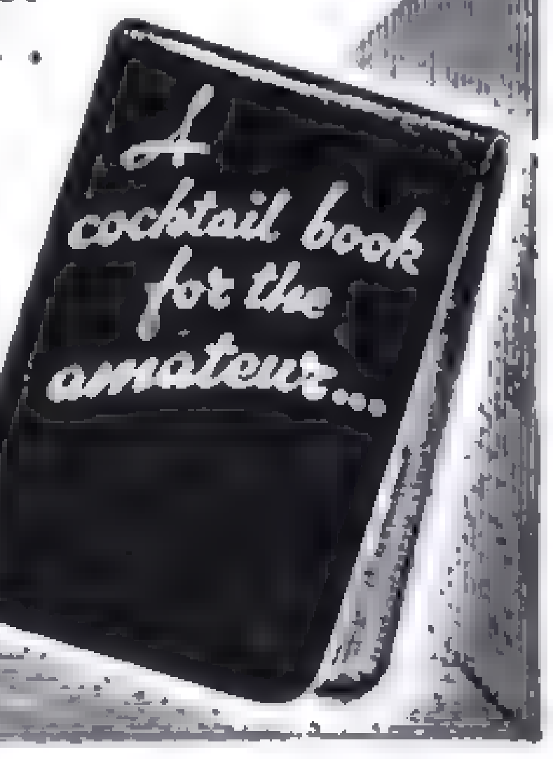
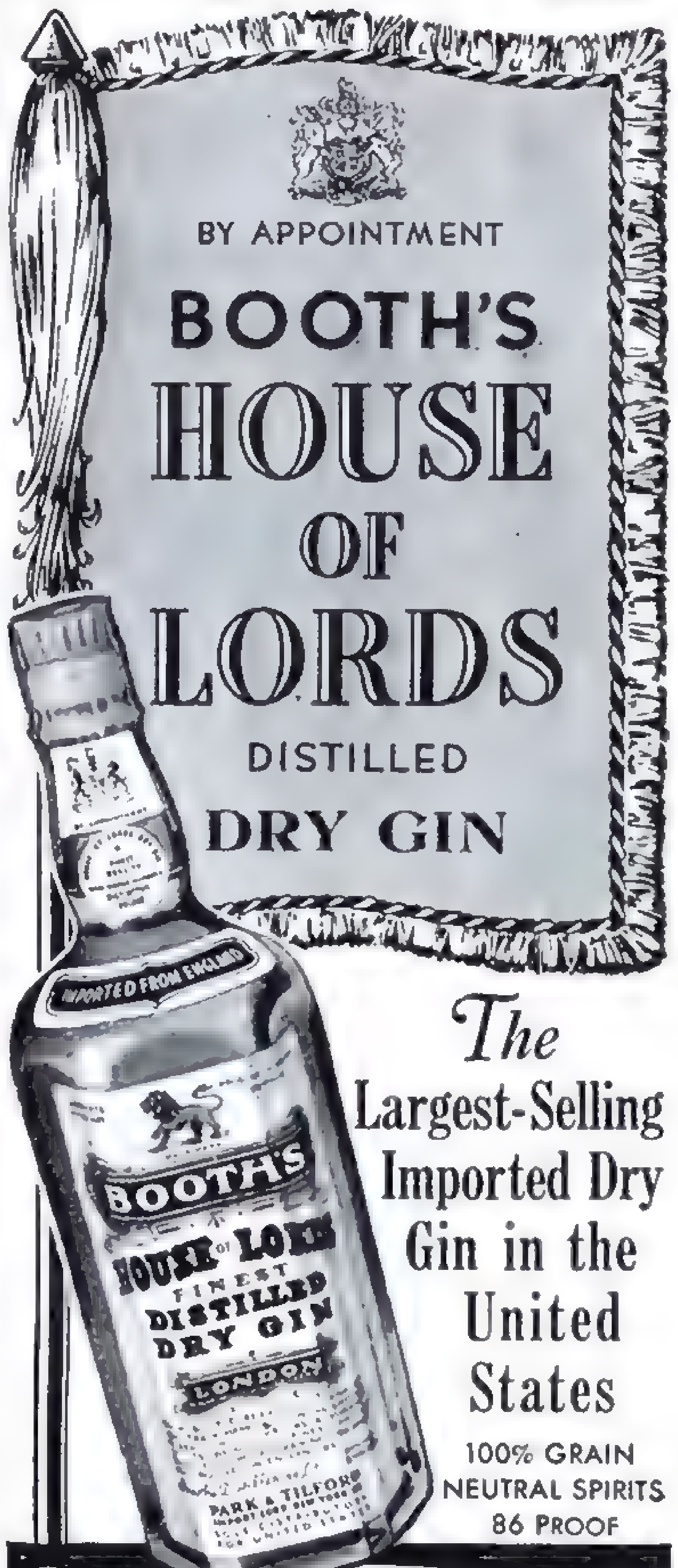

A cocktail book for the amateur...

EXPRESS PAID—WRITE FOR PRICES
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA · SARSAPARILLA
QUININE SODA · GINGER BEER
RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

Santa Claus, supposedly idle at this season, is in reality on the job at the Barbizon-Plaza as a member of the morning Shift. Through secret compartments in room doors he pokes containers cargoed with Continental breakfasts that keep tasty-hot till their greedy consumers are ready for them. It's all done so surreptitiously, there's nobody to pay or tip, and the bookkeeper who makes out your reckoning apparently doesn't know it goes on. But one must expect the unusual in a hotel as proudly original as the Barbizon-Plaza. Where else will you find a full-fledged, completely equipped theatre seating 600?—a theatre which, besides being used for all sorts of shows and concerts, also does regular service as a broadcasting studio for some of the best known cross-nation hookup programs. And off the mezzanine, where after-dinner musicales are a daily feature, with complimentary demitasses circulating, there's an Art Gallery devoted to worth while exhibits, changed monthly. And for air and sun, besides the sizable quota you get in your room windows—this building being a 40-story affair—there's a grand outlook terrace on the 30th floor for luxurious basking and lolling. Central Park with its lakes and lagoons is your great green doormat; Broadway and Fifth Avenue seem like side alleys, and New York's two rivers show up as outer moats of your castle. As for mere meals, the ground floor dining room, entitled Les Charmettes and fronting the Park, has viands of no puny order, mobilized under the eye of headwaiter Maurice who knows his métier from chilled melon up, with chef Lucien working spells behind the scenes. On the dais of this room, gypsy musicians throb, throb romance while you selfishly ply your knife and fork.

Baritony maestro Ray Heatherton who picked up his fame at the Biltmore is getting another load of it at that hotel's roof . . . Among nocturnal personalities, Arnold Reuben, who rose from a classic sandwich, occupies a special niche in the affections of the non-sleepy-eyed Broadway, business, and columnar worlds. After making the rounds of one place and another, the crowd foregathers here at 6 East 58th for snacks and convivial chitchat, comforted by the fact that friend Arnold never closes, no matter how many cocks may crow . . . Dinner and supper rites in the handsome Garden of the Ambassador Hotel are enacted to the music of Jules Lande and his esteemed dance orchestra. Agreeability reigns . . . Manhattan's skyline in toto is your side dish on the double decked Marine Roof of the Bossert in Brooklyn. Sunsets over Miss Liberty are a specialty of the house . . . Traditions of the dear departed Belmont Hotel Bar opposite Grand Central Station have been revived and elaborated in the new Hines Airlines Bar and Restaurant, ground-floored and basemented in the modernist Airlines Terminal. Photo and painted murals and model airplanes stress the theme, and you can eat in the semblance of a wingèd liner's cabin . . . With Hildegarde off fishing, the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza has kept populous with the vocal aid of front page gal Peggy Fears.

Genial Maryland matron Clara May Downey, who believes in the kind of food she was raised on, is now chatelaine of three flourishing Olney Inns. The first, at Olney, Md., was run up from three tables. Then came the conquest of Miami Beach to the tune of Smothered Chicken, Olney Farm Ham, hot buns, etc. And now, two-floored and juicy décored at 12 East 49th, LaGuardiaville, she's packing 'em in and they're stowing it in happily. Upstairs, the Chevy Chase Hunt Room is set aside for malefolks and the femmes they bring along. Even the bar is busy. Service, cheerily attentive.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IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
PARK & TILFORD

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BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
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DRY GIN

The Largest-Selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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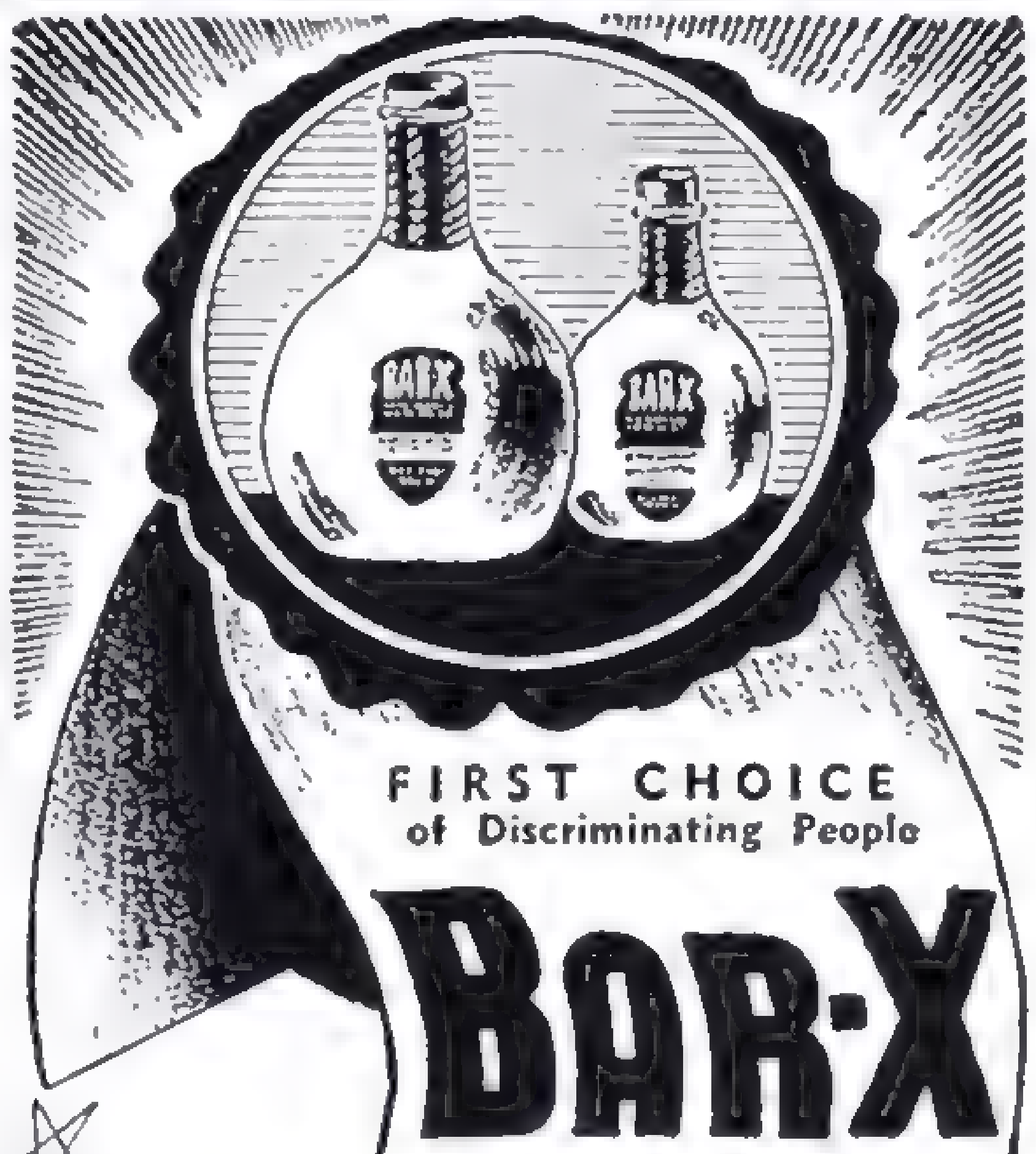

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For Appetizing SUMMER "COOLERS" use Dark Jamaica Rum

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The Rum must be **MYERS'S**

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

MYERS'S RUM COLLINS
Use large tumbler filled with ice.
Add juice of a Lime.
One teaspoon of Sugar.
One jigger MYERS'S FINE JAMAICA RUM.
Dash of Bitters.
Fill up with soda and stir.
Decorate with cherry and thin slice of lemon.
Serve with straw.

Write for FREE Recipe Booklet.
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
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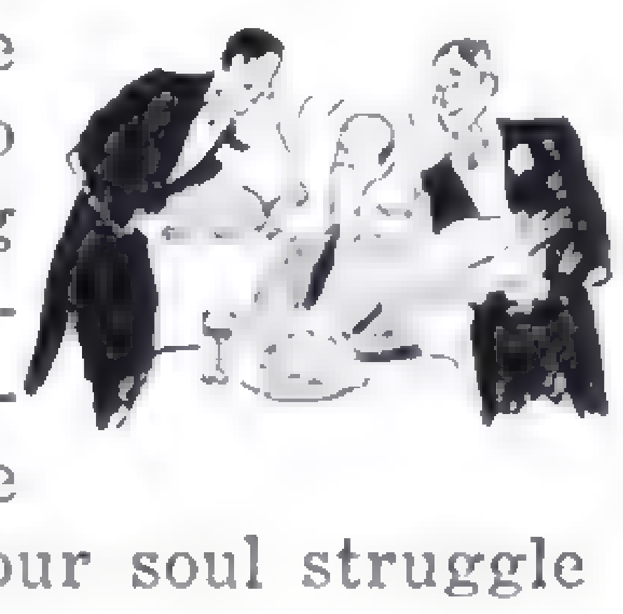
Time was when mine hotelkeeper owned the hostelry he directed and hosted in, but that situation has become scarce in these corporate days. No matter what the ability, magnetism and sixth-sensitivity of Sir Manager (or maybe Managing Director or President), he is strictly an administrator with stockholders and bondholders haunting his dreams. Heroically he must please them with one hand and his guests with the other. Which is quite a trick, even if he devotes a mere twenty-four hours a day to it.

Counting on the fingers of one thumb, we reach a tally of anyhow two famous New York hotels which are owner-managed in ye olden style but with modern fitments and fandanglements: the sky-tickling St. Moritz (swans in Central Park get crooks in their necks looking up at it) which is the lengthened shadow of S. Gregory Taylor; and bookish boniface Frank Case's blithely wayward Algonquin of East 44th overlooking the Park (-ing lot). By virtue of such vision and supervision, these establishments, each in its own individual way, are mighty pleasant green pastures to lie down in, or even sit down in for a snack of sirloin. And at the St. Moritz you may hop up and dance—nowanights in the much-upstairs Sky Gardens where mannerly breezes are permitted to mingle with the music of Ford Harrison and his orchestra, while immaculate minions of maitre Nino do their tote act, from chilled melon to piping demi-tasse, the latter Turkish if you so elect.

Indeed, this S. Gregory Taylor palazzo seems to be equipped with ready solutions for any genteel yen, no matter how splashy. If you are in a sidewalkcombering mood, the Café de la Paix's Round the World Bar has outpatient facilities; and if you crave conversational, rather than musical, dining or lunching, in the Continental manner, with access to exceptional ice creams, sherbets, pâtisseries and other gala desserts, there's the Rumpelmayer Restaurant, just across the lobby, with an atmosphere reminiscent of London, Paris, and the Riviera. Out of Taylor gluttony for authenticity, your Subgum Butterfly Shrimps, Canton Style, and other Chinese dishes are prepared by a native chef. The fact is, mine host is a zealot who wants things right. And gets them.

The Algonquin of sagecrackster Case is comporting itself typically by featuring a weight-lifting diet for those in need thereof. Motto of the menu: Goodbye, Mr. Hips. We trust it wasn't a glance at our silhouette in profile that gave friend Frank his reconstructive idea.

Monte Proser, the Uncle Samba of the Copacabana of 14 East 60th, counts quite a crowd under his stylized palm trees, due to the fact that even if you can't understand the Spanish and Portuguese words of the entertainers, their pulchritude is wonderfully lucid. Some of the drinks, though, are a bit confusing . . . Rills, fountains, and flora lend auspiciousness to smörgasbord idyls in the Kungsholm's (142 East 44th) rear garden des umbrellas. In the event of a shower, you can dry off inside at the bar . . . Full-throatedly the well-known barrel is rolled out at changeless McSorley's Old Ale House (15 East 7th), especially during those soirées when the McSorley Literary Mounted are in session, with accordion connivance, loath to Auld Lang Syne off.



Alix Hounie, Basque host of the much smart Chambord in Palm Beach, is now partnered with deeply food versed Antoine Dadone of the Caviar Restaurant (18 East 49th). So when you con a Caviar menu, hesitating between the temptations of smoked pheasant with wild rice au gratin, and diamond back terrapin à la Baltimore, there are two good men and true to soothe your soul struggle under the grape arbor.

NEW YORK'S *Continental* HOTEL

. . . famous for its Continental Breakfast served piping hot to guest's room. Guests enjoy an ideal location overlooking Central Park, the 30th floor Yacht Lounge, nightly concerts and refreshments, art exhibits, lectures and library. Cocktail lounge and restaurants are air-cooled. Full course luncheon from 85 cents, dinners from $1.25, French cuisine.

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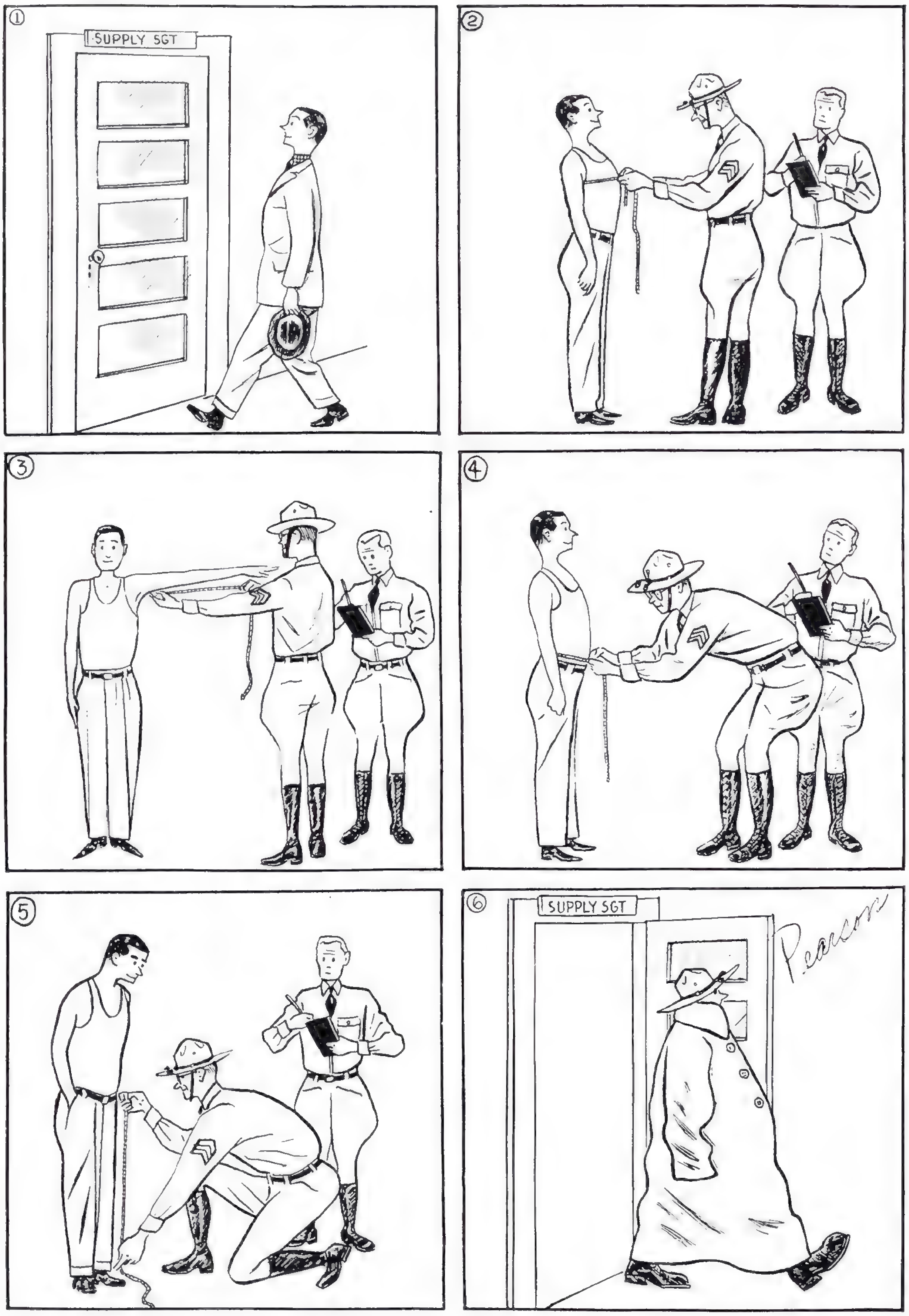
①
SUPPLY SGT
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SUPPLY SGT
Pearson

House Organ of War

Forecasts of the German Blitzkrieg appeared in the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, oldest military magazine published

by TOM MAHONEY

ARTICLE

An infallible indicator of a country's interest in arms can be found in its military magazines. In peaceful nations, these are few, costly and small in circulation. They appear either infrequently, quarterly or bimonthly, or devote much of their space to routine orders and social affairs of the service. The editors are usually officers of low or middle rank and the magazines are the same.

Exactly the contrary has long prevailed in Germany. In addition to newspapers published especially for the army, there are a score of officers' magazines which deal with war as a science and the most notable is the *Militär-Wochenblatt* which describes itself as "an independent periodical for the German armed forces." It is the virtual house organ of war. Oldest military magazine in the world, it has a retired general as an editor and, as its name, "Military Weekly," indicates, it is published every seven days in Berlin.

It has been published ever since July 1, 1816, when Ernst Siegfried Mittler of the firm of Mittler & Sohn, founded in 1789 and still publishing the magazine today, produced the first issue with permission of the King of Prussia. The first editor was Ruehle von Lilienstern who, as a colonel on Blücher's staff, had fought Napoleon. Von Lilienstern, a man of talent with both pen and sword, started so well that the magazine for 125 years has survived wars, changes of government including that of Hitler, and even a period of being edited by the General Staff. This body took over in 1824 after the magazine published an article pointing out that the English six-pounder of that day was better than Prussian guns.

The staff didn't do a very good job of editing. When its imprint was removed in 1848, circulation which had been barely 1,500, began to soar and in 1866, at the suggestion of General von Moltke, the magazine was freed from official connections. During the latter part of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, it was published daily. From 1871 to 1919, it appeared three times a week with a number of supplements and extra editions during the World War. In 1920, it resumed its weekly status.

This frequency of publication, its low price of forty pfennigs, and the ability of its editors have given the *Militär-Wochenblatt* a circulation greater than many popular European magazines and a unique position in journalism. Most of the other military magazines of the world are conscious or unconscious imitations of it. The digest of military literature published by the U. S. Command and General Staff School often gives *Militär-Wochenblatt* articles twice the space of those from any other magazine. Berlin correspondents of the *New York Times* on occasion have found articles in it worth cabling to America. The New York Public Library, Harvard College and the Library of Congress, as well as the military libraries, file it.

The format of the magazine is not impressive. Inside a red and black cover, bearing a news photograph and the Nazi swastika emblem, are about sixty pages of poor grade paper about 9 x 11 inches in size. Unlike most military magazines, roughly a fourth of the pages are devoted to advertising, some of them to black-bordered in memoriam notices for dead officers. The remaining space is devoted to news of war all over the world "on land, sea and in the air," translations from foreign magazines and original articles. These articles, illustrated with photographs and diagrams, give the *Militär-Wochenblatt* its sinister merit.

Many are from the pen of General von Wetzell, A. D., editor in recent years. Von Wetzell was Ludendorff's staff operations officer in the latter part of the World War and is famous in military history as the officer who conceived and carried out the smashing of the Italians at Caporetto. Both as soldier and writer, he has been an exponent of the "breakthrough" by determined men alert to profit by the weakness of opponents.

The blitzkrieg roared in the pages of his magazine long before it engulfed France. Four years before parachute troops dropped on Norway and Holland, a Major Eggebrecht told readers of the *Militär-Wochenblatt* just about how it would be done. In 1937, a Lieutenant Colonel Leon in an article titled *The Employment of and Defense Against Parachute Troops* went into even greater detail and also told how such attacks might be thwarted. Everything except the time and the place of 1940 tactics was given long ago by the *Militär-Wochenblatt* in articles like Major General Klingbeil's *Mobility and the War of the Future*, Major General Dihle's *Supply of Motorized and Mechanized Units*, and *The Breakthrough* by Lieutenant General Marx. These were all published in 1937.

Even earlier writers were describing in the magazine the qualities of men and officers which enabled the Germans to triumph over the French. A Major Koller wrote:

"Today every soldier wages war by himself with the aid of the most scientific refinements and machines available. He must be an artist as well as a technical scientist. And to develop such individuals takes time, much time, if one is to have an effective army."

Von Wetzell, who managed Caporetto with only six divisions, advised potential military master minds as follows:

"The realities of war do not call for the execution of plans but for the exploitation of hostile weaknesses. All echelons of command from the very highest, must retain an open mind, keep their plans and ideas flexible to meet the situation, and to stick to actualities

Continued at top of page 125

Cheers and Jeers

Baseball records show these two factors build or break players' careers, win and lose pennants

by BILLY EVANS

• SPORTS •

℞

Cheers and jeers. The careers of the big league stars are built around those two words. Pennants have been won and lost on them. The baseball fan is fickle. To him, the hero of today may be the "dub" of tomorrow and vice versa. He must deliver to get the cheers; failure to do so draws down on his head the jeers. This baseball business is very definitely a survival of the fittest. It's great to be the hero, but playing the role of the "goat" is another thing.

That baseball careers are built on cheers and jeers, and that pennants are won or lost on them, as the case may be, is a matter of baseball record. For concrete proof, we need only go back to the past season in the American League. Cheers was the inspiration on which the Detroit team rode to win the American League pennant. Jeers was the constant handicap that prevented the Cleveland Indians from winning. Jeers from the opposition fans, as well as the sports writers from every Major League city, other than Cleveland, finally got the Indians down and the team that it seemed should have won the pennant, failed.

First, the individual members of the Indians were the recipients of the raucous "raspberry." Ken Keltner, a great young ball player, was the first target singled out by fans and writers. Keltner made his mistake during the winter and suffered from it during the summer. Keltner, just a kid, and badly advised by some of his Milwaukee friends—that city being his home—made a serious mistake and has paid the penalty. Keltner applied for Unemployment Compensation in Wisconsin as to a winter salary, for the six months that he was not under contract as a baseball player. Keltner had been told that he was within his rights in making such a request. He really wanted only that to which he believed he was entitled. It probably was rather "dumb" on the part of Keltner to take the attitude he did; ball players often do "dumb" things, but are supposed to confine them to the ball field.

I am positive that when Keltner filed his application for winter salary, he had no idea of the explosion his request would make. In recent years, other players, major and minor, had made similar requests and in some states it was held that they were entitled to such compensation and were paid accordingly. Nothing was thought of the matter nor was any publicity given these requests. However, when a star player—and Ken Keltner is a star—made such a request, it took on an entirely different aspect. Why should a player making in the neighborhood of $10,000 for six months' work, ask for winter compensation? That was the hue and cry raised all over the country, as a result of Keltner's request. It suddenly became first page news.

Few players in all the history of baseball have been subjected to such a barrage of abuse as was hurled at Keltner. Since the incident occurred during the winter, the abuse and criticism came entirely from the press, who were amazed at the attitude of Keltner. For the rest of the winter Keltner absorbed columns of critical comment. To try to explain would have been futile, so Keltner did the wise thing, made no reply, but took it on the chin. The press molds public opinion. All last summer Keltner was subjected to a tirade of criticism from two sides—the press continuing its barrage, while from the fans there came a constant booing, which increased at every mistake that Keltner made. Few players have showed more courage under fire than did Keltner. He proved he could take it. He battled against the adversity that unfortunately and possibly unfairly, had settled over him. However, in standing up under this ceaseless bombardment that took place daily over the 154-game schedule—because Keltner was not immune from criticism even in his home town—his unusual ability in the field and at the bat, was greatly impaired. His hitting slumped many points below the previous season. He was always from 50 to 100 points below that mark. His failure to deliver extra base wallops and timely hits cost Cleveland many a ball game. Just how serious Keltner's failure at the bat was, can be realized when you recall that Cleveland lost the American League pennant last year by the margin of one game. It couldn't have been much closer.

Unquestionably, the jeers took something out of Keltner, despite the courageous way he fought them off. That particular "something" was fatal to Cleveland's chances. However, Keltner's failure was only the beginning of the most fantastic story in all baseball history—the later revolt of the entire Cleveland team against its manager, Oscar Vitt. Coming after the Keltner episode, this most extraordinary happening made the Indians the most unpopular team ever to contend for a pennant. Whether or not fandom took the proper perspective of the situation remains to be proved, but the aftermath was, that instead of Keltner, the individual being subjected to an almost constant flow of jeers, the entire team became the target. The merit back of the intended revolt, remains a secret. Some day it may be aired and possibly to the credit of the players. However, in all

Baseball clubs, throughout the years,
Rise and fall through cheers or jeers;

Cleveland's Babies got the colic
When the fans waxed Vitt-riolic . . .

While the Tigers started snapping
When Detroiters started clapping;

sports, the sentiment of the crowd is with the underdog and in this case, fandom strung along with Manager Vitt, as an unjustly abused leader. The owners of the club nipped the intended revolt in its infancy, but the damage was done through nationwide publication of the incident. The players had gone to the owners with the insistent request that Vitt be fired and another manager appointed.

Immediately the Indians became a marked team. Unfriendly writers in other cities who had picked Keltner to pieces, now began to dissect the entire Cleveland team. The Indians, throughout the land, to all fandom suddenly became the "Bawl-Babies" or "Cry-Babies" of the game. From Keltner alone, the jeers of the baseball world shifted to the entire team. It was all too much for a fine club that boasts many great players and high-class gentlemen. Without a doubt, a pennant was lost to Cleveland through too many jeers when a few cheers might have supplied the inspiration that would have won the flag. The club stumbled and staggered the final month of the season, tossing away a six-game lead, to be nosed out finally by Detroit.

There are two sides to every question. No doubt there was much merit in the players' contention that Vitt be turned loose. And probably Vitt could have submitted plenty of evidence to prove that the players "stopped" on him. Unfortunately for the players and Vitt, the true story of the Cleveland rebellion has never been told and as a result the Indians stand convicted of a baseball crime, quitting on their manager under fire. Some day the story may break into print and clear the players, but it will never erase the fact that jeers and more jeers cost a pennant.

Probably no player in all Major League history has been the recipient of so many cheers as Babe Ruth. But even with Babe, it hasn't been all applause. In the 1921 World Series, he was the "bust" of the annual classic—jeers were Ruth's portion from start to finish. That Series was the turning point in the Babe's career. He was smart enough to make the jeers ultimately pay dividends. Aside from the jeers of fandom for his failure, he drew columns of criticism from the sports writers, who alleged the Bambino wasn't taking his baseball seriously enough; that self-discipline was no part of his training regime. It was new stuff for Babe and he didn't like it. To his ears cheers were far more pleasing than jeers, and he decided to win back his hero worshippers of other days. Instead of being through, ready for the minors, as the critics insisted, the Babe did a right-about-face, went early into spring training for the following season, recovered his batting eye and went on for some fifteen years as baseball's outstanding figure.

Let us go back some thirty years for a similar setting, except that we have a great pitcher getting all the cheers, instead of a great hitter. I have in mind Ed Walsh, then the pitching sensation of the American League. Walsh achieved his great success through the use of a trick delivery, now taboo, known as the "spitball." The delivery was generally regarded as most difficult to control because of the saliva used. It wasn't for Walsh. It used to be said of Walsh that he started the game with a spitball, finished with one and in between threw nothing else. Walsh's controll of this delivery was uncanny. The "spitter" was really effective only when the pitch was kept knee high, and Walsh seemed to be able to pitch it in that particular groove all day long.Through the medium of the spitball, Walsh became the most effective pitcher in the American League over a long period of years. A big, handsome chap, the typical athlete, Walsh was a favorite everywhere because of his great ability and his willingness to pitch every day if necessary; and, in addition he had "gobs" of color. No situation was too tough for him to face. Old-timers will recall how, with the bases filled, he would often walk from the bench without having a chance to warm up; throw the regulation five balls allowed in those days and then proceed to stop the opposition cold. Well do I remember a remarkable bit of pinch-pitching I saw him perform in the opening game at St. Louis about thirty years ago. As a matter of fact, I was the umpire in that game. Lange was the starting pitcher for Chicago. Going into the ninth inning, he had St. Louis shut out, the Sox leading 3 to 0. It was a cold day in April. Losing control, he walked the first three men to face him in the ninth. Out from the bench walked Ed Walsh. He consulted with Manager Fielder Jones, whereupon the umpire announced, "Walsh now pitching for Chicago." He had no chance to warm up other than the usual five pitches allowed a relief hurler. Three men faced him. He threw just ten balls, retiring the side on strikes—all deceptive spitballs. I have never seen a greater exhibition of pinch-pitching than that.

Walsh was the toast of Chicago and the rest of the baseball world, just as Ruth has been the toast of New York and all other way stations between the Big City of the East and San Francisco on the West. The mere announcement that Walsh was to pitch, insured a big crowd. It was customary when the Sox were playing at home always to give him the Sunday pitching assignment. That meant a packed house. His entry into the game started the fans cheering and invariably the cheers were all the stronger at the finish, because, like Ruth, Walsh, usually at his best in the pinch, gave those Sunday baseball fans many a brilliant exhibition of pitching.

There is an end to everything and the time came for Walsh, the physical marvel, to succumb to the ravages of Father Time and be compelled to put aside the Chicago uniform. Too much work finally took its toll, robbed the elastic arm of even Walsh of its deception. It is to be regretted that these great stars of the game do not retire with the cheers of fandom ringing in their ears. Satisfied that his pitching days were over, Walsh, desirous of continuing in the game, secured an appointment to the American League staff of umpires. President Johnson, of the American League, teamed Walsh with me. It was my duty to break him in as a Big League umpire. There is much difference between the player and umpire angles of baseball. The player has his followers, but the umpire is always a stranger in a strange land. He has no friends, no hero worshippers, no one anxious to applaud him. The umpire is satisfied with silence, cheers to him are almost unknown; jeers, seemingly a part of the business. When Walsh made his Chicago appearance as a Big League umpire, he received a reception in keeping with any ever tendered him as a player. For five minutes, 20,000 fans cheered the big fellow. In so doing, they recalled many of the remarkable pitching feats that had thrilled them in days gone by; how he had helped Chicago win a pennant and World Series and other history-making incidents. They were really cheering Walsh the pitcher, not Walsh the umpire, but Walsh didn't realize it at the time.

A few innings after the start of the game, Walsh gave a close decision against Chicago that resulted in the opposition scoring a couple of runs. He seemed to have erred, but for the moment the fans, still thinking of

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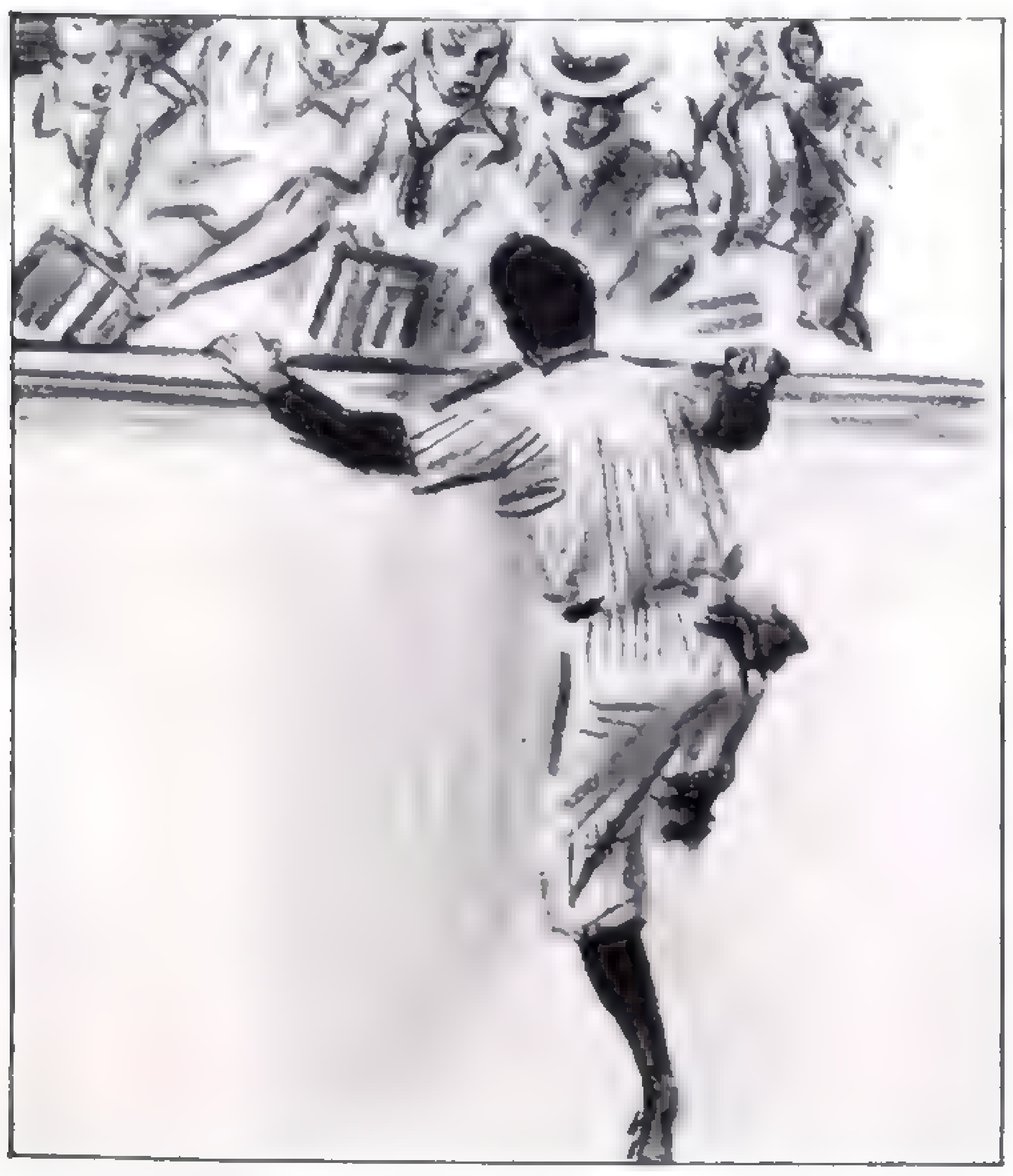
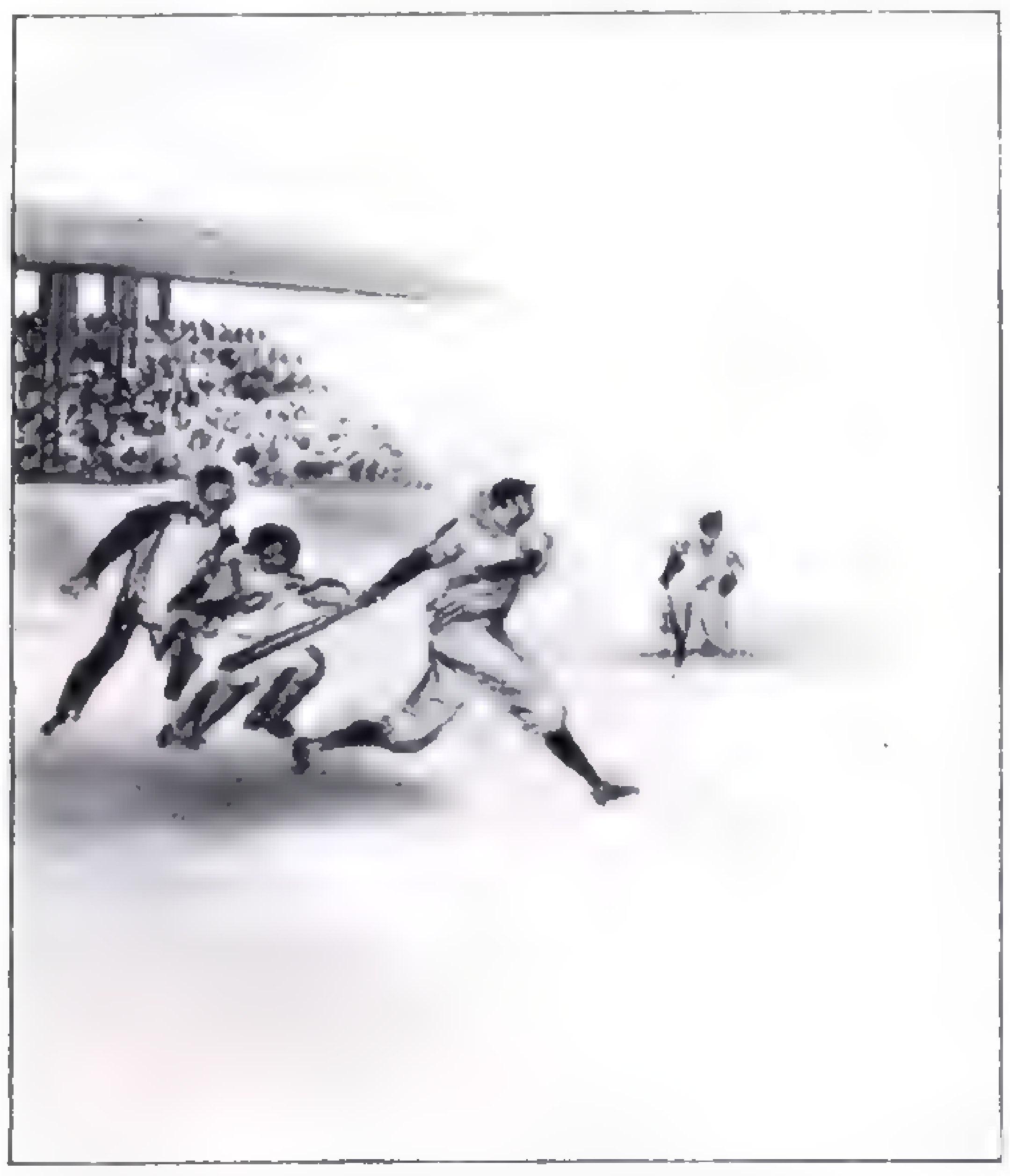
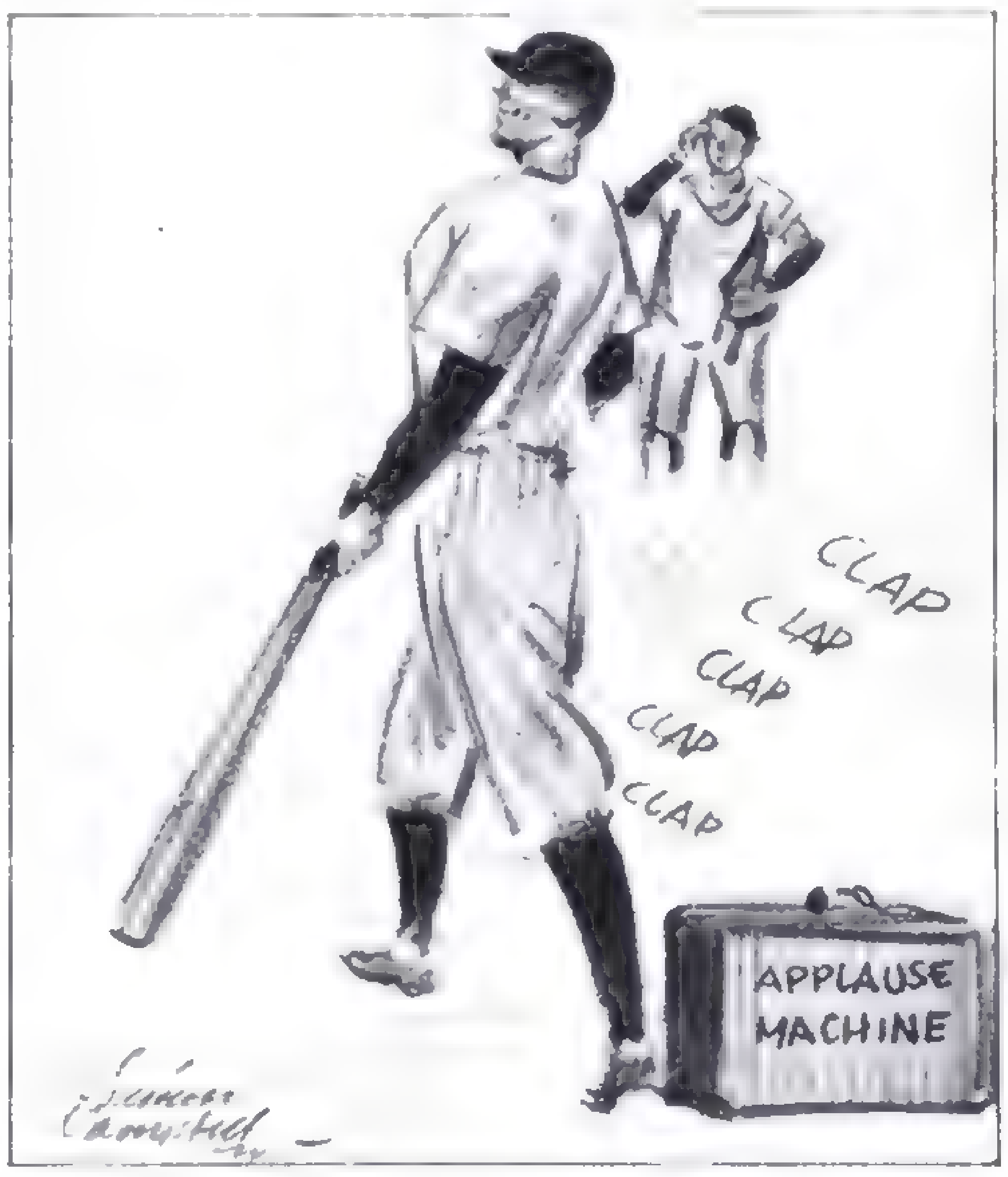


Even Cobb, terrific Tyrus,
Bridled at that Bronxy virus . . .



While the Babe did his best clouting
When his praises fans were shouting!



So, if your bums ain't so chipper
Cheer 'em up . . . or zip your zipper!
—Phil Stack

The Year that Had No Summer

Remy dropped in the office so often to see about the job, the redheaded girl began to greet him as a friend

by MORTON STERN

• FICTION •

THE reception room made Remy feel he was waiting in a leather mausoleum that had just been saddle-soaped. He picked up a copy of *Time* but did not read. He sat staring at the severely cheerful photo of an Army General on the cover; the caption said the General would head the newly formed Draft Board.

Mr. Carlson's secretary reappeared, and glanced at Remy; he rose quickly with an apologetic smile and followed her.

In a clean, high room a thin man sat behind a glistening desk. A quiet shaft of sunlight came playfully in through the tall wide window behind him. There was nothing on the mahogany desk but the black French phone, and that glistened too. The man was in his early sixties and his light grey tweed suit harmonized nicely with his pallor. Brown shell glasses made warm holes out of his eyes. He nodded to the chair next to him.

"Your cousin writes me you want a job with us, Mr. Chester," his voice had a thin pallor too.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Carlson."

"I've known Spencer Marlin a long time, and his word means a great deal to me. His letter didn't say very much; he said you would talk for yourself. Are you a university man, Mr. Chester?"

"No, sir. But I once studied some business courses in the night at Columbia University."

"Did you complete their business course?"

"No, sir. I didn't have enough money for one thing, then working during the day and studying at night sort of got me down."

"What practical experience have you had?"

"I've been out of work since I got back to New York about nine months ago. I stayed at Spencer's in Binghamton for a while, then I had some odd jobs here, but they were just to keep me going. Before that I worked a year for Montgomery Ward in Phoenix, then for about six months with Sears in Los Angeles."

"Why don't you apply for work with them in this city?"

"I tried, Mr. Carlson. They both have their own waiting list."

The August sunlight came into the room clean and fresh, as though it had just been brought out of a shower-bath. The room seemed to quiver cleanly and quietly.

"Phoenix is a lovely city," Mr. Carlson smiled. "What took you out there?"

"My health wasn't too good then, sir."

"How is it now?"

Remy saw Mr. Carlson looking carefully at his cheeks.

"I look a little pale, I guess," he tried to smile, "but I gave a transfusion this morning. That's what made me late, sir."

"Not someone in the family, I hope," Mr. Carlson raised his eyebrows.

"No, sir, I don't have any family outside of Spence. I'm a professional donor on the side," Remy bit his lip inside. "It's sort of helped to tide me over."

"How old are you, Mr. Chester?"

"Thirty, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Carlson swung around in his swivel chair, and picked up the phone. "Get me Foster." He listened, then said, "No, have him phone me when he's through." He turned back to Remy. "Mr. Foster usually does the personnel," he explained.

There was a long moment's quiet while they just sat. Remy could see the Hudson River way off to the west, and it shone as if it had just been washed with soap and hot water.

Mr. Carlson said, "How is Spence these days?"

"Not so well, sir. His legs still haven't got over the hard winter we had."

"Nothing stops Spence. He used to bring the mail to my door for fifteen years, rain, snow or shine, before I moved to New York."

"He's a hard worker."

"I suppose he's glad to see summer here again."

"It's still too cool for him back in Binghamton, sir. He likes it when it's nice and hot."

The phone buzzed. "Foster," said Mr. Carlson, "there's a young man up here comes well recommended from an old friend of mine. Can you find a place for him down there?" He listened. "No, no special experience, but he's willing to start at the bottom, and he doesn't want much salary; fifteen, twenty dollars a week." He glanced at Remy as if to say, Is that all right? Remy nodded seriously. Mr. Carlson listened, then said, "Well—I'll leave him in your hands."

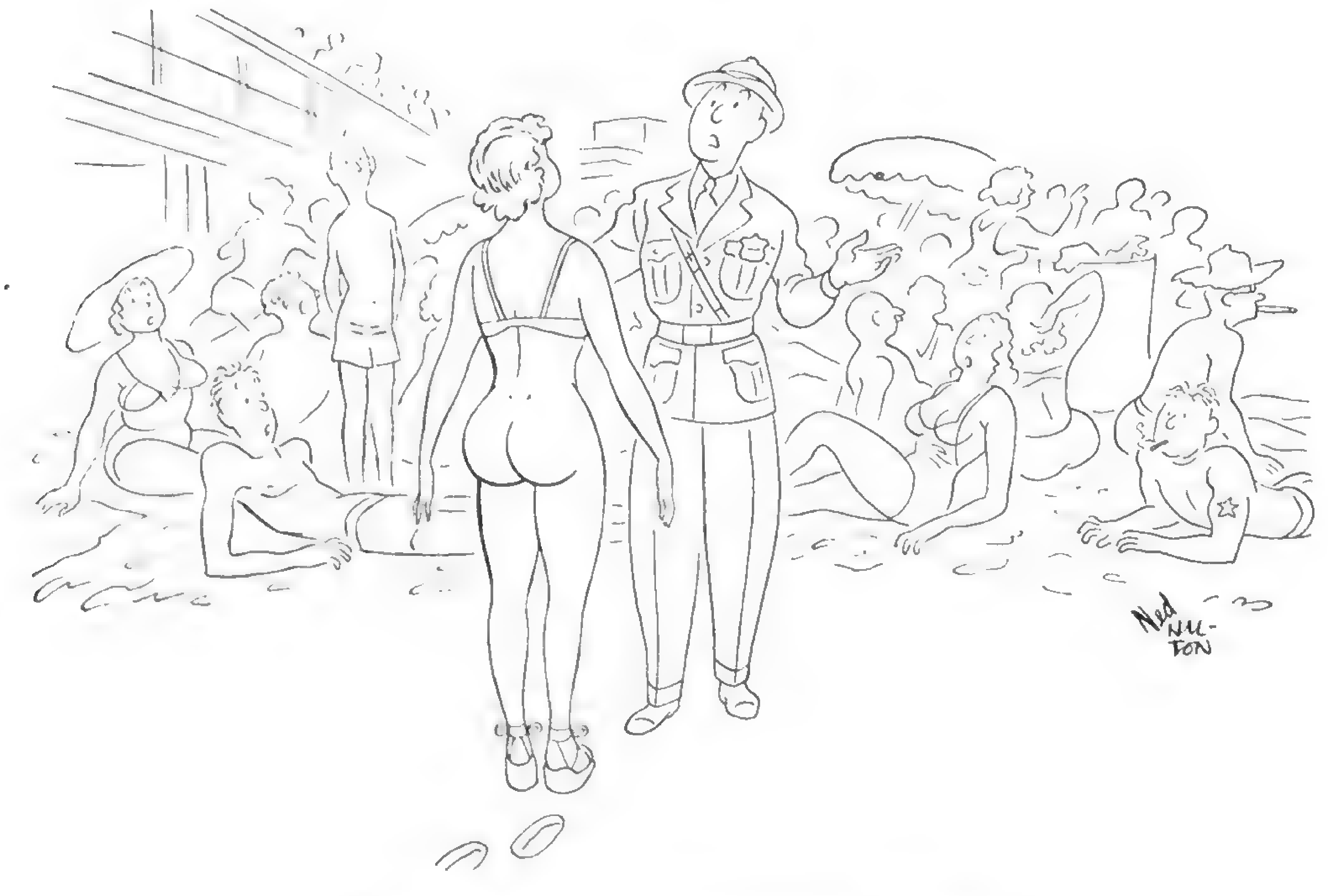
He told Remy to go down to the fourteenth floor. Remy thanked him, and Mr. Carlson asked him to give his regards to Spencer Marlin.

Remy came into a less formal office. Leading off it were several rooms and he could hear typewriters clicking and people moving in general activity. It made him feel at home to be where people were working. A redheaded girl got up from her desk and asked who he was looking for. She went into one of the offices behind, and came out and said, Mr. Foster will see you now.

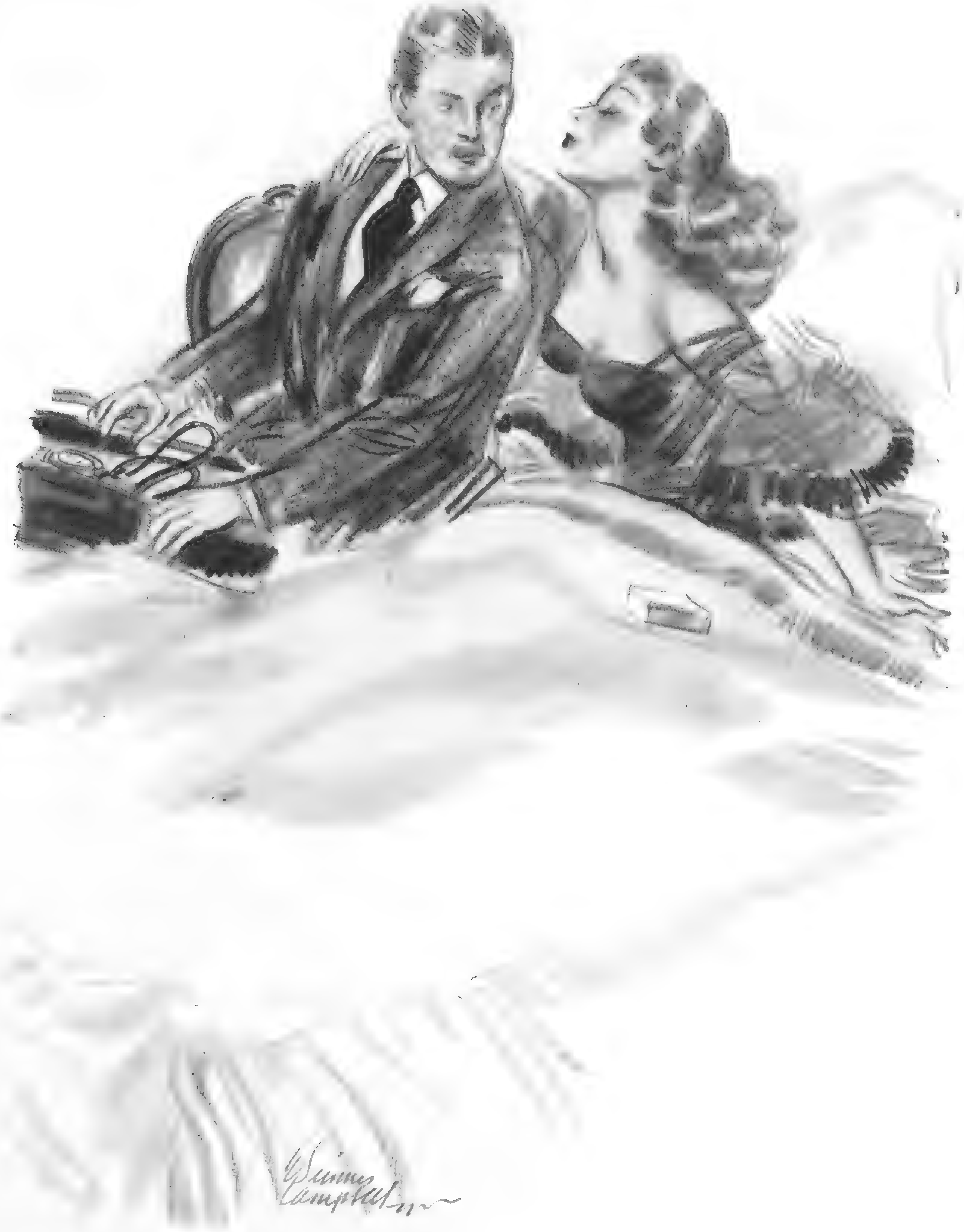
At the three smaller desks women were busy at computers, and behind the largest desk sat a stocky man about fifty with a bald head and a blue tinge to his cheeks where the whiskers showed under the skin. Remy stood quietly, fingering his hat-brim slowly.

Mr. Foster looked up from the bunch of papers, re-lighted a thick pipe, and asked Remy some questions about experience again,

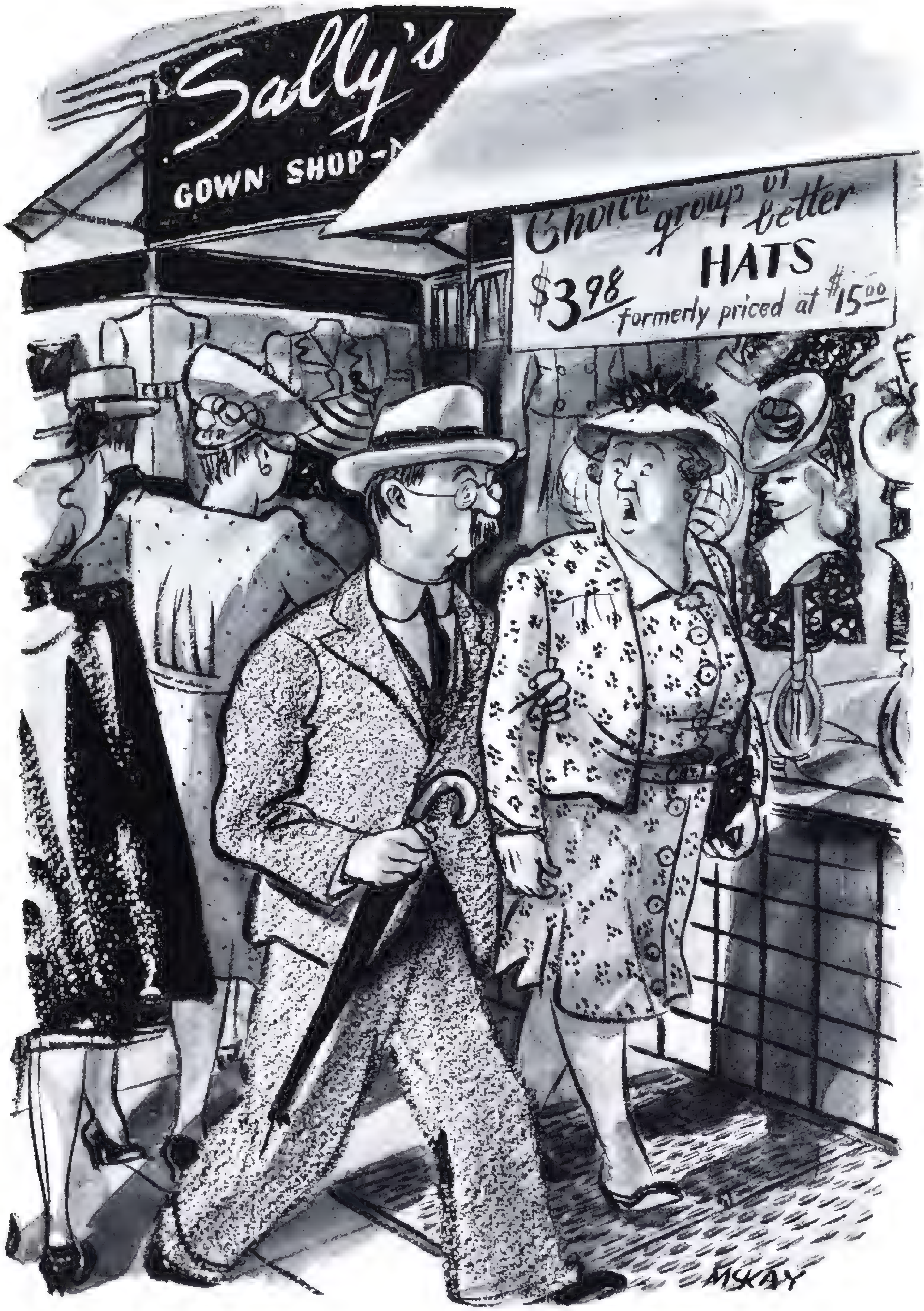
Continued on page 113



"Sorry, miss—no one-piece suits allowed"



"Suppose we just stick to lots of fresh air and those pills
I gave you, Miss Devereaux"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GOWN SHOP-
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McKAY

"If you had a spark of patriotism, you'd spend money like the government!"

The Grand American Way

Everything has happened at the national handicap tournament held each August at Vandalia, Ohio except for a woman to win

by ALVIN ROSENSWEET

• SPORTS •

When Joe Hiestand, the world's greatest trapshooter, walked to the firing line on a sweltering Wednesday in August, 1938, he had his heart set on accomplishing one of the all-time miracles of sport. He was trying for a world's record at consecutive registered targets from sixteen yards, and he couldn't have picked a better spot than the Grand American Handicap tournament at Vandalia, Ohio.

The record was 714 and it had been made only the day before by Fred Tomlin, a New Jersey professional. It had taken fifteen years for somebody to break the record of 621 set in 1923 by Boyd Duncan of Tennessee, and Tomlin was on hand to see his record stripped of its new-born glory.

Hiestand went to the traps that afternoon needing only forty-eight straight "breaks" to tie Tomlin's mark, and forty-nine to set a new one. He smashed twenty-five straight at the first trap in the afternoon and then marched five traps up the line through the crowd that jostled him at every step.

When it was time for Hiestand's squad to go to their positions, this sharp-featured, thirty-two-year-old Ohio farmer walked over to his peg and took his stance—feet close together, body bent forward slightly. He held his left arm well under the gun, and his right elbow was raised almost to the plane of the gun barrel.

Joe called "pull," and as the clay disc whirled from the traphouse he smashed it into a thousand little pieces. The scorer called "dead" in his throaty monotone. Hiestand smashed the next twenty-two targets to tie Tomlin's record and kept right on blasting away. He left Vandalia with a record of 966 targets without a miss, and kept going until his mark ended two weeks later at 1,179. There may never be anything like it again!

Hiestand's amazing shooting was the outstanding performance in 110 years of trapshooting history, and an exciting and dramatic moment in the "Grand," which is the world's biggest and best event of its kind, but is somewhat humdrum from a spectator standpoint. That's because, in most instances, it lacks the fundamentally important element of suspense. Watching a trapshooter fire away at clay targets isn't designed to set the blood tingling unless something hinges on every shot.

Don't say that, though, to a dyed-in-the-wool trapshooter. He waits all year for the "Grand," which gives him a momentous week in which to win fame and money. The sound of "pull" from men with discordant jangles in their throats and from women with high-pitched voices, and the detonation of guns down the quarter-mile panorama of twenty-two fan-shaped traps may be a guttural cacophony to the neophyte spectator, but to the trapshooter it's a stirring symphony.

There have been forty-one Grand American Handicap tournaments, the last seventeen at Vandalia, and chances are the "Grand" will return each August for many years to this village of 500 persons ten miles north of Dayton. That's because Vandalia Field is the permanent home of the Amateur Trapshooting Association. Scan the field of sports from angling to yachting and you won't come up with another sport that owns its permanent home. Trapshooting has invested $200,000 in its layout at Vandalia.

Trapshooting goes back to the 1830's when the landed aristocracy of England closed their grounds to all but themselves and their guests. The excluded hunters formed their own clubs, shooting at live birds released from under their hats, then changed to a glass ball target. In 1860 the first type of clay pigeon was produced and the sport became fairly standardized when an Englishman named McCaskey devised a trap that sent the targets whirling at different angles.

The sport crossed the ocean to America in the 1870's, and twenty years later a man named Elmer S. Shaner, who had a talent for organization and a love for trapshooting, formed the Interstate Association of Trapshooters, which conducted live bird and clay target shoots on Long Island. The ammunition and target companies backed the tournaments, and although they weren't exactly altruistic, they gave the sport a tremendous impetus.

All the records of the Amateur Trapshooting Association state that the first Grand American Handicap was held in 1900, but the tournament had an earlier series of forerunners beginning in 1893. From that year until 1900 the Grand American was at live birds, but a lot of people didn't think that was fair sport so in 1900 saucer-shaped clay targets replaced the live birds. At the same time the Interstate Association was succeeded as the national governing body by the American Trapshooting Association, but the manufacturers continued to finance the tournaments and choose the locations.

The tournament stayed on Long Island four years, moved to Kansas City in 1903 and has returned to the eastern seaboard only once since, when Atlantic City was host in 1922. In 1923, the "Grand" was held at Chicago, smack-dab on the shores of Lake Michigan, but that was the last time a place other than Vandalia has been its locale. At that 1923 tournament a Dayton shooter named Dr. W. A. Ewing found he couldn't shoot as well over water as over dry land, so he talked over the possibility of a permanent home with George S. McCarty, of Newfield, New Jersey, who was President of the American Trapshooting Association at the time. The

Continued on page 157

"That's what's so discouraging—get on the green in eleven and then take four putts!"

Sergeants Are Heartless

Corp. Smoot wouldn't have re-enlisted up in no army if he'd have known they'd send him out to hunt fires in the rain

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

THE rain fell in buckets outside the guard room. It was early spring and the new draft army cantonment was bogged down in mud and slush. The guard detail had been supplied for this particular day by Sergeant Edwards' new company of selectee recruits, in which Corporal Smoot had become an unwilling non-com. Smoot had charge of the first relief, while Ortwingle and Corky Smith, as acting corporals, were assigned to the second and third.

The rain poured out of the sky in torrents, making it extremely difficult for Corporal Smoot to find his sentries when, at the end of their two-hour tour, he hunted them out in the dark soggy night. The corporal had finally succeeded in collecting his inexperienced men and exchanging them for Corky Smith's relief.

Sergeant Tooey, an old soldier who had done duty in China and the Philippines and Panama, had charge of the guard. "Everything okay around those ammunition warehouses?" he inquired of Smoot.

Smoot removed his saturated hat and dumped the water out of it. "I am ony a enlisted man, Sarge. It is not up to me to tell anybody how to run the army. But you would think United States was gonna be invaded around midnight the way everybody is worryin' about them ammunition warehouses. This is a hell of a night to go and get so military if you would ast me."

The sergeant laughed goodnaturedly. "If these young draftee kids live through it I guess you will, too."

"That is all right," said Smoot. "I ain't kickin'. Ony when the Officer of the Day comes sneakin' around and astes us our special orders and am we noticed any fires bustin' out around them warehouses, that is too much. Fires. On a night like this!"

Sergeant Tooey shook his head, grinning. "This is the army, not a Girl Scout picnic."

"I would not even like to be on no Girl Scout's picnic a night like this," said Corporal Smoot.

Ortwingle, himself dry and comfortably stretched out on a folding cot, murmured a heartfelt, "You said it," as an echo to Smoot's remark. "Me, either."

"You soldiers are all the same," said the old sergeant. "You'd kick if you fell into a sewer and came up with a plate of tutti-fruiti ice cream."

By this time the recruits who knew Sergeant Tooey had sidled round, detecting in the old soldier's voice a certain reminiscent quality.

"Fires," repeated Smoot. "Am I seen any fires bustin' out! Why, I guess you couldn't light one of them warehouses with a blowtorch in this here weather."

"It's a good thing my skin don't leak," said Ortwingle.

"You guys remind me of the time I soldiered with Colonel Van Doren down in Texas—Nosey Van Doren we used to call him," said Sergeant Tooey, warming his feet against the hot potbellied stove. "I'll give you an interesting illustration of how you can't treat soldiers like ordinary human beings. This Colonel Nosey Van Doren's time was gettin' short to retire, so he gets kind of sentimental and figures he'll give the whole regiment a dinner—the biggest damn feed any dog-face ever shoved into his stomach. So the night of the dinner comes along, and all the soldiers are sittin' around these big long tables they have built. On the tables there are sizzlin' T-bone steaks and roast ducks and fried chicken and baked ham and pork with green mint sauce and candied sweet potatoes and steamin' bowls of mushrooms and stuffed tomatoes and—"

"He is jist tryin' to drive us crazy," Smoot shrugged toward the draftee recruits.

"—and pigs feet and little squabs and asparagus and sweet corn and olives and celery and pie and cake and cigars and ice cream and French pastries and a whole lot of other stuff I can't think of now. Well, the Colonel, he sits up at the head of one of these long tables and he beams down on the men. 'Well, boys,' he says. 'Fall to. If you don't see what you want, just ask for it. I know I have sometimes been a stern officer, but I am bein' retired out of the service soon, and I want you to carry away a pleasant memory of your old commander. Come on, don't be bashful. Dive right in.'

"But not one damn soldier," continued the sergeant, smiling and savoring his anecdote, "would so much as touch a piece of bread on them tables. They just sat there silent and stared at the old Colonel. Finally he said, 'What is the defuglty, boys? Why don't you fall to and scoff up this here noble chow?' But nobody would say a word. Naturally the Old Man gets red in the face. 'What the hell is the meanin' of this here strange behavior? Speak up!' he says. So one little guy in the back stands up and takes a breath. 'We ain't a-gonna eat nary a single bite of it, that's what,' he says. 'And why not?' shouts the Colonel, who is about to bust a blood vessel. 'Because,' says the little guy, 'you can't kid us. Any time somebody gives a soldier somethin' for nothin', there must be something the matter with it.'"

"I do not see where that has got anything to do with it rainin' cats and dogs," said Corporal Smoot after the laughter had somewhat subsided. The sergeant's story apparently did not amuse him.

"You would probably not see a hole in the ground if it fell on you," said Sergeant Tooey, grinning.

"No, but I would notice it is foolishness to go out and look for fires at the bottom of the ocean, just the same," Smoot shot back.

"That's right," said Acting Corporal Ortwingle. "Ony me," he added, "I'd've et up all them there hams and ducks and sweet potatoes the sarge talked about. A man's stummick comes before his pride, that is my motto. Say, Smoot, how about a loan of four bits till payday? All that talk of sizzlin' steaks goes ahead and gives me a terrific appetite."

Corporal Smoot ignored his buddy's request. "I suppose I will jist about get these O.D. pants dry and then we'll haff to go out and get wet again," he murmured as he turned slowly before the fire like a turkey on a spit.

"I need four bits till payday," repeated Ortwingle conventionally. He didn't expect any response.

"Lissen at that rain," said Smoot. "They say a person's whole life flashes before their eyes when he is gonna drown. Does anybody see their whole life flashin' before his eye?"

"I think my rifle is going to get rusty, Corporal," one of the recruit sentries announced.

"That is your hard luck, kid. You had no right to be in the draft age. Me, I went ahead and enlisted up for three years of my own accord. If I had ever of knew I'd be out lookin' for fires in the rain I'd of waited until they come and got me. Not ony that but I had a girl that was crazy about me. Her name was Gertie Something. She worked in a restaurant and I use to get free ham and eggs every mornin' for breakfist. A guy which he is got a soft snap like that he ought not to reinlist of his own accord until the draft board it sends out the F.B.I. to bring him in." He sighed. "Ham and eggs. I wisht I had me a platter o' ham and eggs this minute."

"I wisht I had me a good-lookin' dame," said someone.

"Girls is poison," Ortwingle sagely observed.

"How is girls poison?" Corporal Smoot demanded.

"Yes," said Ortwingle. "Any time you get seriously with a girl she is poison. That is why I took the army for three years again. I was gettin' too seriously with a girl and she was alwys talkin' about weddin' rings and marriage cerstifficates and so forth."

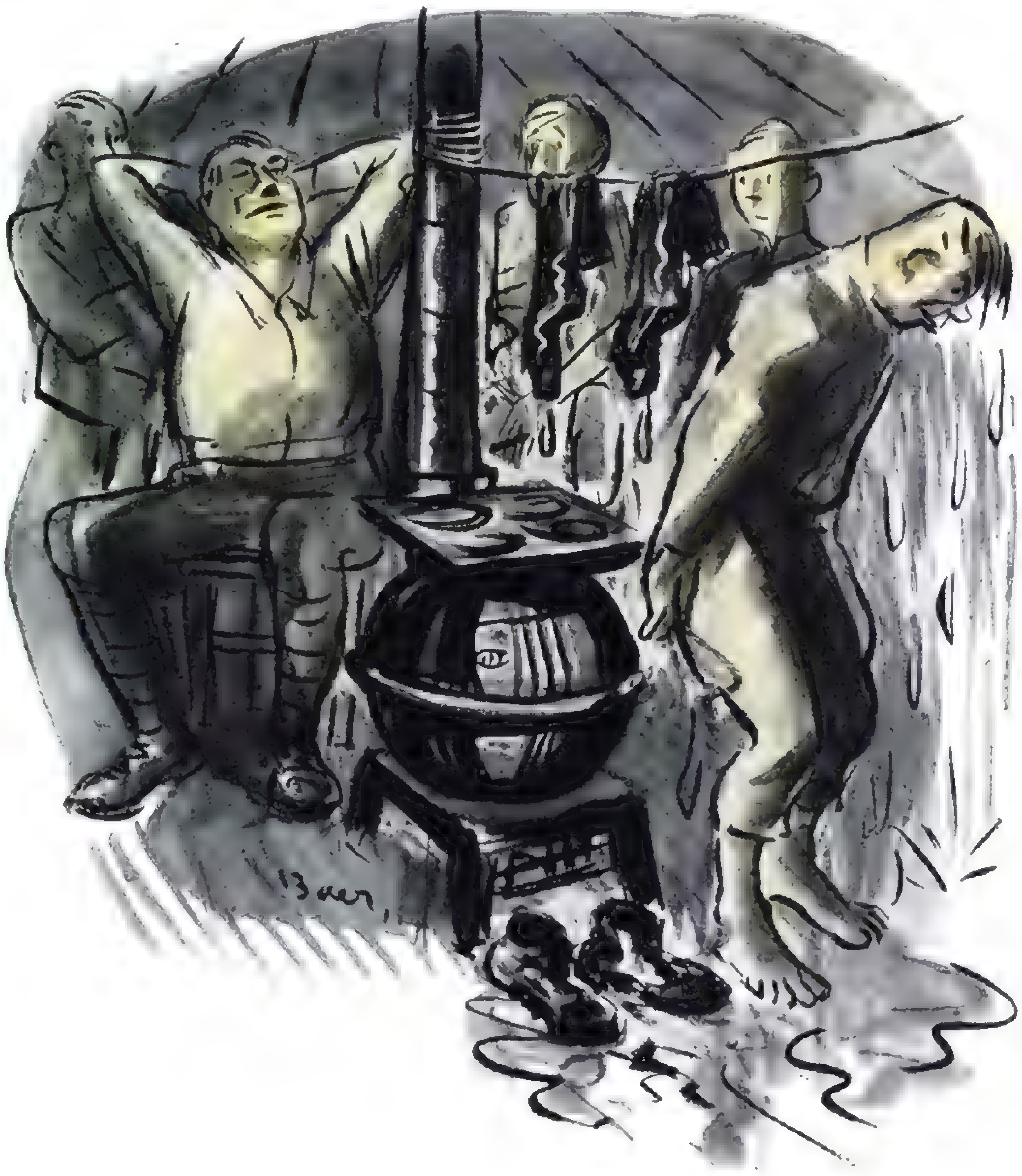
"Well," said Smoot, "person who he goes around takin' girls so serious it is his own fault. I know of a case, a guy by the name of Charlie Peters. This Charlie Peters he figgers he is got the dope on women. He will never take a dame to a dance or a movie more than twict. If he finds that she will not play ball by that time he alwys sends a little card in a envelope which he writes on this card: 'It was nice to have known you.' So everything is goin' along fine under this here system of Charlie Peters, ony finely there was one dame which he takes too serious, goin' to maybe six dances and eleven movies before he figgers there is nothin' doin'. So Charlie gives up and mails her one of these here cards saying 'It was nice to have known you' in a envelope. The next day the police is sendin' a telegram to Charlie's relatives to come and pick up the various pieces of the body."

"Well, girls is poison. That's what I said," repeated Ortwingle. "All they want to do is marry people. Ain't that right, Sarge?"

"If you fellows thought as much about military routine as you do about girls you'd be commissioned officers in no time," the sergeant observed.

"Yeah," said Corporal Smoot. "I wisht I would of studied and went to West Point and became a officer. Boy, would I make some Colonel. If I was Colonel of this outfit the first thing I would do is abolish lookin' for fires when it is rainin' cats and dogs. The next thing I would do is eliminate all inspections. And then I would do away with reveille. Instead of all that bother of rollcall every formation they oughta have time clocks."

"Well, I can only say for myself," commented Sergeant Tooey, "that it was a fine break for me when you didn't go to West Point and become an officer."



"That's all right," said Corporal Smoot. "Bars on somebody's shoulders don't make no person an intelligent giant."

"A what?"

"A intelligent giant. A guy who he is so smart that it is even a surprise to himself. Well, you know the old sayin' in the army. It didn't take no act o' Congress to make no gentleman out o' me."

"No," laughed the sergeant. "With you it is like the old song. Only God can make a tree."

"Jist the same there could be a whole lot of improvement in the army. Time clocks is good enough for the rest of the world. Accordin' to a book I once read most of the drills in the army is the same as they use to do them in the Roman times, like guard mount. It is my idea that the army it ought to be brung up to date."

"Well, I think you are foolish to take on a Colonel's problems without getting a Colonel's pay," observed the sergeant. "Personally, I don't have the energy to worry about how they mounted guard in the Roman times. If I can get my men to mount guard with their pants all buttoned up the front and their shoes matched I'm pretty well content."

"With me I am thinkin' on things in a large scale. The army it goes ahead and wears itself out with all them petty regulations like reveille and rollcall and cetera."

"I, ah—I hate to bring up anything so petty to you men who think on such a large scale," said the sergeant, "but I see that the coal bucket is about empty. Suppose you two hardy old soldiers put on your raincoats and rustle up another bucketful. I know it isn't regulation to ask non-coms to do menial work, but these draftee kids are having it tough enough as it is. Be a couple of good scouts. The fire's running low."

"Who, us?" said Smoot.

"And be careful you don't get your feet wet."

"I don't know why I ever re-inlisted up in the army for," Smoot complained, picking up the bucket.

"Me, either," said Ortwingle.

The rain still slathered down out of the rubbery black sky. "Why is the sarge always pickin' on us?" asked Ortwingle sorrowfully as the water drenched down the collar of his raincoat.

"I figger maybe we are dependable," Smoot grunted ironically. They hurriedly filled the big coal bucket and dashed back toward the guard room.

"Halt!" cried the No. 1 sentry. "Who's there?"

"Who the hell you think's there?" demanded Corporal Smoot indignantly, "the Japanese Navy?"

"Okay," said the sentry, recognizing them. "You don't have to get tough about it. I am only following out my orders."

"We know we don't have to get tough about it," said Smoot. "We jist figgered it was a good idear."

The sentry mumbled something under his breath which sounded very much like "Nuts."

They dragged the bucket up to the stove and threw some coal on the fire. "Maybe I should of re-inlisted up in the navy, after all," Smoot sighed as he wrung out his socks and toasted them before the flame. "You haff to see the world through a porthole, but you can close it when it rains."

"Not me," said Ortwingle. "Boats gets you seasick. I was on a boat onct."

"Well, you could take a job in the navy yard or something."

"I don't like them wide pants they wear."

"Say, you'd think I was tryin' to sell you the navy at a big profit," said Smoot. "I wonder what they got for breakfist tomorrer. Them patent leather eggs again, I guess."

"Maybe the sarge will loaned us four bits to buy breakfist in the canteen with," Ortwingle speculated. "Say, Sergeant Tooey, how about loanding us four bits to buy

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The Miracle of Miracles

When Martha beheld her brother Lazarus mortally injured, she asked the Arabs to go and seek his Friend, the Teacher

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

SLOWLY, and in single file, the procession of Arabs moved away from the walls of Jerusalem. The late afternoon sun spread its angry red in the sky and outlined the city's stone citadels with a glowing crimson edge. And this same setting sun brought a faint glow to the deathly pale face of the injured Lazarus.

Propped up on pillows tied to the saddle and supported by an improvised litter his body swayed with the motion of the horse. Two faithful Arabs rode close on either side of him but the rest rode in a long single file before and behind. The journey from Jerusalem to Bethany was not long, only several short leagues, yet they took the long way to avoid the rocky patch. The sun was still setting when they arrived at the garden gate of the home of Ben Shaba and carefully lifted Lazarus down.

At once there was great excitement. The sisters of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, wrung their hands and shouted to the servants to turn down the bed and fetch water, and bring flax seed and to tear up two linen sheets into bandage strips and all this was to be done quickly, quickly!

The old man Ben Shaba came out of his study and stood silently in the hall of the house while Lazarus was carried through.

He looked at his son's pale face and spoke softly: "My son, my son. Oh, Lazarus, my son! My eyes grow dim, my days grow short. I am ready now to depart from this life if only I could know that you would be here in my place. But the Lord has been good and I will abide by his judgment. Oh Lazarus, my son, my son!"

Then the old man went toward the garden gate to thank the Arabs for their great kindness and ordered that they be given wine and fruit and that water and grain be brought for their horses.

Then he said: "And tell to your king that the moment he decides to march upon Jerusalem he may use the grain from my storehouses and all else that I possess. I give this to him without reckoning as I would to a brother."

As he walked toward the house his two daughters Martha and Mary came running to the gate of the garden where the Arabs were already partaking of wine and bread and fruit.

"We must send at once," said Martha, "for the Prophet."

"What Prophet?" one Arab asked.

"The one who is known as the Teacher, the friend of Lazarus. Go find him and bring him without delay for he has cured the blind and the lame and he will heal our brother."

"What is the name of this prophet?" another asked.

"His name is Jesus," said Mary. "He is from Nazareth where he once lived. He was the carpenter of Nazareth."

"But where is he to be found?"

"That is a question," replied Martha. "If we knew where, at this moment, he was to be found, we could send a messenger and we would not need a whole troop of Arabian army officers."

"Yes, yes," said one of the Arab leaders. "Now we understand. He is not in one place but goes about here and there. He heals the sick and teaches. And he is one from Nazareth."

"Jesus from Nazareth," added Mary.

"The desert may be wide and long but we will find him," added one.

"He is somewhere not far," said Martha. "You are certain to find him within a dozen leagues from here, perhaps northward toward Galilee and on this side of the river Jordan."

"We will find him," said another. "But the only difficult part is his name. It is an odd name and one that is not easy to remember. Tell us again what he is called."

"His name is Jesus," Mary replied.

A dozen lips whispered this name, repeating it over and over.

"Now we will remember," said one.

"But do not delay," urged Martha. "Eat quickly and drink what you like, and take along with you what you need, only go; go and bring him here. There is still an hour of twilight before you and perhaps this very night . . . Oh, when you see him say to him that it is Lazarus and we, his sisters, Martha and Mary, have sent for him. Say this and he will come."

The Arabs emptied their cups and taking large slices of bread with them, mounted their steeds and started across the rolling plains of Judea. But soon night was upon them and they could go no farther.

At the first light of dawn they were already in their saddles. They rode on. Soon they arrived at a small village in the hills not far from the town of Jericho. Here they stopped before a low hut and spoke with the old man and old woman who came to the door.

"Do you know one in these parts called Jesus?" asked the leader of the Arabs.

"No one here by that name," the old woman replied.

"He is called the Teacher and he has healed the sick."

"The Teacher!" exclaimed the old man and his eyes sparkled. "Ah, yes. He is the Nazarene. We have seen him; but his name we did not know."

"When was he last here?"

"Only a short time ago; perhaps only a week or two ago."

"It's three weeks to the day," the old woman corrected him.

"That is when it was."

"Was he here in this place?"

"He was there." The old man pointed to a hill not far from where they stood. "They

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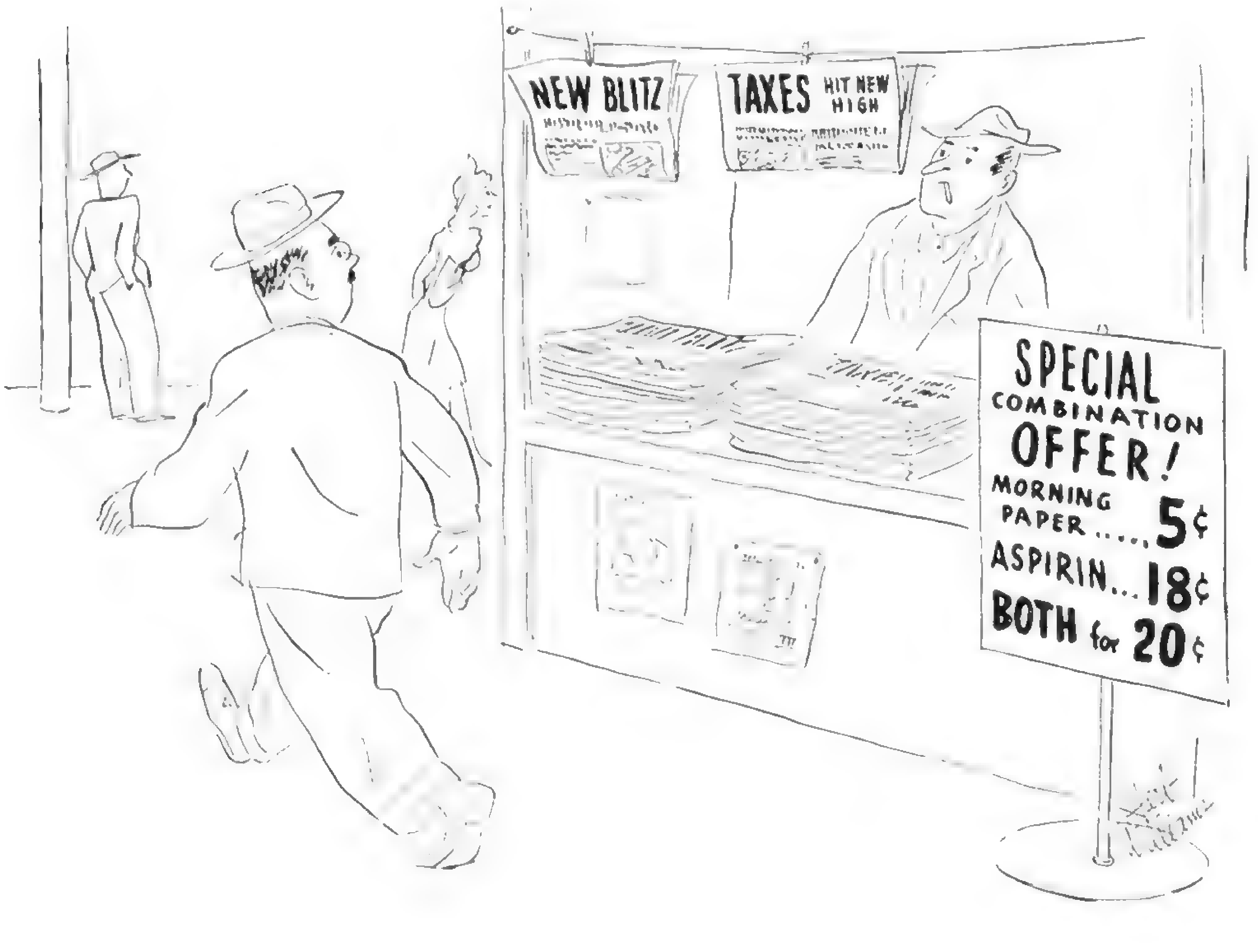
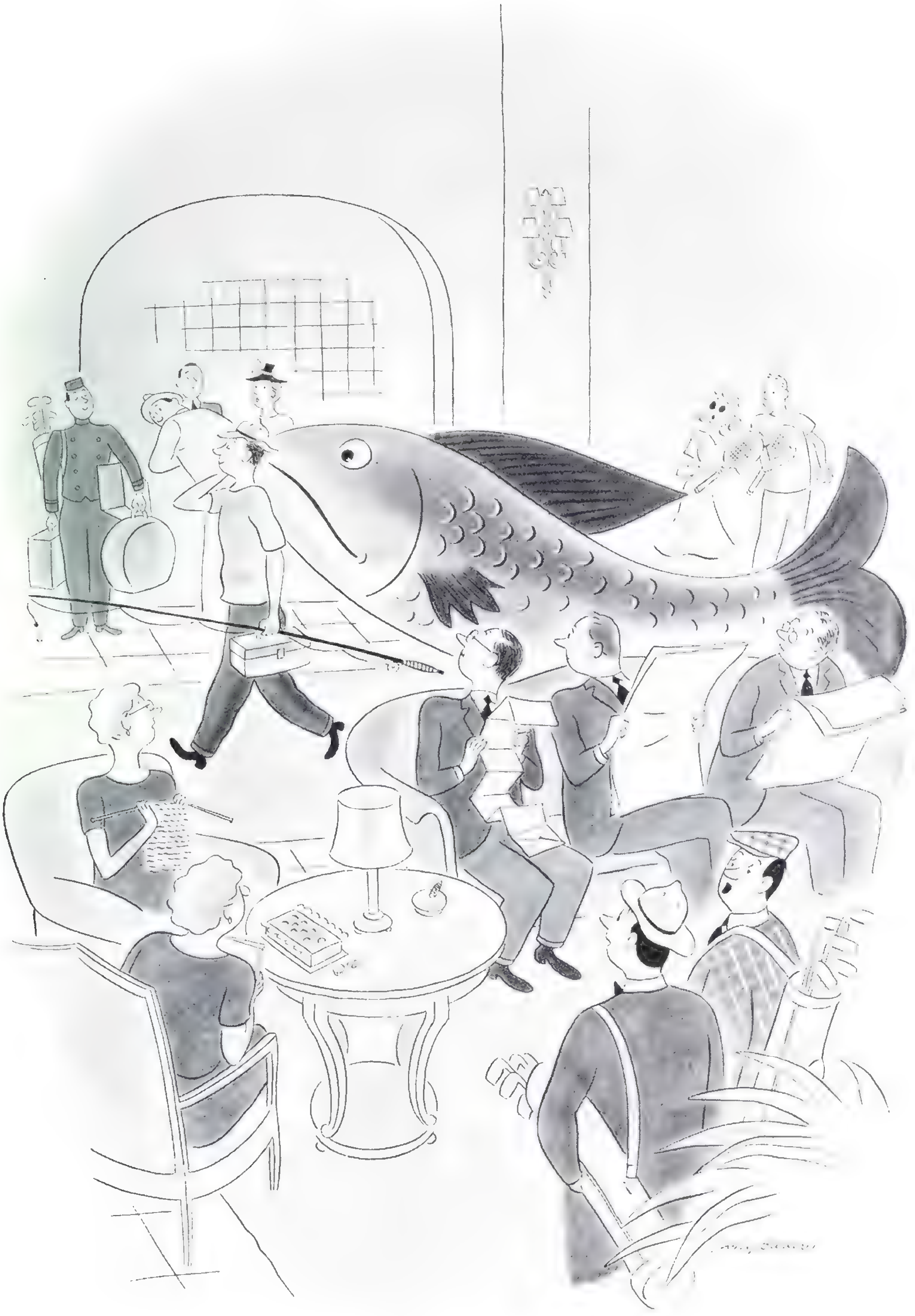




"He handles the publicity for this resort!"

The Case of the Thin Actor

In Europe he played Shylock, Faust and Richard III, now he asked only for a little role to keep on living

by WALTER SCHOENSTEDT

• FICTION •

Dressed in trousers, shirt and slippers, he went to the bathroom across the hall. Someone was still inside. He went back a few steps and waited, shoulders resting against the wall. Then the door opened and a young woman stepped out and smiled at him. She wore a flannel bathrobe and mules with high heels. He had met her several times before, at the same moment, coming out of the bathroom and he was always a little ashamed, standing there on the wall waiting. But today it was the first time that she smiled at him. And because she smiled, he said:

"Excuse me, please."

"Aren't you the man who talks to himself in his room?" asked the woman.

"Why yes, I think I must have been talking to myself sometimes."

"I hear you are an actor—is that right?"

"Yes, I am."

"That's interesting," she said, "you have not been in this country long, have you?"

"No, only a few years. I came from Vienna."

The hot vapor around the bathtub was exciting. The man took off his clothes and hung them on the hook in the door. He was glad that the woman had spoken to him. I wish I could see her in a little nicer place, he thought. He stretched himself before he got under the shower and moved his legs back and forth. Suddenly he looked down and stopped. His hand moved over his chest.

"I'm getting skinnier every day. I'm the skinniest actor in the world. Mein Gott, how can anyone be so thin?"

When he dried himself he looked out of the window and the light from the back yard was yellow. He remembered that he had said to the elevator man last night there would be snow tomorrow. But there was no snow outside today. He could see a high wall without any windows and a pair of heavy sparrows sitting together in a hole where a stone was missing.

Today he shaved himself carefully thinking of the little perfunctory man in the theatre agent's office. I didn't know people could hear me outside of my room, he thought. And then he remembered all the long evenings when his time was empty. He tried to fill the emptiness with thoughts of past great moments. Here he had no friends, and no enemies, and no places to go. He was understood only by his hands and by his voice. When he spoke and his voice came back to him, he looked upwards and listened to the quality of its tone. What else could he do with his voice?

He went back to his room, took his best shirt out of the drawer and selected a dark bow tie hanging among a dozen of them on a piece of thread that was nailed across the closet door. When he left the house it was nine o'clock.

He entered the agency, and looked for a seat next to the wall. But today the little man called him and started to fill out a small card. When he finished, he stood up and said:

"Go over to this address. Don't look so gloomy. For God's sake, cheer up, Mr. Bertoldi. There may be something in it for you. I just talked to the producer on the phone."

Bertoldi nodded his head several times and left. He only had to walk a few blocks down Broadway. Strange, the light around him was still yellow. He felt a strong winter sun on the back of his old overcoat which was fur-lined. He remembered he hadn't eaten breakfast this morning and he had the desire for a cup of coffee. He hesitated a moment in front of a drugstore but then moved on with long steps.

He felt his heart beat when he stepped into the producer's office. A quiet, dark-haired girl took the card he was holding in his hand and disappeared into a back room. After a few seconds she came out again and told him to go inside.

The producer got up and walked toward him. He shook Bertoldi's hand and said:

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Bertoldi, I have heard of you. Sit down, please."

Franz Bertoldi sat down. He was surprised that this man should have heard of him for he had never acted in America before.

"Now," said the producer, "we are going to put on a new play. I think you could try your hand in it. I'm sure you will fit the part we have in mind. It isn't much of a role but we thought you would like it anyhow. We do business quite differently over here, don't we? Why don't you say something? I'd like to hear your voice."

Franz Bertoldi stood up, looked at the picture of a girl which was hanging on the wall behind the desk and very slowly started to speak.

"I am glad you were thinking of me. Yes, please give me a chance. If I get a little better on my feet, I still be an actor. I have played "Shylock," "Nathan," "Richard III," "Faust" only a few years ago in Europe. All I'm asking now is a little role to keep on living. I thank you very much for your kindness."

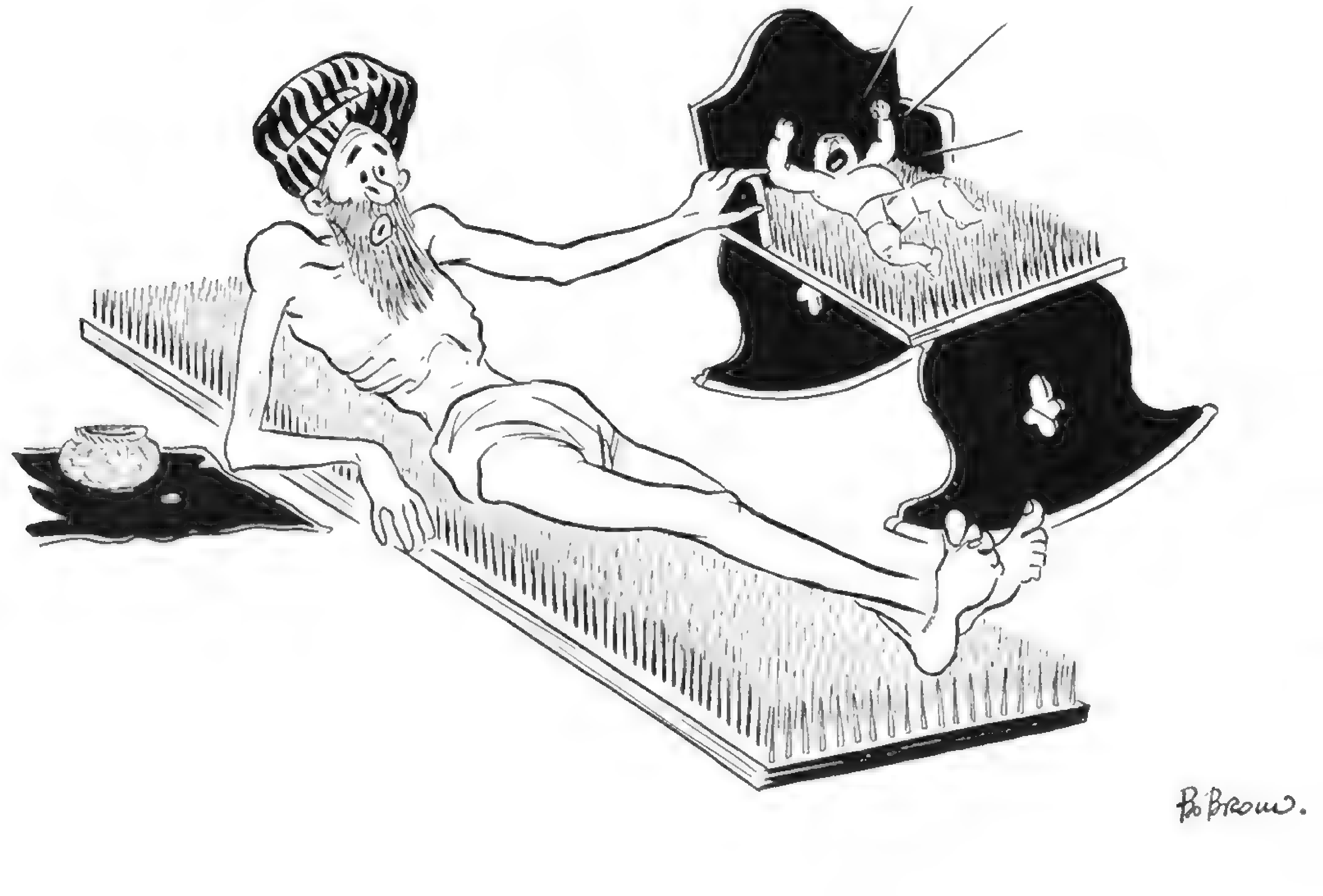
He did not move. He was still looking at the picture on the wall and his hands were pressed together behind his back. His lips suddenly became full. In the light of the table lamp his eyes were dry.

"Well," said the producer and sat down behind his desk, "that's just right; I like your accent."

"Why do you like my accent?" Bertoldi asked, "I hate my accent. It will kill me one day."

"That's just what I need. Your nice, strong Viennese accent. Would you mind going into that corner and taking off your coat and your shirt, please?"

"Why, yes." Bertoldi said, and was full



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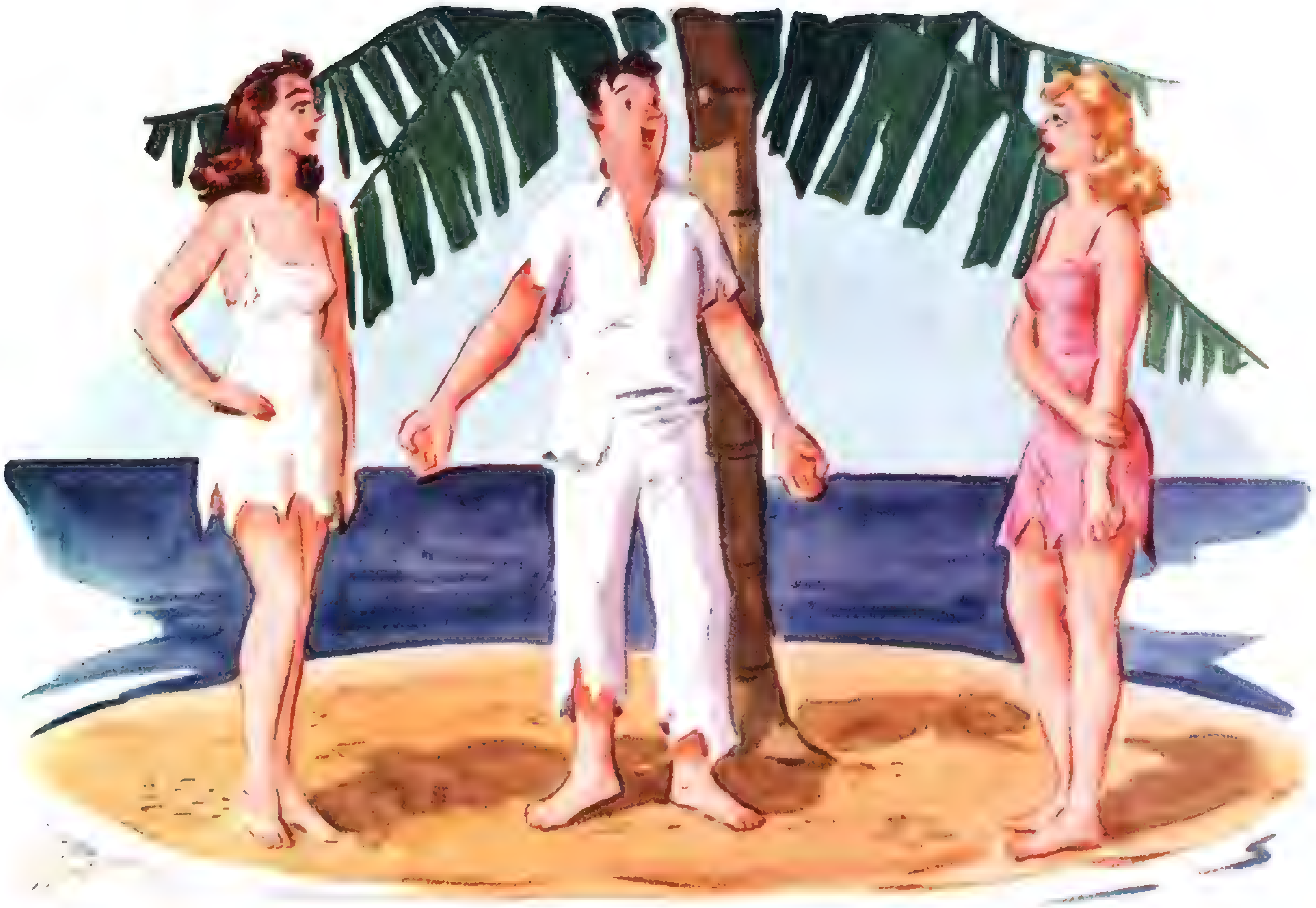
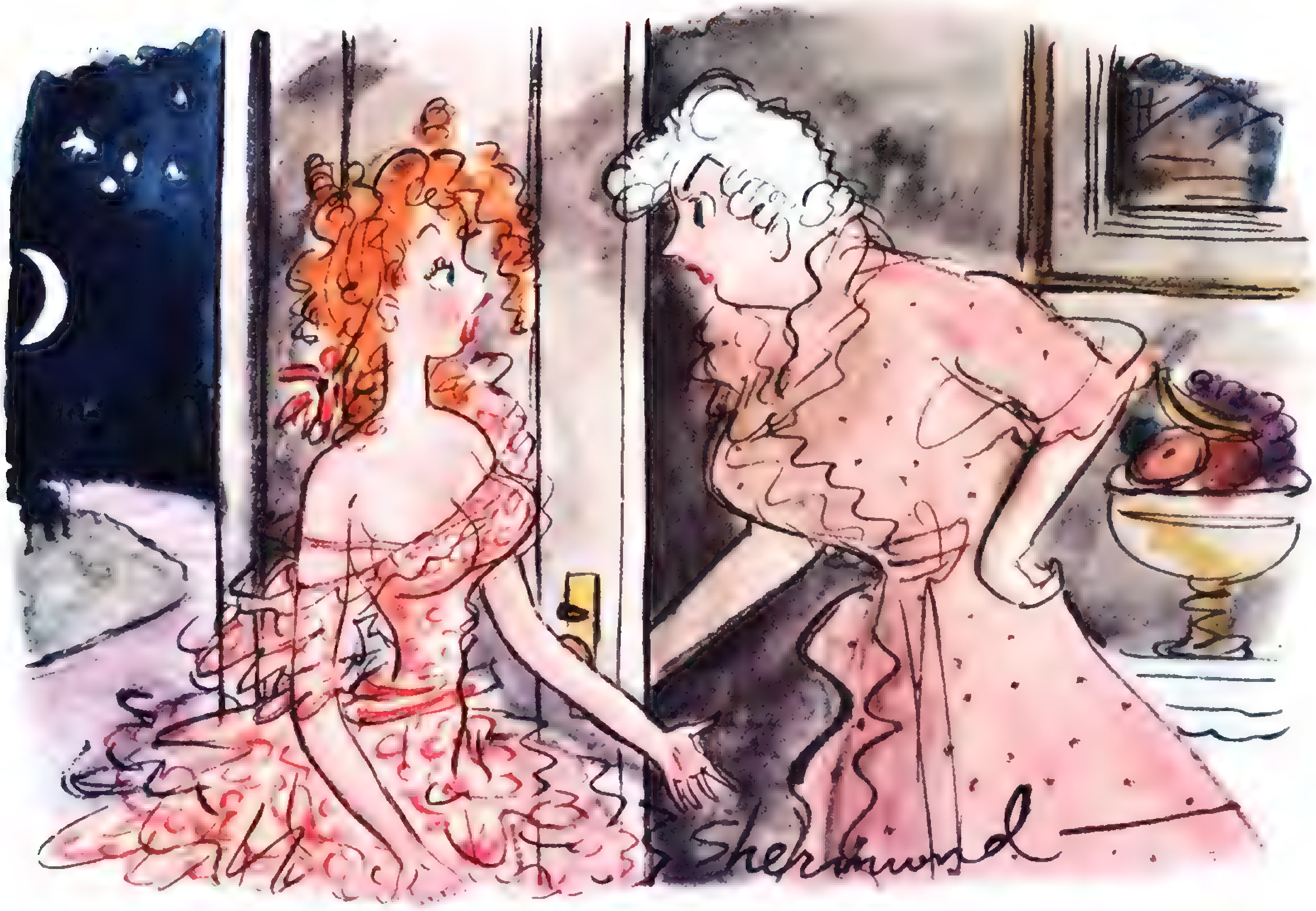
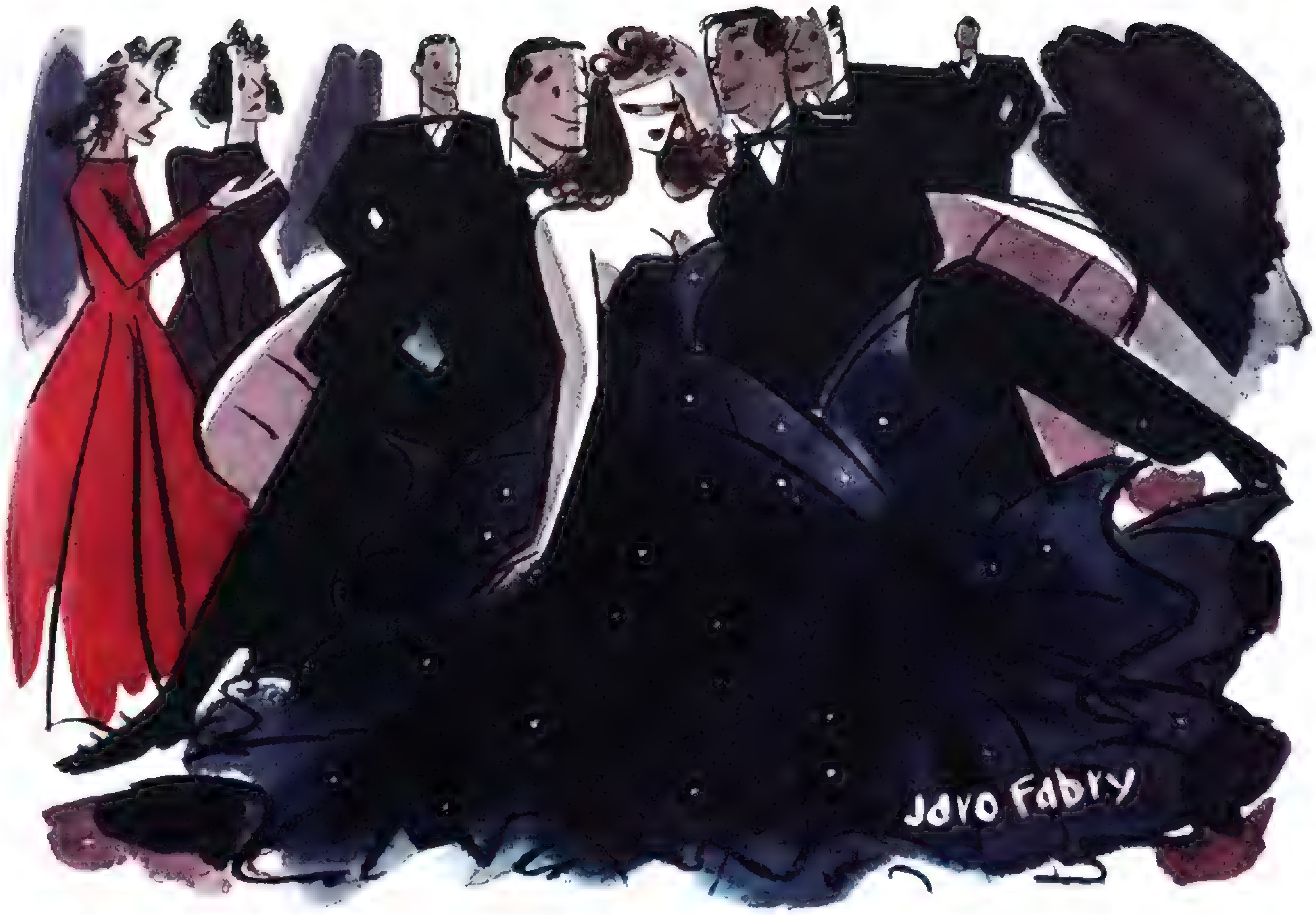


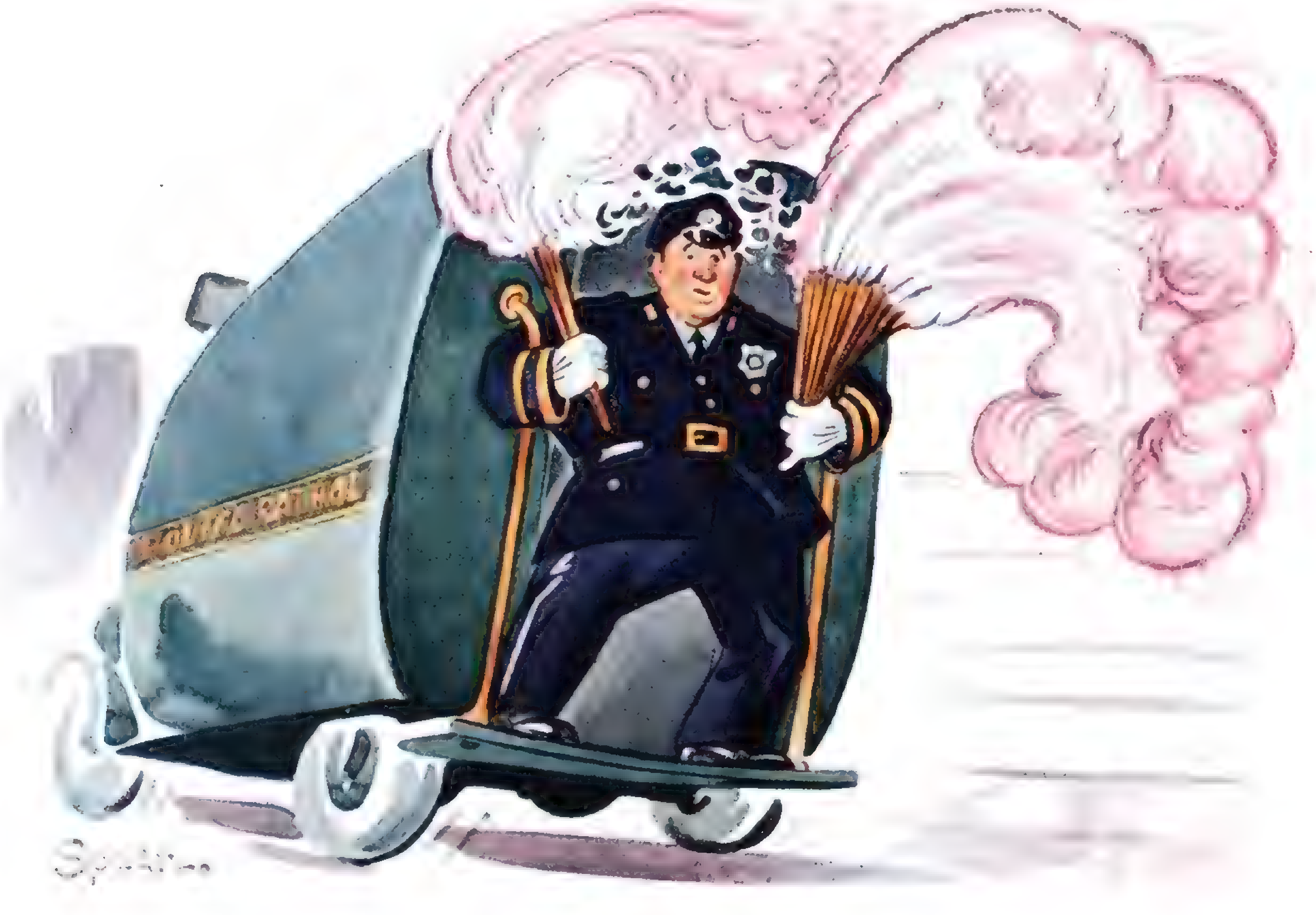
"Anybody got a coin?"



"Yes, I suppose I could have refused but it just didn't occur to me"



"I simply can't understand it—her father hasn't money or anything!"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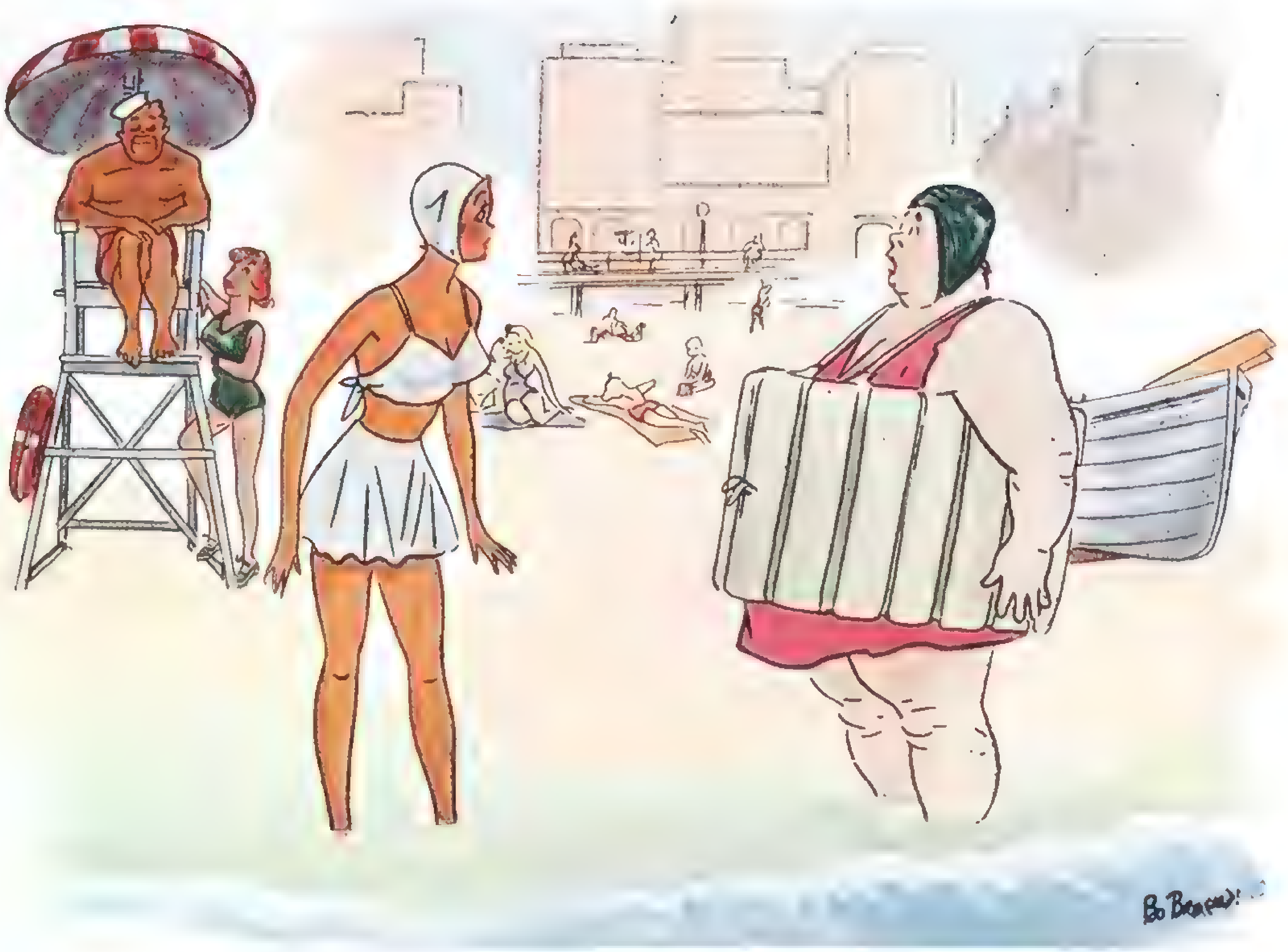
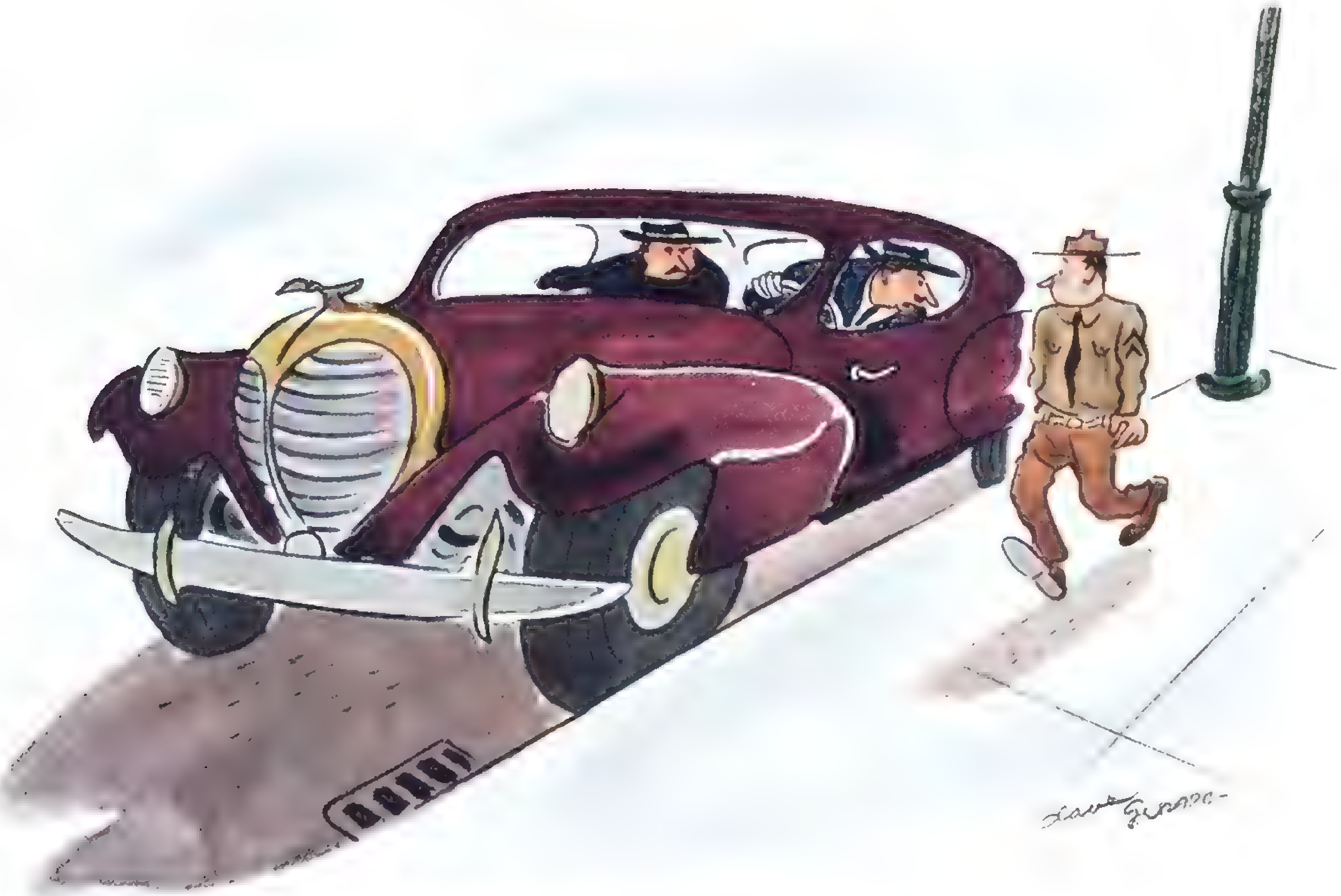
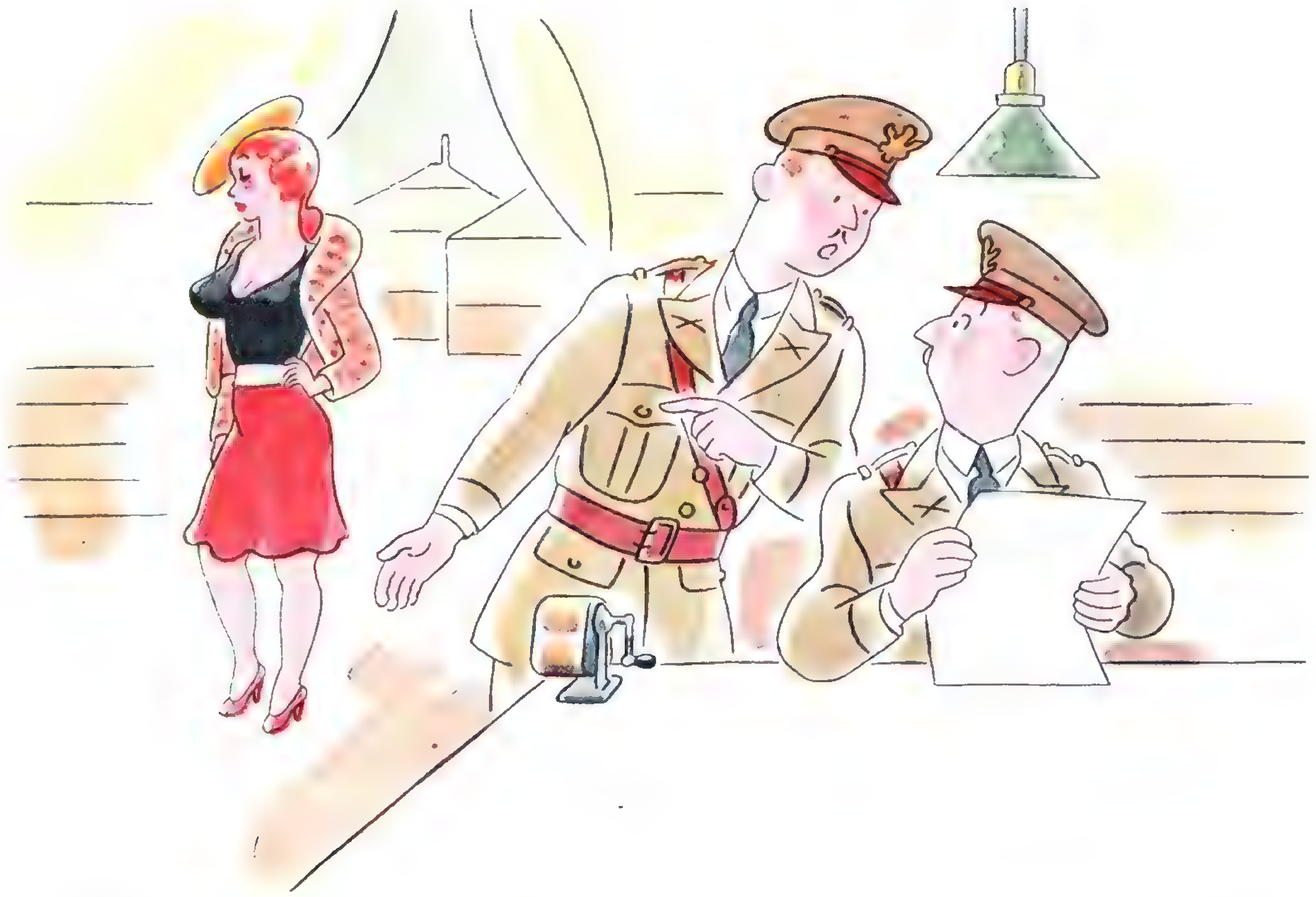


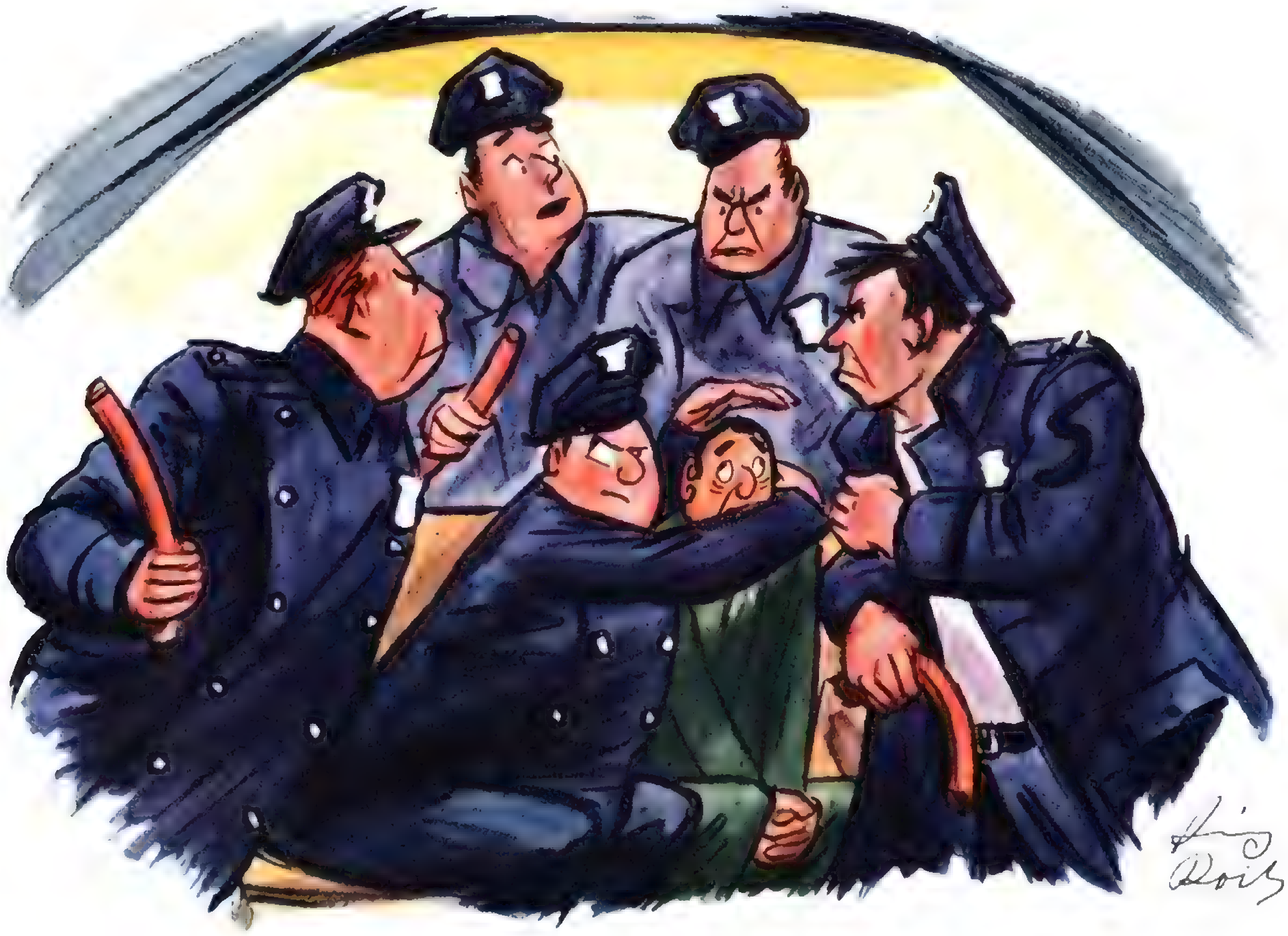
"I just can't get myself to depend on the lifeguards!"



"Pss-st! Want to buy some military secrets?"



"Could you let me have two bucks—I think she knows some military secrets"



"Good old Flannigan—always takin' the part of the underdog"

Do You Know Enough to Bet?

Unless you can answer every one of these forty questions, your mother shouldn't let you play the horses

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

The following questions have been prepared to test fairly a reader's background for figuring winners and betting. They are not designed merely to test memory—of great races, great horses or great jockeys—but rather to enable one attempting to answer them to determine whether he knows enough about racing, betting and handicapping to give him a real chance to get winners on his own when turned loose with a racing sheet under the midnight lamp. One who cannot answer *all* of these simple questions readily and accurately has no real business to be betting horses. Allow yourself one point for each correct answer—and grade yourself as passing only for a full forty points.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the scale of weights?
2. What is its purpose?
3. What is (a) a claiming race?
   (b) an allowance race?
   (c) a handicap?
   (d) a stake race?
   (e) a graded handicap?
4. What is a sprint, in the United States?
5. What is a route, in the United States?
6. What is meant by a plater?
7. How many feet are there in five furlongs?
8. What is "even time" for six furlongs?
9. What is a handicap horse?
10. Why is a filly or mare, meeting colts, horses or geldings, allotted a burden five or three pounds less than that carried by the males of the same age?
11. Characterize the following times as slow, fast or very fast: (a) five furlongs in 57 seconds; (b) one mile and three-sixteenths in one minute, 59 seconds; (c) one mile and a half in two minutes, 29 3/5 seconds.
12. When does a foal dropped April 20, 1940, become a two-year-old and eligible to race?
13. What is a "bug" rider?
14. A horse running three furlongs in 33 seconds averages how many feet per second?
15. At the foot of the past performances of a horse in a racing sheet, certain letters appear in connection with the times of his workouts. What is the meaning of "e," "b," "h" and "d"?
16. State what the following figures mean as set up in a racing sheet's past performances to indicate how the particular horse performed in a six-furlong sprint:

    4 3 1 2 2^1 3^2
17. Name one of the fastest tracks in the United States.
18. Name the slowest major course in the United States.
19. Define a high-class horse.
20. If a two-year-old in a five-furlong sprint finishes fourth, six lengths off a winner which runs to final time of one minute, three-fifths of a second, what, approximately, was his own final time for the distance?
21. If, a week ago, horse A under 118 pounds beat horse B under 117 by a half length when the latter was closing steadily in the stretch, which would you select to win today at the same distance when A is carrying 111 pounds and B 106? Why?
22. What is a bleeder and why is he a poor bet?
23. Races at what distances are indicated by the following final times: one minute, 4 4/5 seconds; three minutes, 22 seconds; two minutes, 2 seconds; 33 2/5 seconds; one minute, 11 seconds?
24. As a "prep" for a race at a mile, which is the better workout, six furlongs noted "1.13 h" or the same distance noted "1.12 4/5 d"? Why?
25. How much farther is a race at a mile and a sixteenth than a race at a mile and 70 yards?
26. How should weights on three-year-olds and four-year-olds in the same race be compared?
27. When is a thoroughbred flat racer classed as aged?
28. Why is a race player foolish to rely on the opinions of public selectors in daily newspapers, racing sheets and scratch sheets?
29. Why are any single selector's "best bets" over a period of time just about as sure to lead to net loss as his whole card selections?
30. Would it be accurate to state that less than one per cent of all thoroughbreds foaled later develop into really high-class race performers at any age or distance?
31. A horse paying a mutuel of $8.70 was at what odds to $1?
32. Horse A has been racing at six furlongs and won his last start in 1.12 3/5 when entered, to be claimed for $1,500. Horse B, at the same distance and track, in his last start finished seven lengths off final time of 1.11 when entered for $4,000. Merely on these facts would you lean toward A or B if entered together at six furlongs with A valued at $2,250 and B at $2,500? Why?
33. Horse A is an early speed quitter, even at six furlongs, tends to tire, falter or stop in the stretch. Horse B is a good stretch runner in sprints. Both run to about the same final time for six furlongs in their better races. Under what circumstance would it be particularly unwise to bet A against B at six furlongs?
34. Why is Aqueduct, now a mile course, with sharp turns and a long stretch, a difficult track to figure as between early speed horses that tend to tire and good stretch runners?
35. Is it possible to get a good percentage of winners by analyzing blood lines?
36. In a four-horse race, $10,000 worth of

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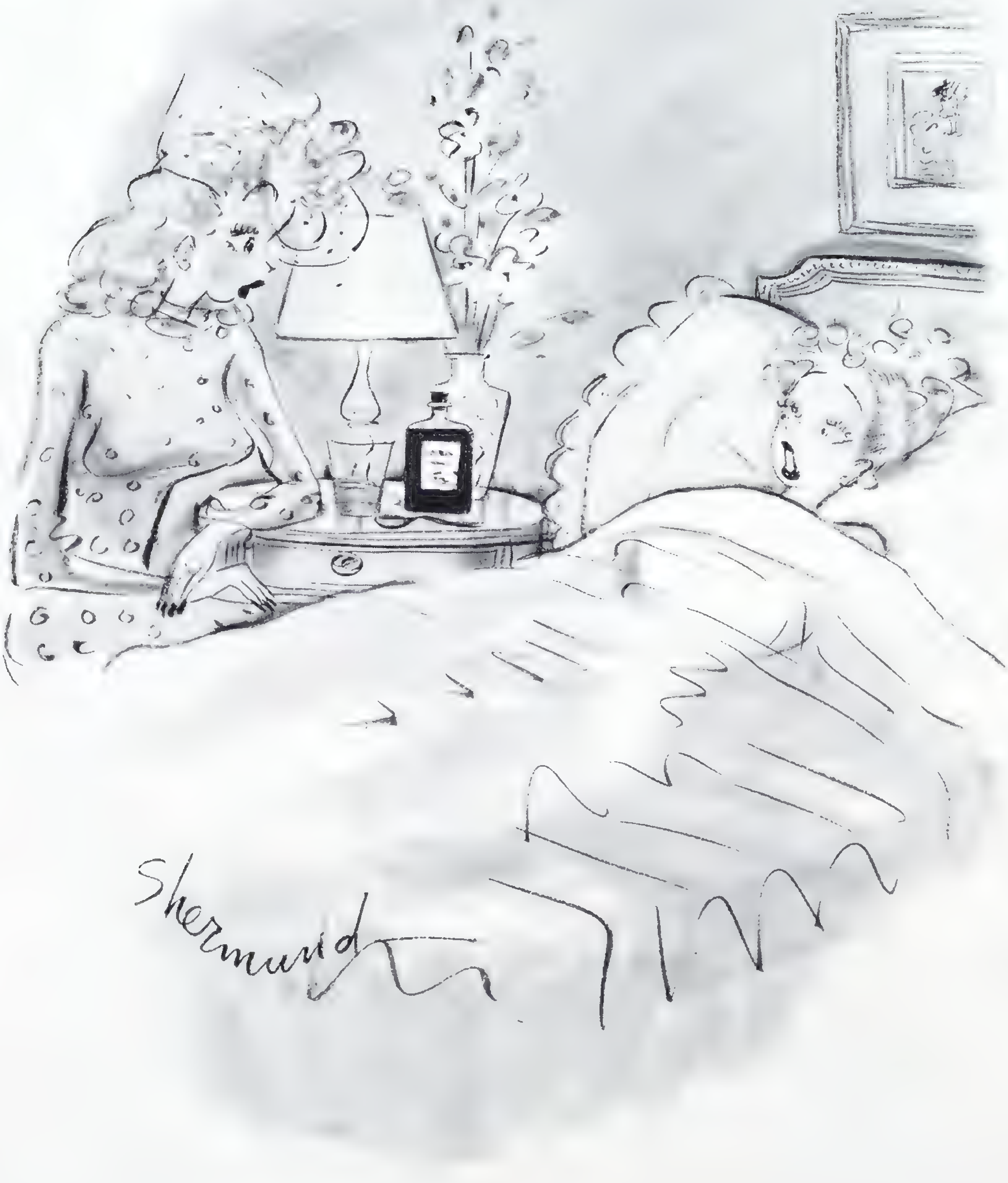
"He's a sure thing—the race is only a formality!"



"By now the whole army is probably down with it—I kissed everybody"

Quest for Jungle Favor

Ever since his brush with Babi, the Sumatran boar, Amidon had determined to settle the score

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

It was at Benjermassin that I found a cable waiting for me from my friend Deane Amidon, in Palembang. His message was terse, but I could feel the urgency back of it.

> *Babi Badmash located. Going after him on the 10th. Join me if possible.*
>
> *Amidon*

I had not intended to leave Borneo for another two weeks, but that mention of Babi Badmash decided me. I knew all about that particular wild boar, you see, and Amidon's peculiar connection with it. So I caught the next B.E.I. steamer west, sending a cable ahead of me.

It was on the evening of the 9th that I arrived at Amidon's big place in the suburbs of Palembang and it was Deane himself who hurried out to meet me, brushing past Migi, his white-smocked Malay servant.

"I say, jolly good of you to make it, old man," he cried, gripping my hand. "I'd hardly hoped for it. Just a long shot, my cable to Benjermassin."

His greeting was full of the old time gusto; however, I began to see straightway that all was not as it should be with him. No doubt about his genuine pleasure over my arrival. The point was, even in his zeal and geniality there was a sense that he was thinking about something else, acting a part.

We were to get away early next morning, he said, so we had only a short session over a Scotch and soda that night. Wild boar was patently all that was on Amidon's mind. I watched him closely as we talked and I didn't altogether like what I saw. He paced the floor most of the time, smoked incessantly, talking of nothing but the hunt. I had the queer sense that he was waiting for someone to find him out, to release him by disclosing something he could not bring words to.

As he moved about the room I saw that he still had a decided limp in one leg—the right one. It was Babi Badmash himself that had put that leg out of commission, nearly three years before. The limp, I saw, was more pronounced than when I had last seen him; the leg having evidently withered and shortened. I had never gotten the details of that first brush of his with Babi; Amidon had seemed reluctant to speak of it, but I recalled his grim determination to settle his score with the tusker. It struck me now that his grudge against the boar must have been riding him like an obsession, a hate that had quite possibly become the prime preoccupation of his life.

He paused now in his restless movements to gaze out of the darkened window and drum upon the pane.

"You can hardly wait till morning to get at the jolly old pig, can you, Deane?" I said, putting a note of raillery into my tone. "I say, where'd you locate Babi?"

"Ahmad, my Malay boy, found him away in beyond Semarang," he said, giving me a quick suspicious glance.

"Tough bit of country for a pig-sticking affair, isn't it?"

"Pig-sticking? Man dear, you've a lot to learn yet about Sumatran wild boar, I fancy. Babi and his mob are babirussi; none of your three-foot blue Indian squealers. Why, there isn't a lancer alive that could hold Babi off. The brute's tall and rangy as a pony with almost the bulk of a Guernsey cow, and *badmash*, no end." He used a British-Indian term applied to dangerous mankilling beasts, meaning evil, bad medicine in general. "No, it's a matter of walking the blighter up in a stretch of swamp and jungle that even the Malay hunters avoid—"

"Oh ho, though! Rather gotten myself in for something, haven't I?" I said. "What I don't understand though is your having scouts out looking for Babi, after all this time."

"Every big game hunter in Sumatra, I fancy, has standing orders out with the natives to report every time Babi's sighted," he growled. "The bally pig's the specimen of a lifetime, man—"

He'd cover up, I saw, British fashion, to the end. But knowing him as well as I did I felt it my duty to probe to the very core.

"Specimen!" I said. "Don't try to kid me, Deane. All this ruckus about another specimen when a chap's got a trophy room like yours."

"You forget, the beggar disfigured me, lamed me for life!"

"I knew you'd a grudge against the beast," I said. "But over two years have passed since then and it's neither sane nor healthy to go on harboring a thing like that. You're not dealing with a rational, reasoning creature, you know."

Suddenly Amidon dropped into a chair and sat facing me.

"I'm going to tell you something, Thorpe, that I've never breathed to anyone—shouldn't now, except that I owe you a bit of an explanation." He hawked, clearing his throat in a deep-dyed British reluctance to come out with a confidence. "You've thought my score with Babi was a mere grudge. Tosh! It's far deeper than that. Fact is, that close-to with the brute left me with a lot more than a mangled leg." He laughed queerly, then the words dropped out like grains from a tilted cup: "My nerve and will were shaken to their foundations in those moments lying beneath the bally pig, Thorpe. Haven't been the same for a moment since—not sure of myself, understand? Yes, something of real fear got in on me then—didn't know that sort of thing could happen. For months afterward it went on—the big boar—riding me. Hunting, the

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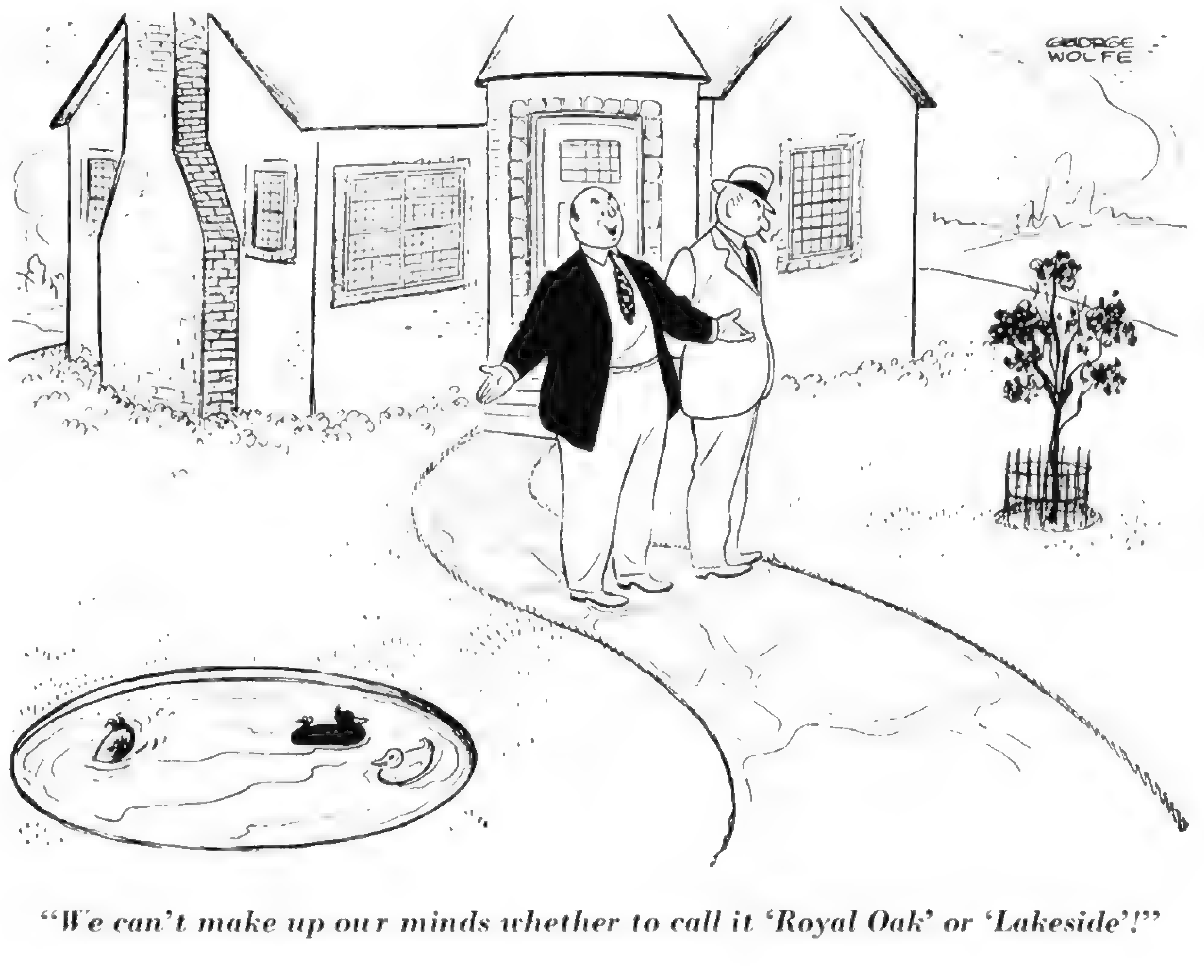

"We can't make up our minds whether to call it 'Royal Oak' or 'Lakeside'!"

This Is Inside Trinidad

British colonials call it the isle where the birds have no song, the flowers no smell, women no wisdom

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

The way events are moving en route to some cockeyed rendezvous, we, citizens of World Power No. 1, will have to pay more attention to the Caribbean, strategically and travelogically Uncle Sam's southern exposure. Homework on the problems of Japan, Java, and Dong Dang is not enough. The price of liberty is going higher, including not only eternal vigilance but still another book or article giving the inside dope. Fresh from two months of rum-swizzling, tennis playing, jungle prowling, and inside snooping on the richest and most important of the British West Indies, I want to help all I can.

The new U. S. frontier extends from Greenland to Cape Horn. Trinidad, half way between the two and on the east-west, north-south ocean crossroads, means as much to us as a good burly center to a football team—a burly center who can double as shifty quarterback. That is why we swapped six and a quarter slightly shopworn destroyers for a naval and air base on the Gulf of Paria.

What is this Trinidad? According to the natives themselves, it's an island where the birds have no song, the flowers no smell, and the women no virtue. I heard that statement at least twice a day from British Trinidadians, who, like their mother-country cousins, like to run themselves down.

I heard it first from Susie O'Rourke, to whom, as a "typical Trinidadian," I had a letter of introduction. Susie was born of Irish-Scotch parents in the Vale of Kashmir in India, brought up in and dragged through Singapore, Shanghai, Burma, Egypt, and Rhodesia before becoming a permanent part of the Trinidad scene.

"What in heaven's name *is* a Trinidadian?" I asked.

"Take a look," she said. We were sitting in the cool lobby of the Queen's Park Hotel overlooking the broad two hundred acres of the Savannah that led to the Governor's Mansion and the Botanical Garden. A Toonerville trolley meandered around that gigantic green British meadow. Darkeys were putting some horses through their paces on the race course. Black youths in white shorts were playing cricket, those waiting their turn at bat singing lustily, "Britannia rules the waves, cheah boys, cheah!" On the Savannah's perimeter bloomed great houses of the rich, each one an architectural nightmare but all together giving an Arabian Nights effect.

Around us West Indian planters, in from the hills for the week end, drank rum and talked in the thick, rhythmic, delightfully tropical English you hear on all the islands. They were of all shades from mottled pink to *café au lait*. On the sidewalk black nursemaids were wheeling blond babies. Barefooted East Indian women pattered by, gold clips in their noses, and their arms heavy with silver bangles. There were Chinese girls very smart in a Fifth Avenue way and others in long blue gowns, with provocative slits. Solemn, hooknosed Mohammedan cab drivers sat in the shade of a saman tree, waiting for fares.

"Trinidad is the greatest melting pot in the American world," said Susie. "It is probably three-fifths Negro and Negroid and another fifth East Indian and the rest miscellaneous, which includes Syrians, Arabs, Egyptians, French, Spaniards, Venezuelans, Portuguese, Chinese, Malay, and Dutch, with all possible in-between mixtures of these. Add a recent sprinkling of refugees from Hitler: Jews, Poles, Germans, a few Scandinavians. And of course Yankees. There's nothing like Trinidad under the sun!"

Nothing like it under the sun. The United States has become aware of that. Uncle Sam doesn't care about the songless birds, the odorless flowers, the women who have all the virtues but virtue. This Caribbean hump is rich with oil. But its importance to Hemisphere Defense is its front-center position which makes it the obvious candidate for All-American G.H.Q.

On the map Trinidad is that little jigger in the lower right hand corner of the Caribbean, almost touching South America and at the end of the stepping stones stretching from Yucatan to Venezuela. Roughly squarish, it looks four ways: north along the archipelago, with its bases at St. Lucia, Antigua, Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Jamaica, to the U. S. West toward Panama, where the billion dollar ditch is equal to a Navy. East toward Hitler and his New European Disorder. South toward the least trustworthy of the Good Neighbors and toward the Brazilian bulge of the continent which is the shortest transatlantic hop from Dakar.

On the tourist map Trinidad is The Tropics, the Spanish Main, the Island Paradise that has everything—white beaches backed by coco palms, lush jungles sprouting breadfruit, mangoes, and papayas; black calypso singers, Hindu fireworshippers. If the birds are no prima donnas, what does it matter when thousands of them are bejeweled humming birds? If the flowers have no fragrance, it doesn't matter either, because any odor they had would be lost in the rich, overwhelming smell of this tropical earth. As for the women, the situation is probably not much different from that which obtains elsewhere in the world. I seem to remember a story about the public library lions which roared whenever a virgin passed.

The island which Columbus named for the Holy Trinity has undoubtedly an air of glamorous wickedness. The combination of polyglot peoples and intoxicating tropics looks extra-sinful alongside the British colonial respectability. Blood flows faster here, spirits are higher, everything is stepped up. You feel it in the way people look at one another, in the poetic cadence of street talk.

If you come in by sea you get the right introduction. First you see the pale green shape of the hills slide up out of the blue waters. Then the ship is threading its way through the Bocas, quiet channels between tiny islands, each crowned with an idyllic white house, and the main island. In the harbor you throw coins to shining black divers, and get rowed ashore by a genial Smokey Joe who offers you his heart and the keys to Port of Spain—for a compensation.

It's the waterfront that gives you your first idea of the hot pulsing heart under those cool green hills. Here, first, is Marine Square, which is a strip of grass inhabited by freight cars, grazing goats, and idlers of all colors, costumes and languages. On the other side you walk through narrow streets crowded with cool dark warehouses with the heady odor of stored cocoa, copra, sugar and tonka beans blanketing the air. Negroes, shouting, laughing, load and unload bales and crates. Two-wheeled donkey-carts, the haulers, race through the streets with their black drivers standing erect on the seat like dashing charioteers. And down the side streets are crude wooden houses of shady character, looking more like the tropics-where-our-hero-lost-his-soul-but-found-it-through-the-girl than anything Hollywood has yet invented.

Then you walk up Frederick Street, the shopping district. Bicycles are everywhere, and their riders may be black, copper, coffee or blond. The Negro police at the corners wear sun helmets with a strap under the chin, white tunics and royal blue trousers with a martial red stripe down the sides. Here's a Catholic priest in a long white robe and pith helmet, with a black umbrella clutched tightly in his hand. There's a red fez. And now a holy man in white cotton draperies tucked between the legs, with holy markings drawn in white paint on brown forehead. Colonials in khaki shorts, swaggering sailors, a group of Aussi soldiers on an overnight stand, a prim Salvation Army lassie, and shoppers of every color stream in and out of Portuguese, Indian, Oriental and British stores. Rags of every language in the world swirl about your ears.

Inside, the shops are overflowing warehouses, like the country general store, only more so. The tropics have hit the clerks, who wait on you sleepily and only on firm demand. You see a kitten curled up asleep on a pile of corsets that went out with the Mauve Decade, and feel like joining it. You see a beautiful display of chamber pots sitting beside a mound of pith helmets. That's what you're there for, of course—the helmets, not the chamber pots. With that exotic gear on your head, you become a T'dadian.

A mile or so beyond Frederick Street, Port of Spain goes respectable. Here is the Savannah, home of horse races, cricket and soccer, super park and gamery. Here along the green and white suburbs of St. Ann and the Long Circular Road are the bungalows and mansions of the rich, done in everything from the wooden West Indian lattice-work style to towered, gabled and arched palaces with Moorish, Italian and mongrel complications.

The first thing that the British do to an imperial island—they took this one from Spain in 1797—is to hoist the Union Jack. After a dish of tea, they start a botanic garden and then a club. Laid out at one end of the Savannah, the botanic garden is a dream in exotic foliage and landscaping. I don't know a saman tree from a pumpkin vine, so my enthusiasm isn't scientific. But I know of nothing lovelier in its way than the botanical garden of Trinidad, or its sisters in Jamaica or Demerara. They are the last word in the park luscious, in nature ordered, subdued, manicured, shampooed, and dressed to allure.

As for the clubs, I joined two, and fell into the arms of the most open-hearted hospitality in the world. Tranquillity Club plays tennis like mad, and looks with contempt at the Country Club which plays it as an excuse for getting together after games for a planter's punch and gossip. It is at the Country Club, and at the round of teas and cocktail parties and dances into which its membership draws you, that you learn Mrs. B. was seen the other night at a suspicious hour with that bounder George L., that Captain F. is living beyond his means, that Sir P. was most indiscreet at the Governor's reception yesterday, but oh so witty, the old deah, and that young Roger X is drinking too much—"He holds it like a gentleman, of course, but all the same someone should send him back to England before . . ."

Get a T'dadian into loose-lipped converse over his third whiskey-and-soda, and the results are always the same. He (and she) will lean across the table and fixing you with an intense ancient Mariner glare will insist that a gentle looniness pervades the island whites lost in a dark ocean, unnerved by the humid heat of the tropics and over-exposed to a diet of rums and whiskies.

A moment later they will add, in the interest of scientific truth, that on neighboring Tobago the English are even balmier, and as for Demerara—words fail them. They are a little wistful about that. They would like the title of looniest for themselves. But they are proud, in a shy way, of the fact that T'dadians love to talk to themselves. That's an important step towards the title.

I was standing on a street corner off Marine Square one morning when a donkey cart passed. Its Negro master, standing on the seat, was loudly talking in that unintelligible Africo-English gibberish that pounds the last syllable and carries the voice up at the end of the sentence—the crude, rhythmic language that makes the feet want to dance. I looked around. There was no one in the cart but himself, and no one near him on the ground but me and an old Negress with gold hoop earrings. She looked up as he passed, but plainly he wasn't talking to her. He was holding converse with some invisible duppy

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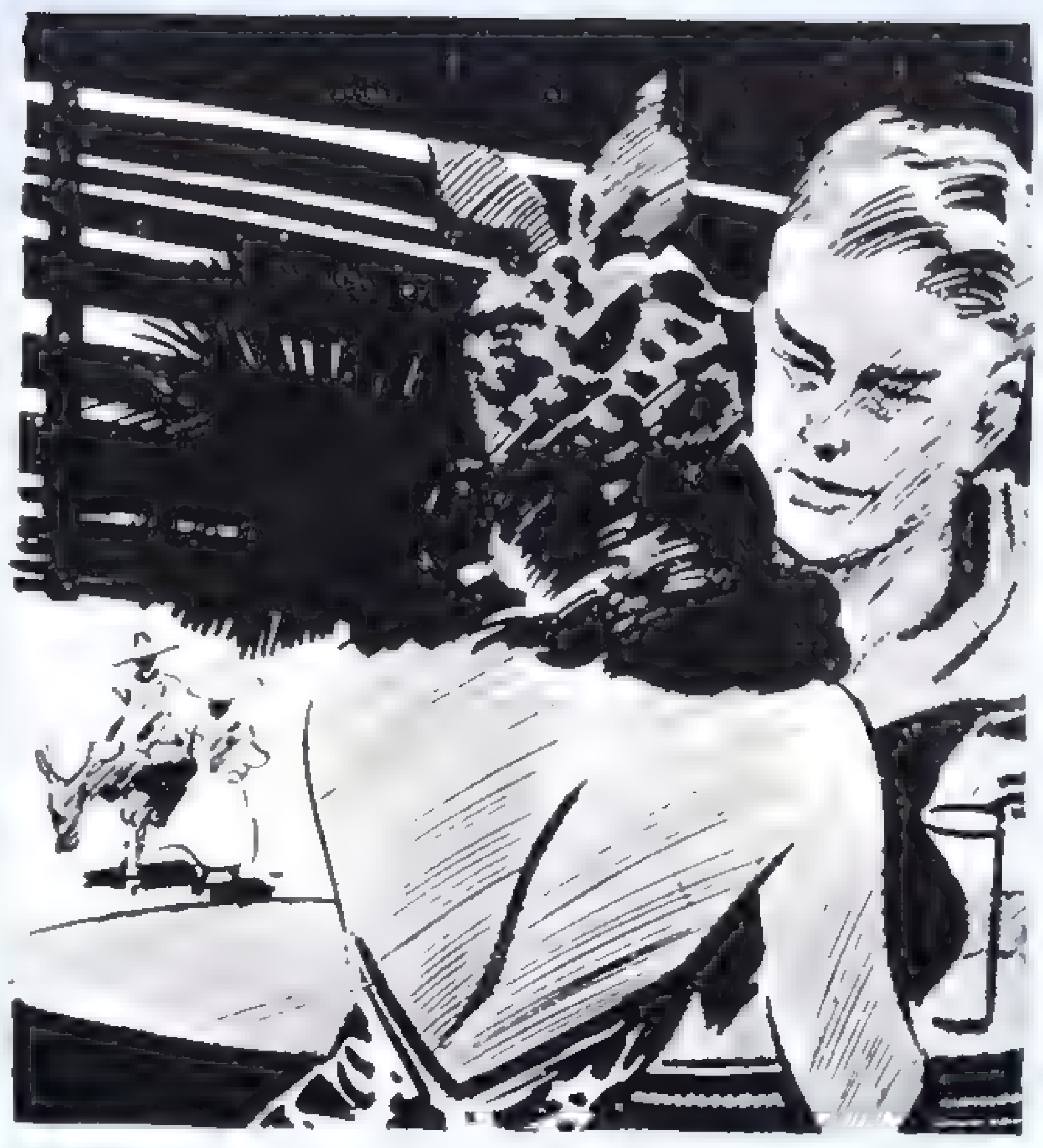
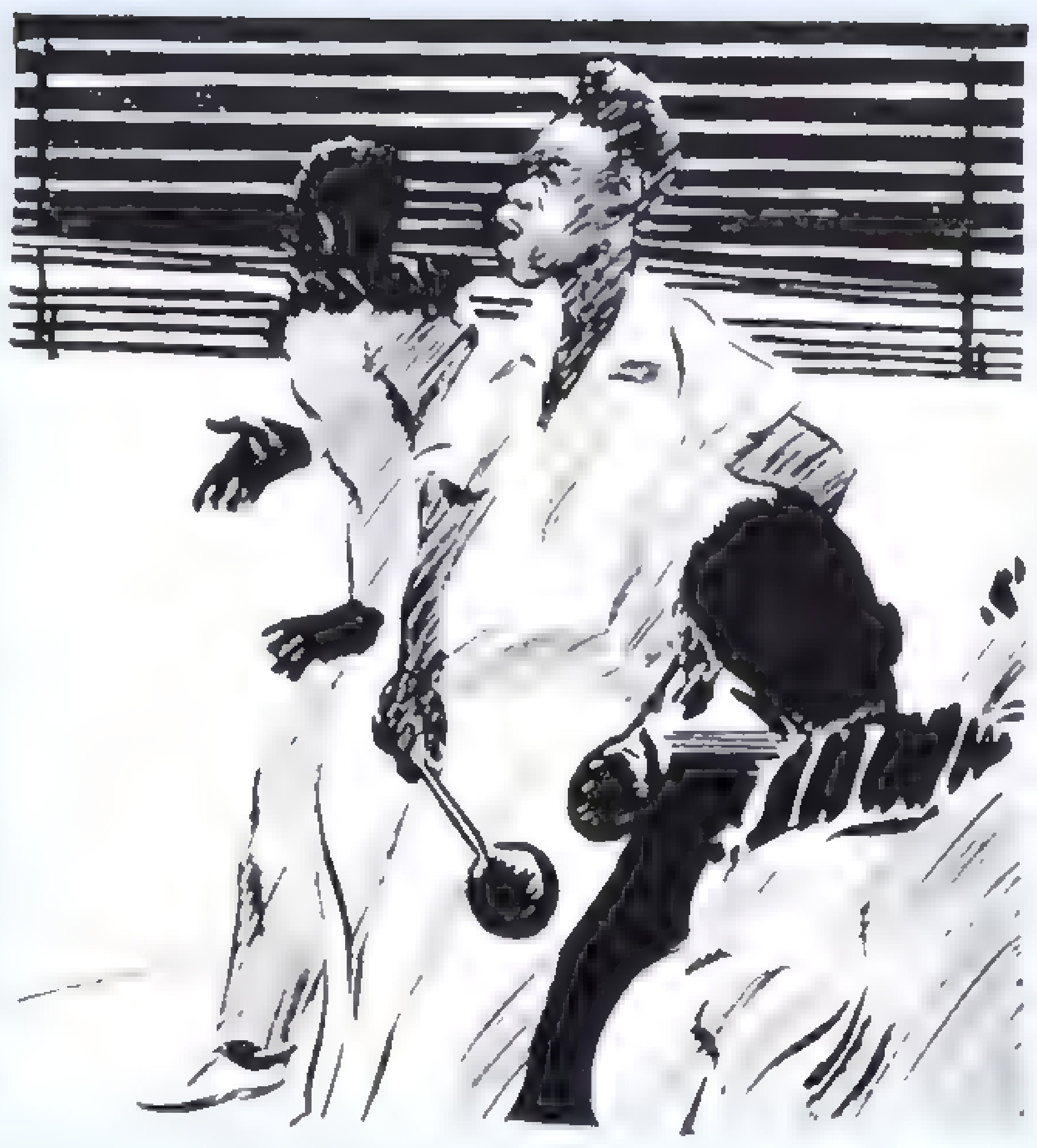
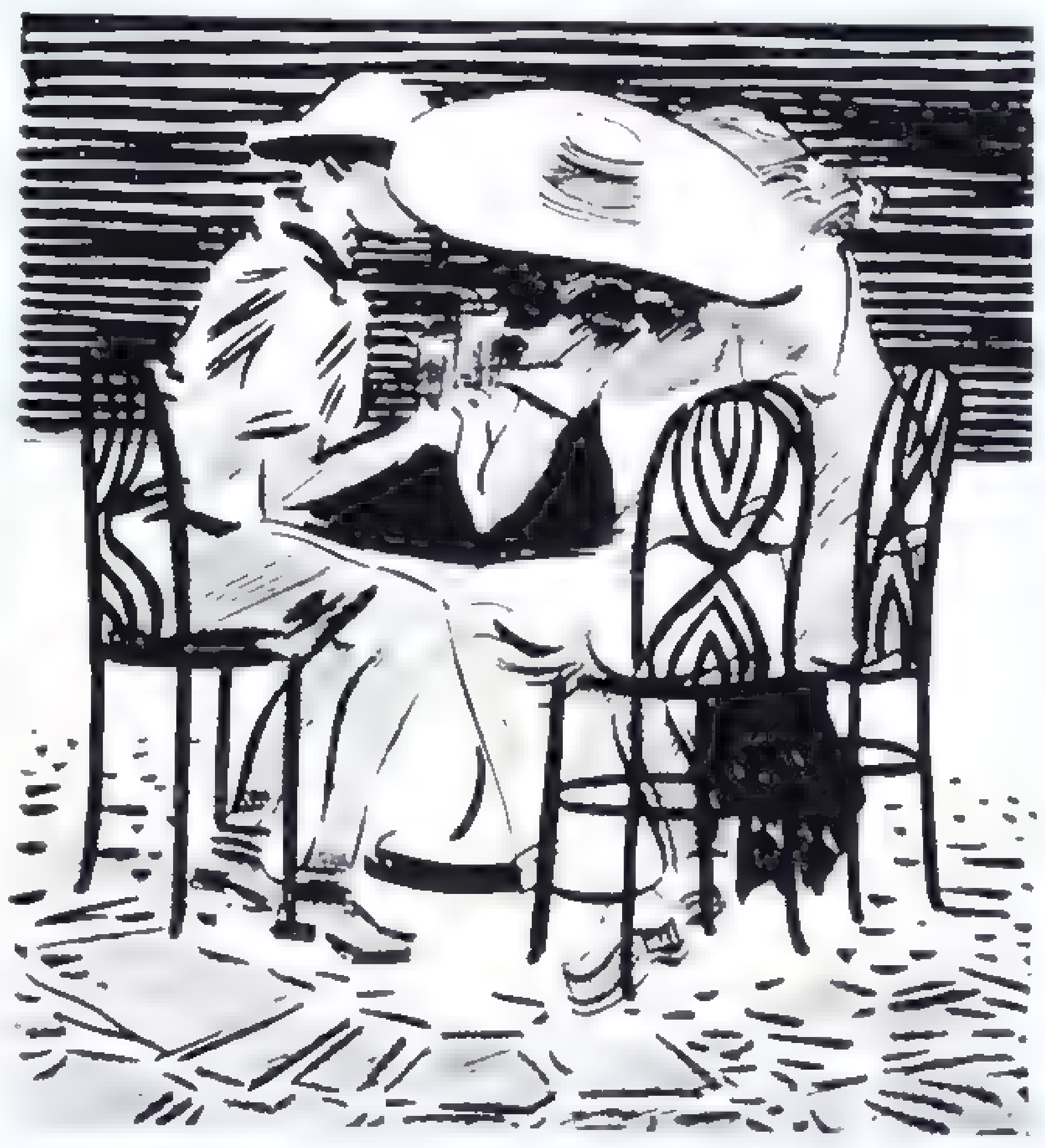


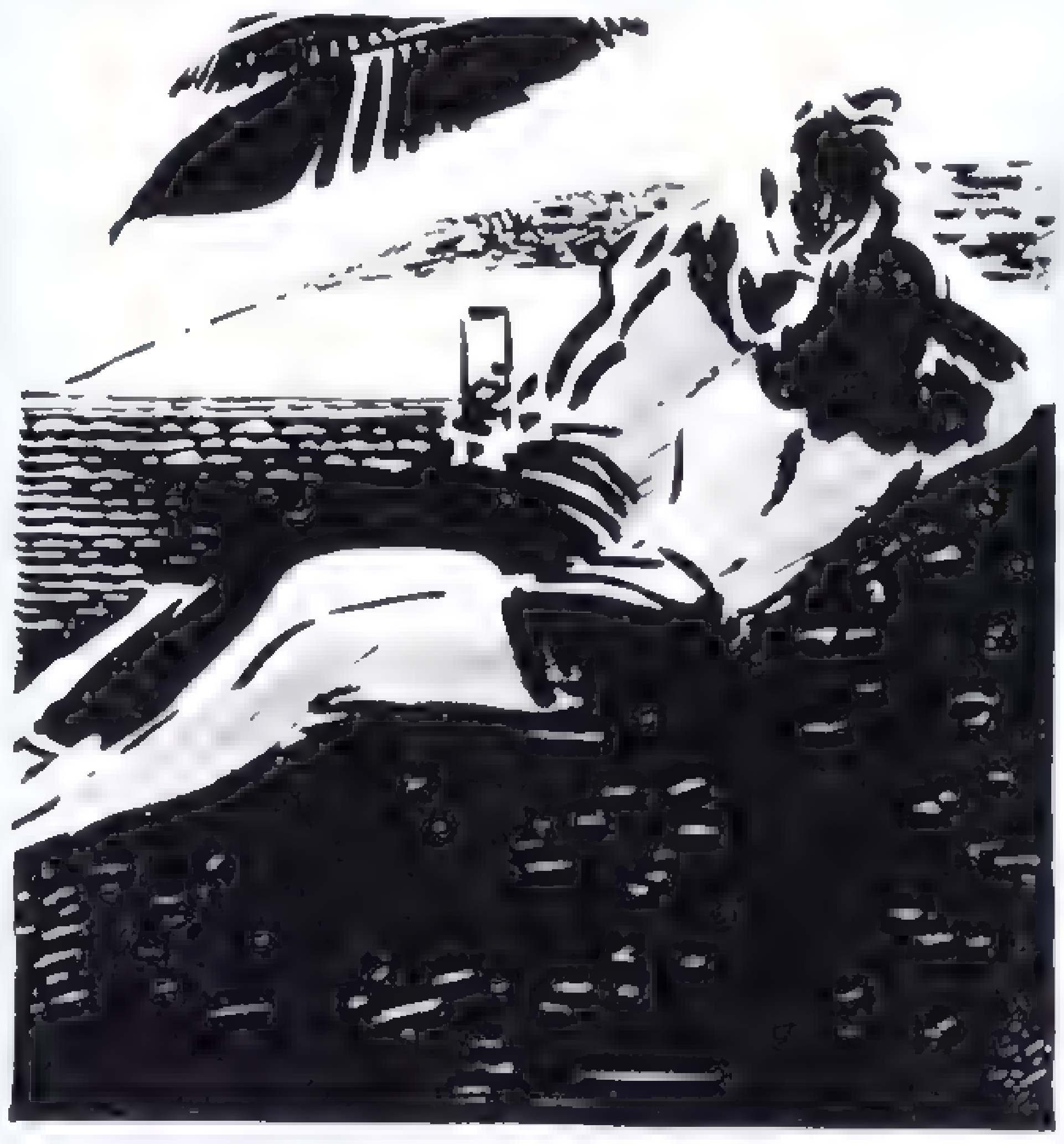
1—*Oh, blood flows fast and Babes are Bad*
In sunny, sinny Trinidad!



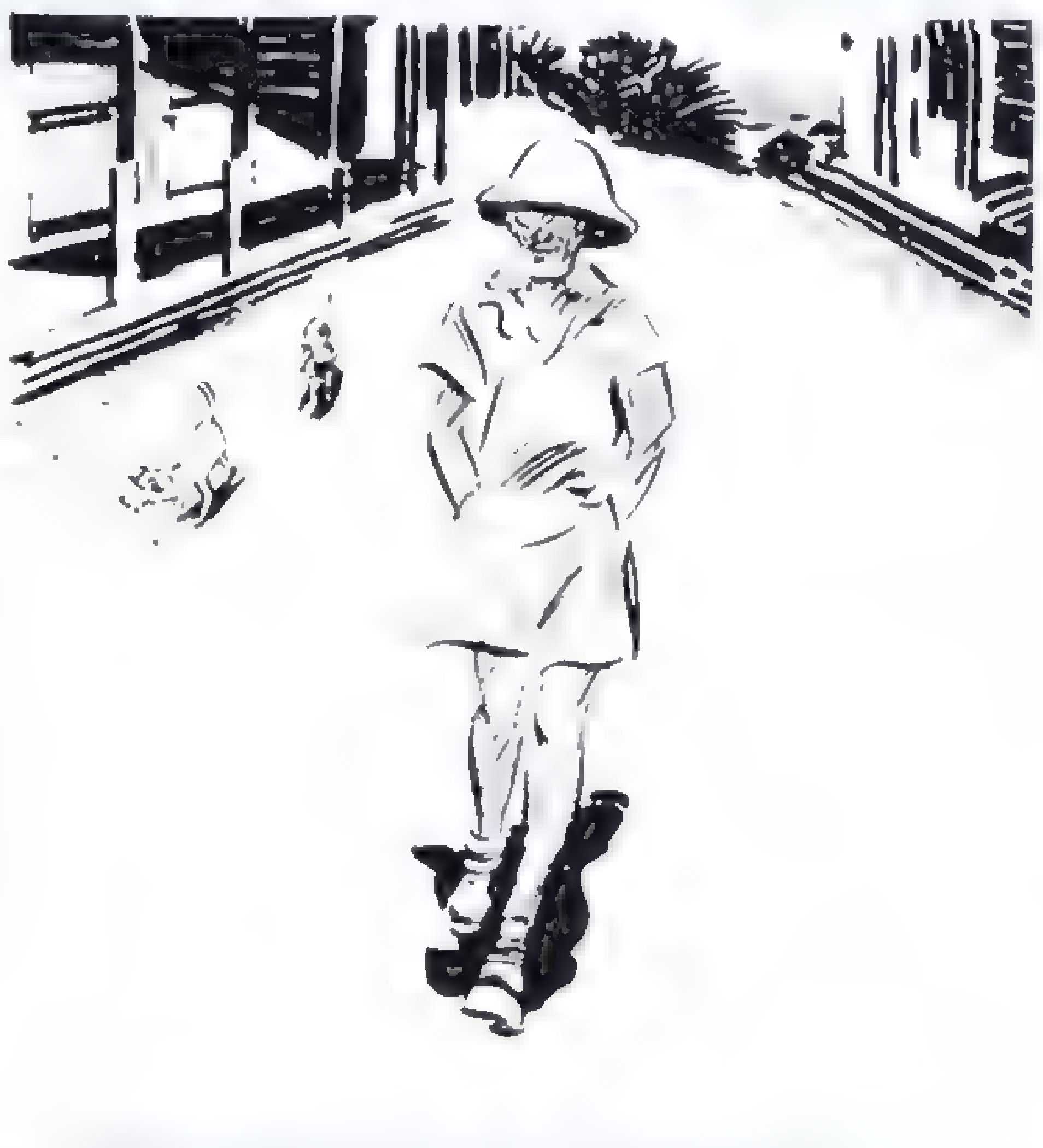
2—*Calypso singers make the grade—*
A Caribbean Hit Parade!



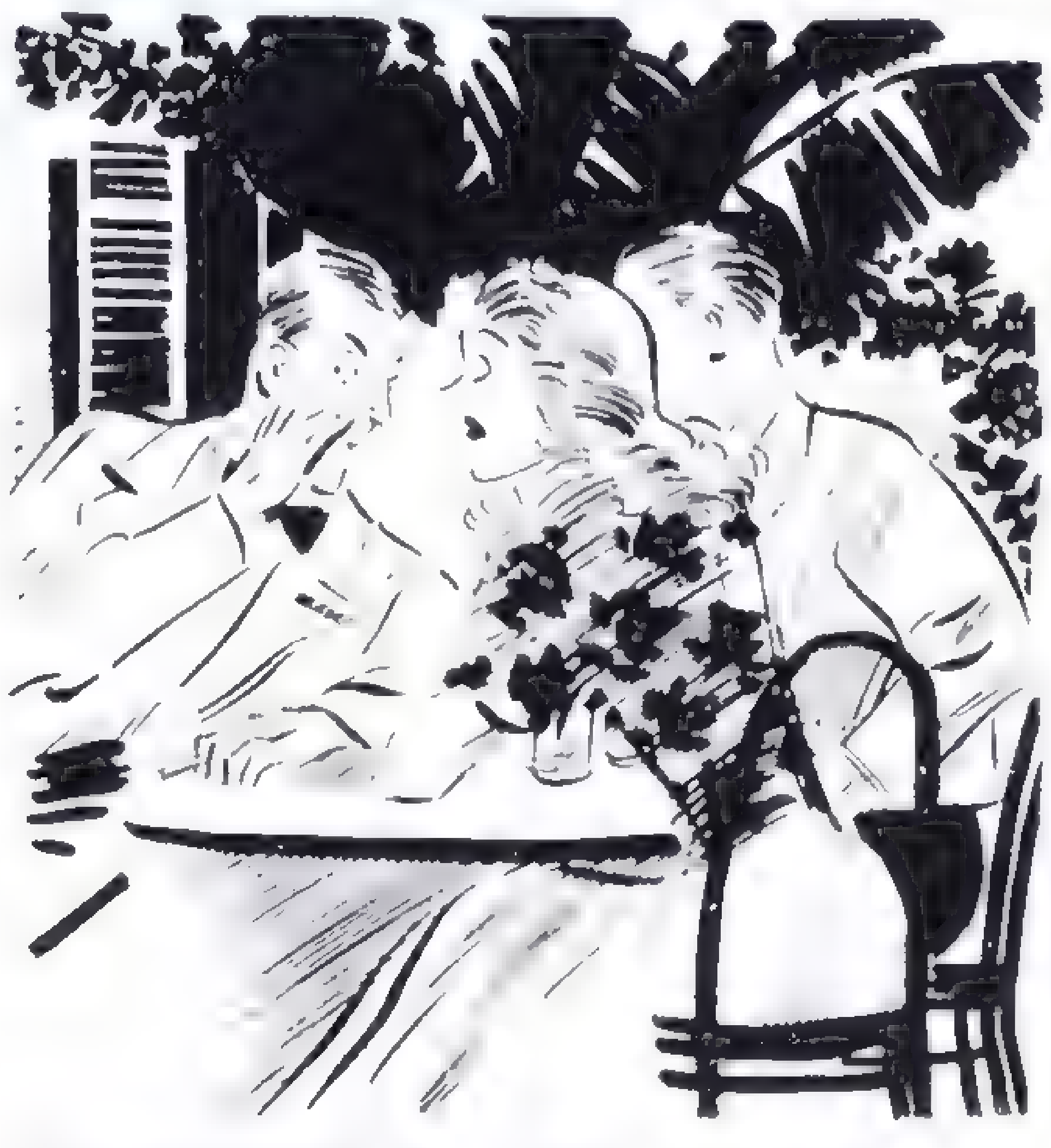
3—*While lovely gals, provocative,*
On Planter's Punch grow talkative . . .



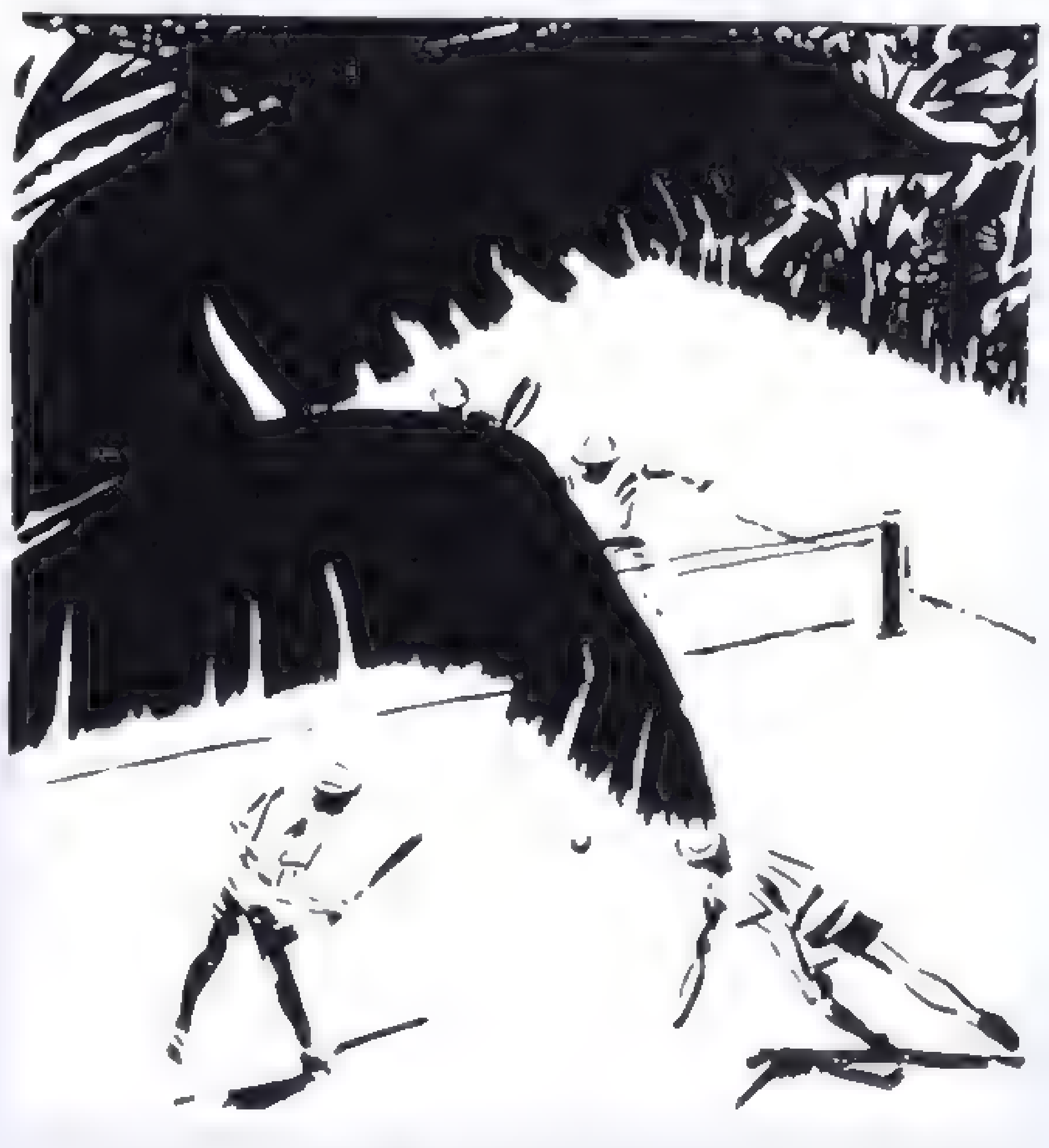
4—*And when the climate's tropical,*
Why, just one topic's topical . . .



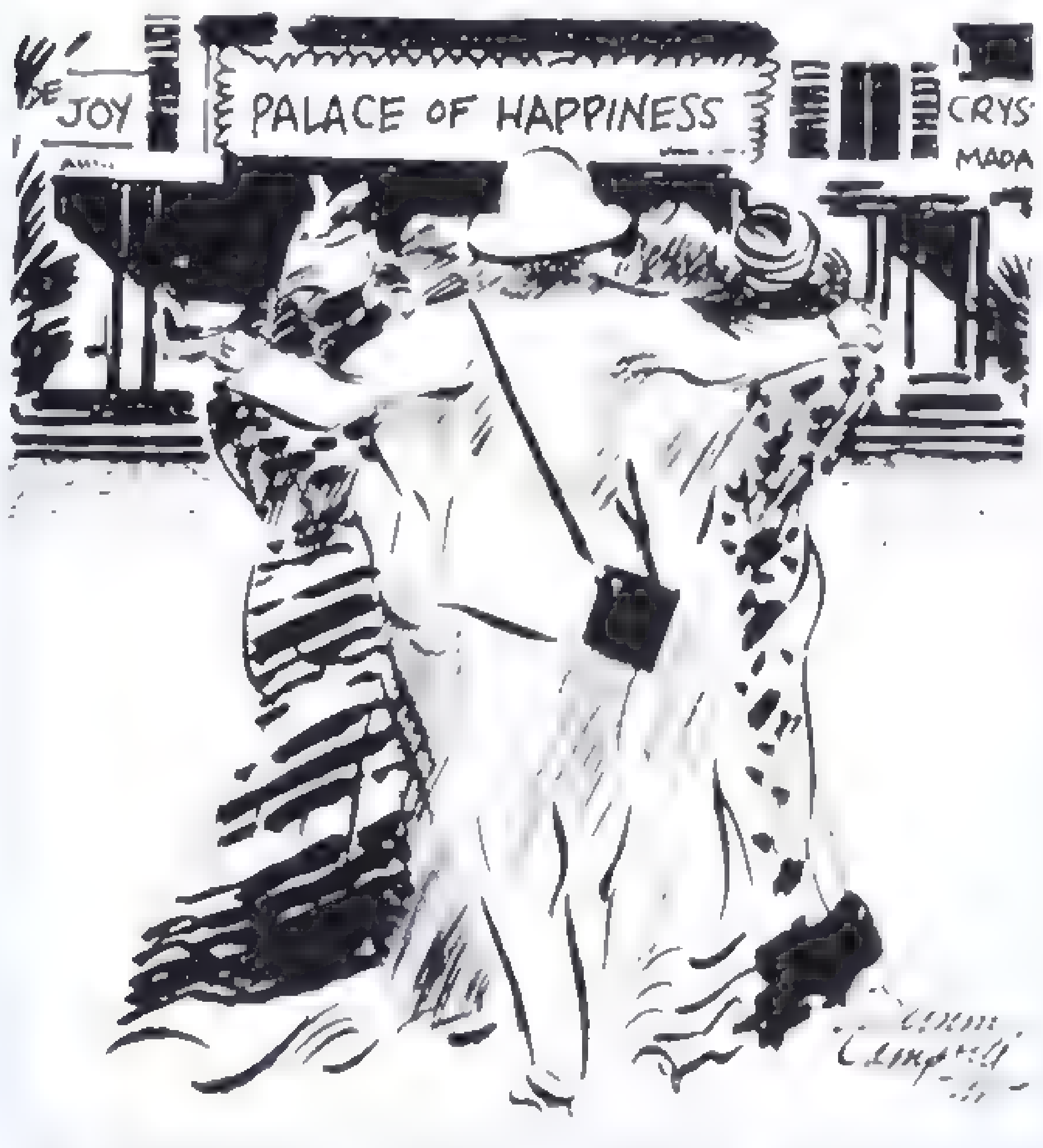
5—*The English, as Noel has said,*
Have let the sun go to their head . . .



6—*And gossip in a way, provincial,*
That puts to shame our Mr. Winchell . . .



7—*You'll find that boredom's not a menace,*
There's bridge and cocktails, teas and tennis . . .



8—*So if the wilds are calling, Laddy,*
Why not become a Trinidaddy?

PHIL STACK

Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark

Of course Reilly had planned this thing to be rid of him, and get revenge on his father

by ALLAN SEAGER

• FICTION •

He had spent twenty minutes in his uncle's outer office staring at the titles of the law books. He had even picked one out and thumbed through it, sniffing the cellar smell it had, hoping to find some of the amusing legal phrases he had heard about, like the one calling a bull "a wild and mischievous beast," or the injunction against the bowling alley that complained of "the rolling of great balls by day and by night," but what he had chosen was a book on torts and it was dull.

The stenographer was busy typing but he thought she knew who he was because she looked up at him every time he turned his head. He could see her reflected in the window pane. Maybe she was looking at the scar. It was still purplish-blue.

"How much longer you think he's going to be?" he asked.

"You never can tell with these clients," she said.

"Well, I've got to be getting back to the office pretty soon," he said.

"Would you mind waiting a little longer? He really wants to see you," she said.

He could tell that the girl knew all about it. His uncle had dictated a letter about whatever it was.

"What's he want to see me about?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Ah, come on now," he said.

"I don't know. Really I don't."

"I don't think you're telling the truth," he said frankly, smiling as he said it.

The girl got huffy. "Mr. Lacey isn't in the habit of divulging his personal business to me."

"I just asked," he said mildly. "But I still think you know." He stood up to walk round again.

Suddenly the girl cringed and looked very frightened. "Now please Mr. Lacey, I don't know. Honestly I don't."

"What the hell is this? I don't care whether you tell me or not. I'll find out in a minute anyhow."

"Now, Mr. Lacey, sit down. Please sit down," she said.

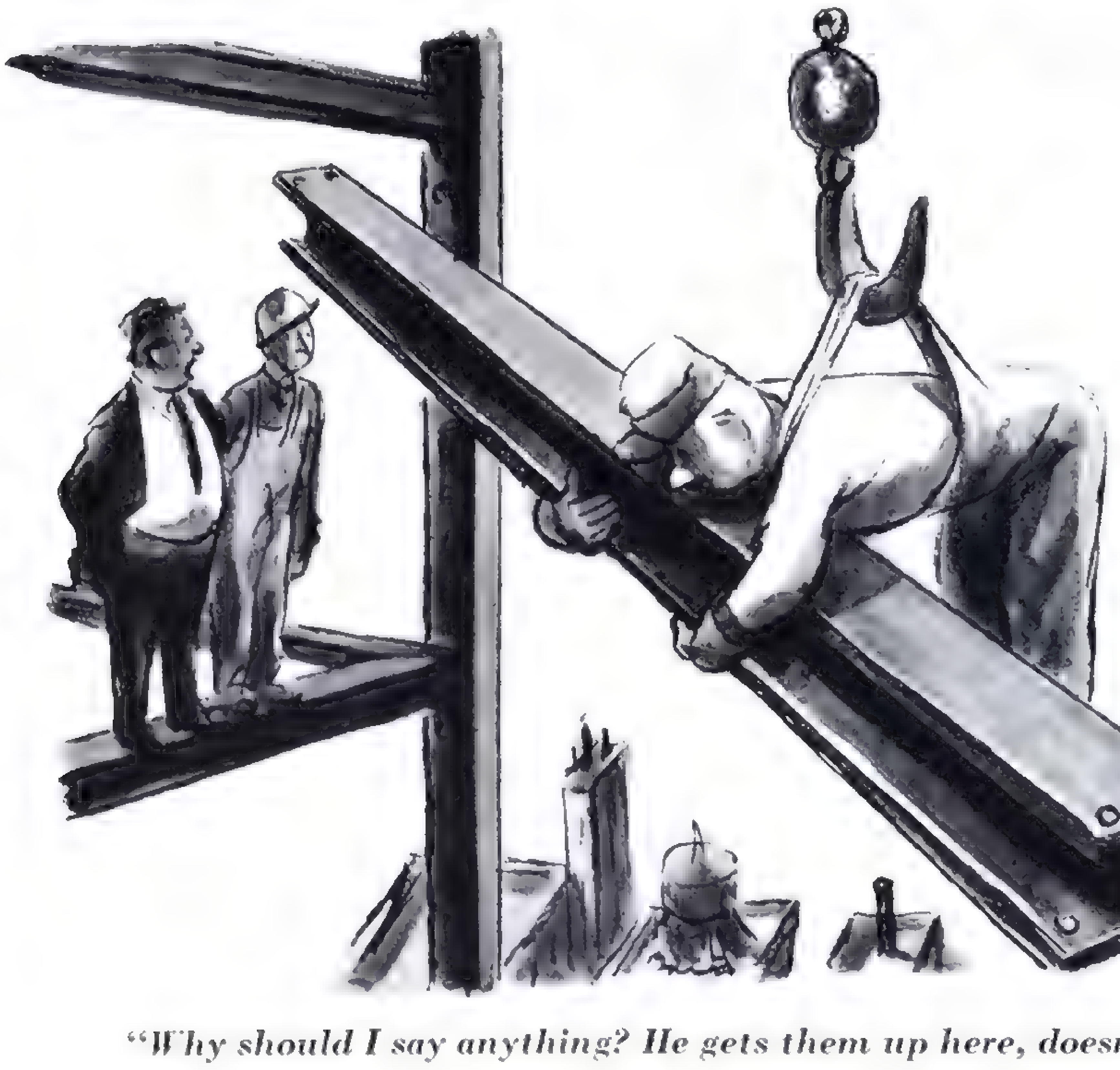
"All right," he said. He sat down again. "I'm sitting. Satisfied? What's the matter, am I a wolf or something?"

Just then his uncle came out, a man who could wear a pink shirt with dignity. "Hello, Charles. Come on in," he said pleasantly. And then in a lower voice which Charles could still hear, "If anyone calls, I'll be back in half an hour, Velma."

The client had gone out through the corridor door. The office was empty.

His uncle shut the door carefully and the Venetian blind stopped clacking at the window.

"Well, how's the world using you? Sit down," he said. "I'm sorry I missed our little golf date the other day but then, you don't want to be bothered by an old duffer like me."



"Why should I say anything? He gets them up here, doesn't he?"

Charles sat down across the desk and made perfunctorily the appropriate answers. He recognized that his uncle's gabble was mere politeness, the usual business man's approach to put the customer at his ease by talking with enthusiasm about something as far removed from the subject as possible like Australia in the old joke, or the warts on the moon.

His uncle, jaunty bachelor, was sitting back in his chair with his legs crossed spinning a paper knife on the ball of one finger and watching it spin. He looked up suddenly. "How are you feeling now, Charles?"

"Fine. Why?"

"No headaches since you got out?"

"No. No lights flashing. No ringing in the ears. No terrors in the night. I'm O.K."

"Hmm," he said. Then jovially, "I understand you people are moving a lot of stuff out at the plant."

"Foreign orders," Charles said. His uncle was feeding it to him slowly.

"How do you handle them? Strictly cash, I suppose?"

"The dough has to be on the line here in the bank before we ship, and it's F.O.B. the factory."

"That's very intelligent. Smart way to handle it. Working pretty hard? You, I mean?"

Should he bring it out into the open now or should he string along? Better wait, he thought. "Oh, I put in a couple of evenings a week."

With his face blank, thinking of something else, his uncle said, "Uh-huh. We'll have a war boom yet." He took the paper knife and pressed on it with both thumbs, and his face became grave and comprehensible. "Charles, I want to talk to you."

"Shoot."

"You were in this wreck . . ."

"Hell, I'm all right. I just told you. I don't have any headaches. I'm not overworking."

"You feel all right, eh?"

"It's been two months since I got out of the hospital. It's a good hospital. They wouldn't have let me out if they thought I was going to keel right over."

"I didn't know but what you . . . oh, maybe you were having some sort of hangover from the crash, headaches or something, and perhaps you weren't saying anything about it to anyone. That was a terrible crack on the head, you know."

"Yes, I had a fracture. A honey," Charles said patiently. "But Carter's a good brain man, isn't he? He discharged me."

His uncle was looking out of the window. "It'd only be natural with all this war business . . ."

"What would only be natural?"

"Why you're anxious to do well. You may

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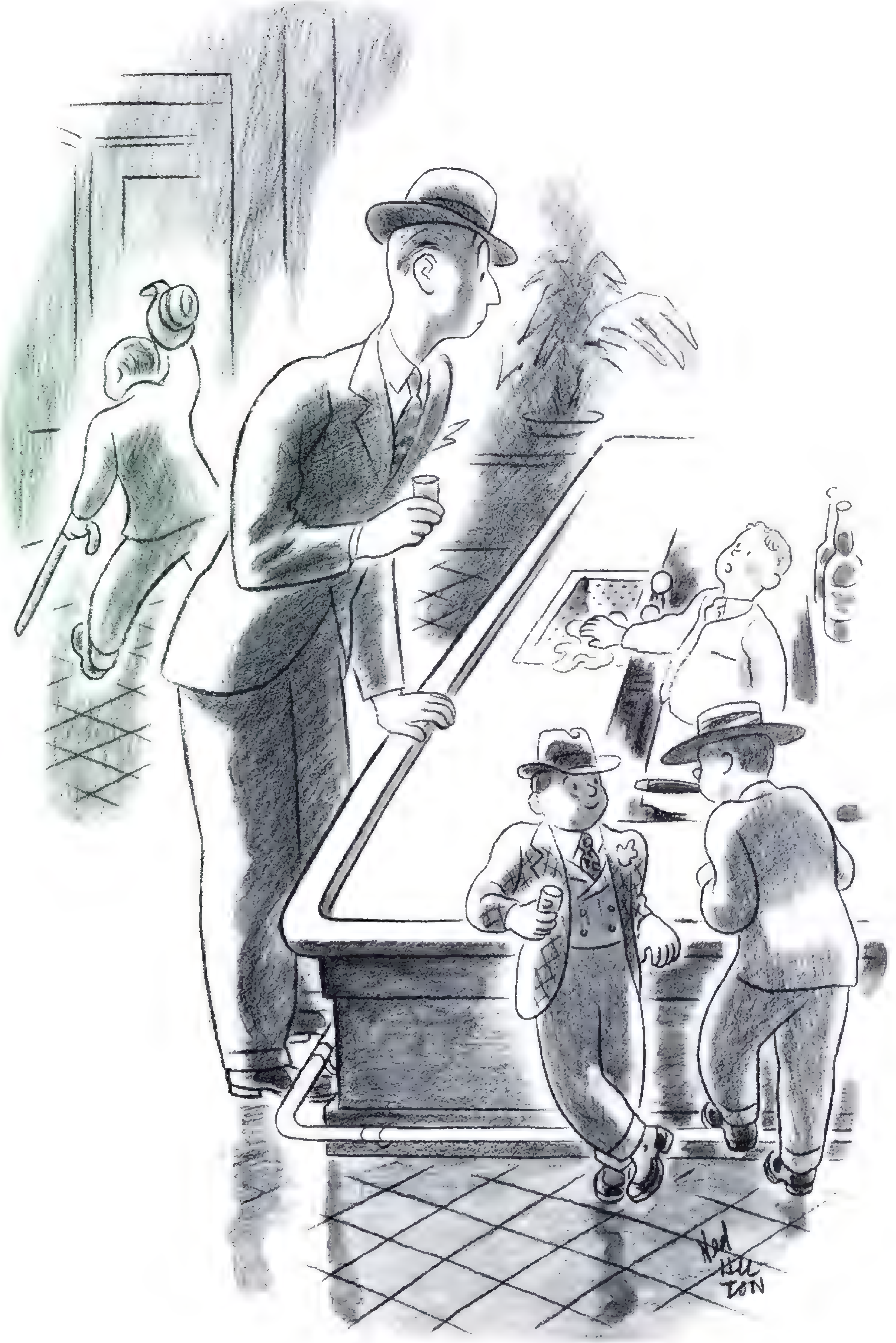


"We cater mainly to the midget trade"

Cash and Carry Football

Why not face facts and handle this collegiate sport like any other big business enterprise?

by HART STILWELL

SATIRE

For many years I have had a feeling that there is something wrong, something unjust and probably a trifle undemocratic, about the manner in which football is run in this country.

Since the days of my youth, when the spectators lined up around the field and paid nothing for the privilege of watching, a vast change has come over the game. This change merits study in the light of its effect on the man who plays and the man who watches. Maybe we will find that some major changes are advisable to fit the game better into our general scheme of doing things.

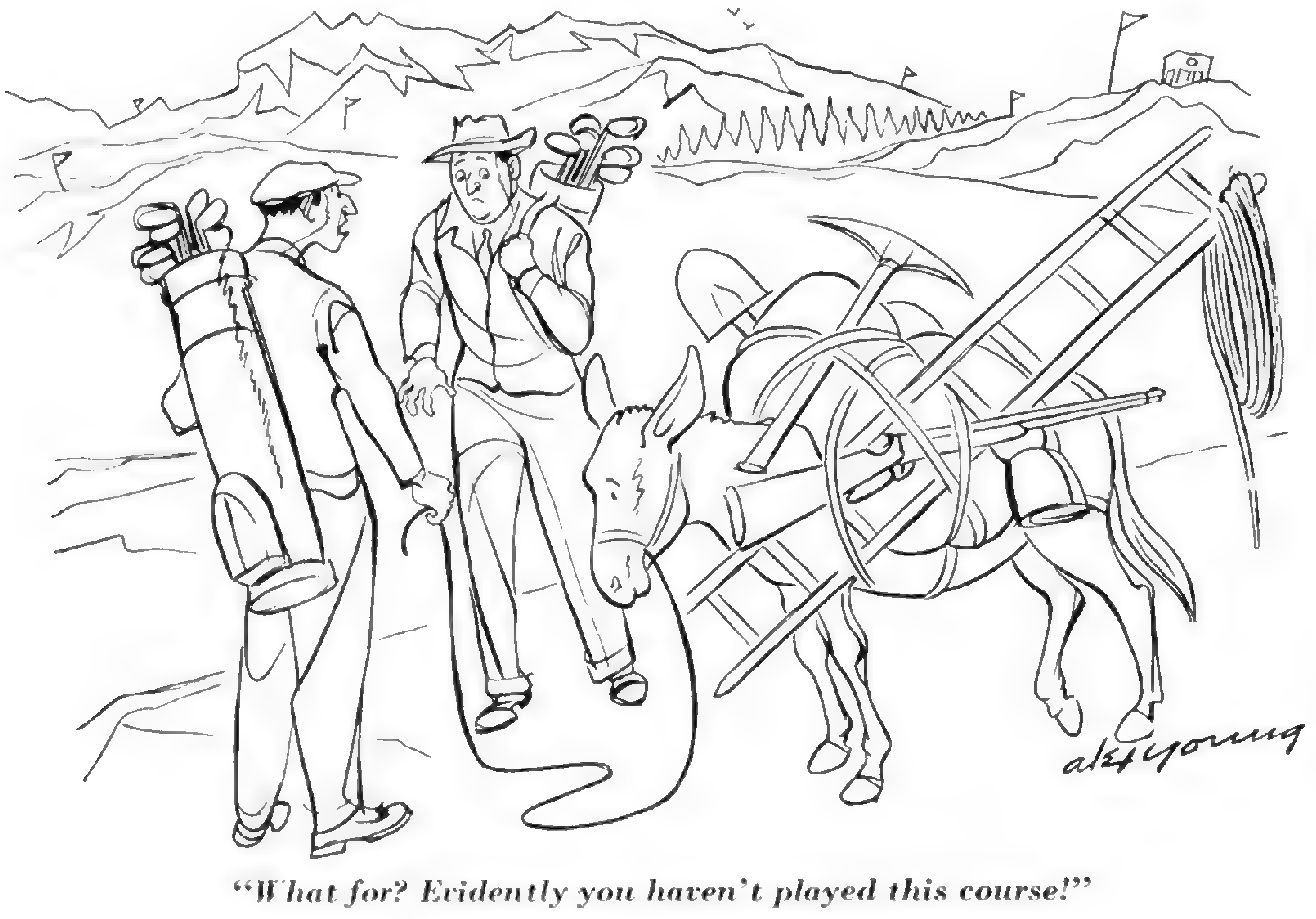
The current illness has its origin in the fact that football, and to a lesser degree other college and amateur sports generally, is one of the few financially profitable enterprises in the world in which the men who put on the act get nothing for their work—or at least they're not supposed to get anything for it.

And in those cases where they get paid, why the pay is entirely out of keeping with the value of the product, as demonstrated by the difference in salary between a professional and an amateur football player. Furthermore, this sorry pittance is handed out in a sly, dishonest manner, much on the order of a bootlegger paying off the cops in the good old days of amateur liquor dealers.

The time has come, I believe, to face the facts in football and other sports, just as we have been forced in the past year or two to face some important facts in relations between nations and the like. And when you delve into the situation you are pretty likely to come up with a feeling that somewhere along the line there are two pictures that don't jell—you see that the old theory of school spirit that will cause the football player and all the fans to die for Dear Old Carter doesn't dovetail into the realities of a vast business enterprise bringing in perhaps a quarter million bucks at the gate, and operated by a bunch of highly efficient, cold-blooded businessmen.

Of course most of us learn at a fairly tender age some of the Facts of Life in relation to football. Among those who learn these facts are the football players themselves, who are likely to be pretty shrewd fellows in some ways even though they can't conjugate a Latin verb. It is pretty generally known that when the coach says, "Now, boys, go out there and fight and die for the Old School Spirit," what he really means is, "Boys, by God, if you don't win, I'll lose my job. Go out there and make some touchdowns for me."

It is generally known, also, that the great majority of football players in colleges and a vast number of those in high schools receive some form of compensation for their work. They receive it either in cash, in jobs that require no work, in tuition, board, goods, or any or all of these forms of reimbursement.



"What for? Evidently you haven't played this course!"

This minor two-timing is in a sense a part of our entire educational procedure—a strange procedure that refuses to mix a few realities with inspirational sop in the interest of truth. And such a system invariably brings about in the average youth a fairly violent reaction when he finds out the truth—as he usually does.

This is the general picture.

But the problem insofar as football is concerned is the search for a definite grasp of the situation and a specific cure for it.

The nation has to a certain extent recognized the evil. There has been a cry to "clean up sports," and here and there a little cleaning has been done, if you choose to call it that.

Well, I believe the accepted ideas of changing the present evil are wrong. And I will proceed to advance my own theories on the matter.

In the first place I will simply state what I consider a fundamental thesis of sports, and let the whole association of amateur athletics try from now until the day of doom to prove that I am wrong. And this thesis is that any sport ceases to be an amateur enterprise the moment an admission charge is made.

In other words, Mr. Webster should change the definition of the word "amateur." He now defines it as a person who takes part in a sport, or similar activity, for reasons other than financial gain. Such a person should be defined as a "sucker," and not an "amateur," if there is a charge at the gate.

Whether the sport is chess, football, or an amateur theatrical, if there is an admission charge it ceases to be an amateur undertaking. The performer owes a certain obligation of good performance to the cash customer, and the cash customer actually has a right, under our accepted way of looking at things, to demand his money's worth.

The fact that the entertainment may not show a profit indicates that the performers are sorry, or that the build-up has been bad. The fact that the show may pay dividends and the performers not get any of the proceeds indicates that they are good performers but poor businessmen.

The player, or performer, is no longer playing for fun if he must satisfy paying customers. Or if he does play only for fun, he's being robbed out of the money he earns, and it is high time that somebody come to his defense.

I advance, then, the Cash and Carry system of football and sports generally. If you carry the ball and carry it well, or figure conspicuously in the proceedings going into the carrying of the ball, then you get cash on the dotted line. If you don't, no *paga la gente.*

Such a system, I believe, would go far toward clearing up a fuddled situation that is

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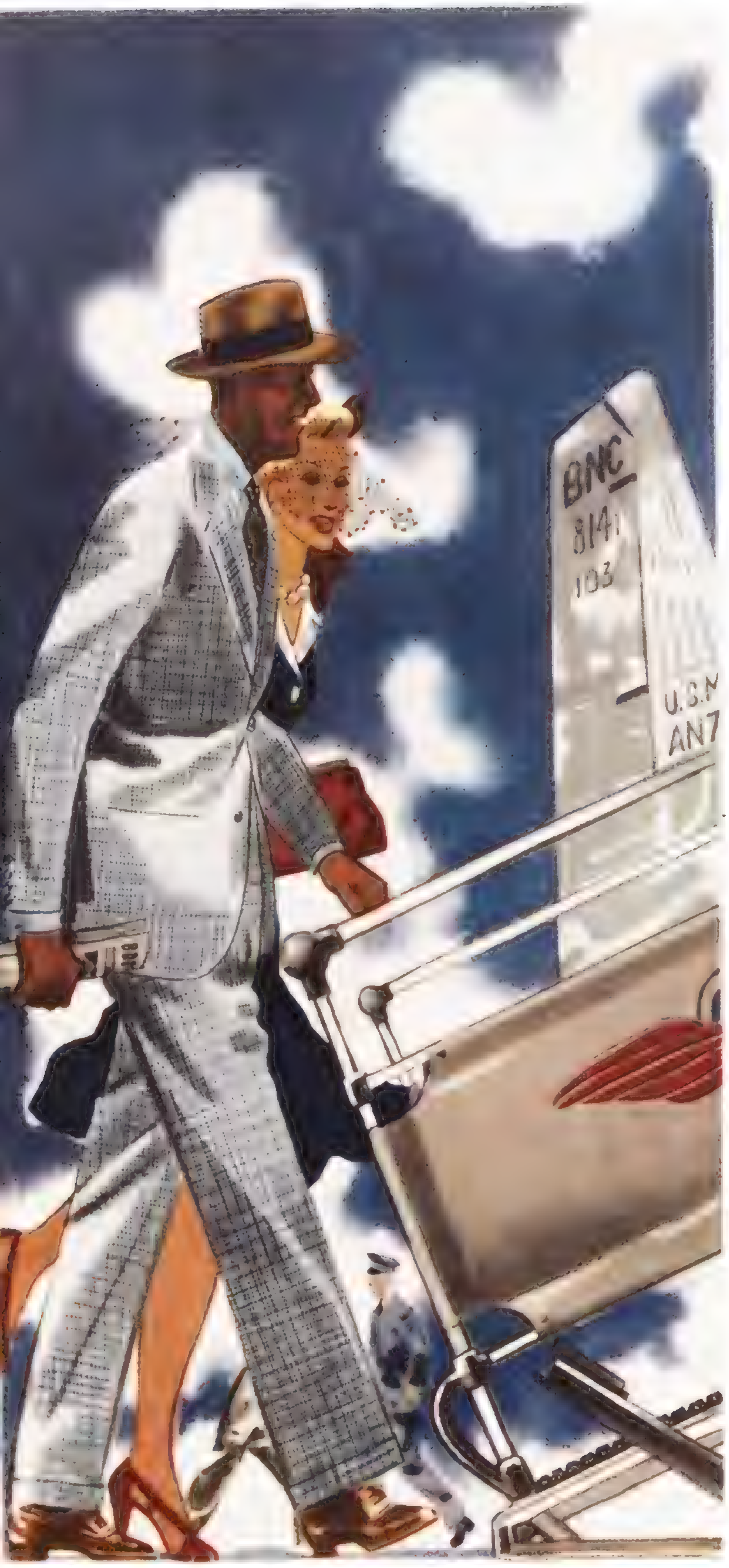
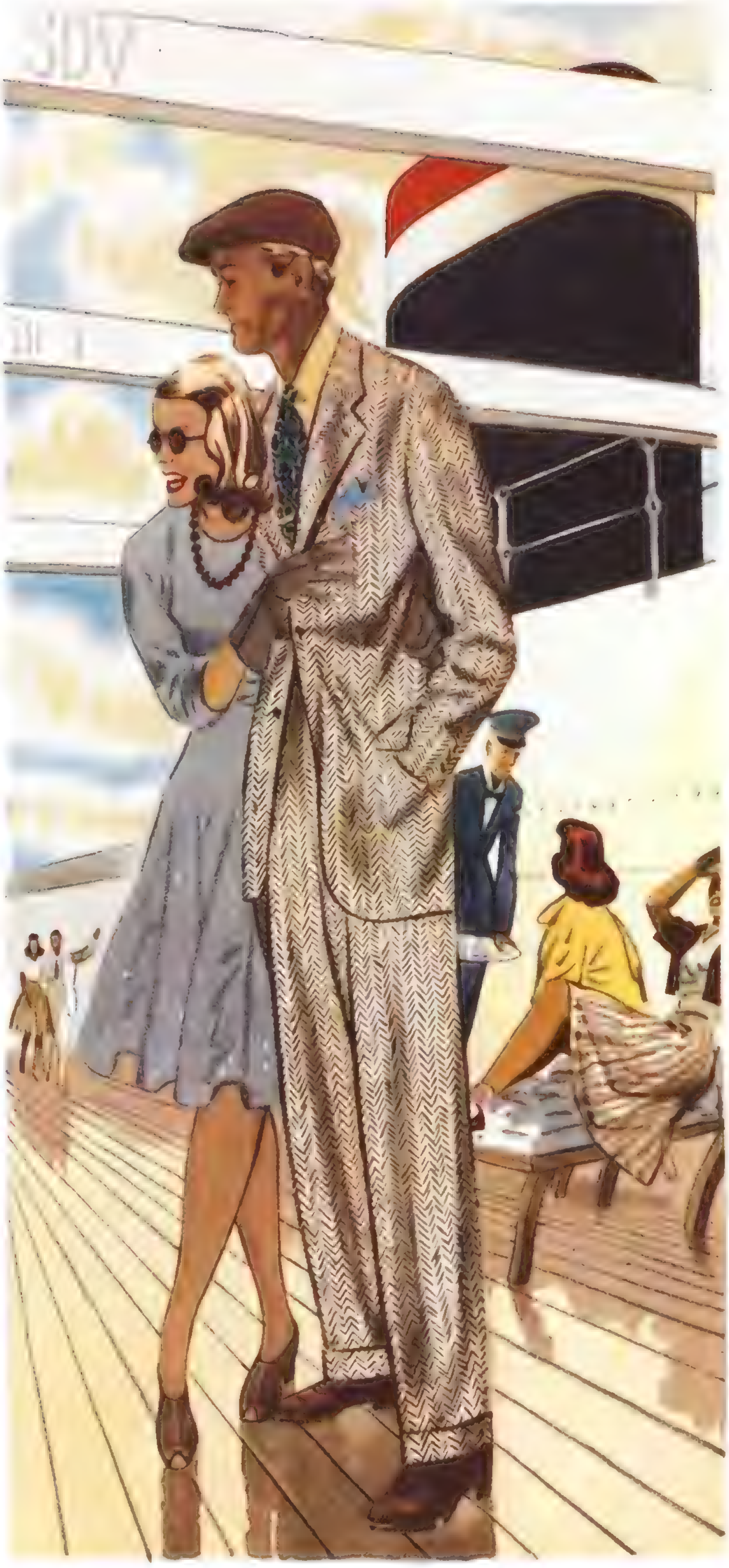


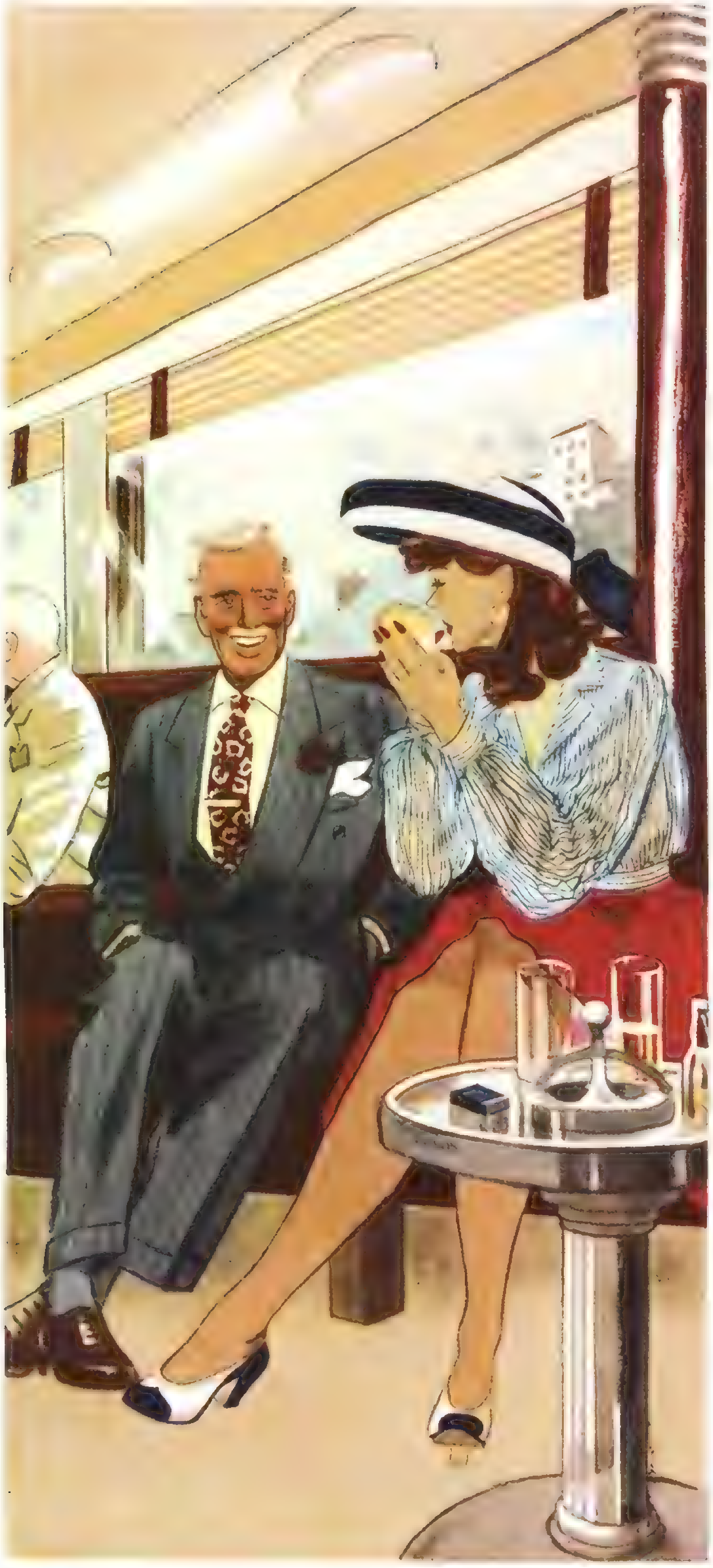
Airway . . . The man stepping aboard the plane wears a blended grey and blue Glen Urquhart plaid suit of lightweight fabric. His three-button jacket has the middle button at the waistline. His blue twin-striped broadcloth shirt with pinned collar backs up the black and coral figured foulard tie. The brown mesh weave panama hat with blue puggree combines lightness of weight with accepted fashion. Blue lisle socks and light-weight brown calf shoes round out this travel ensemble.

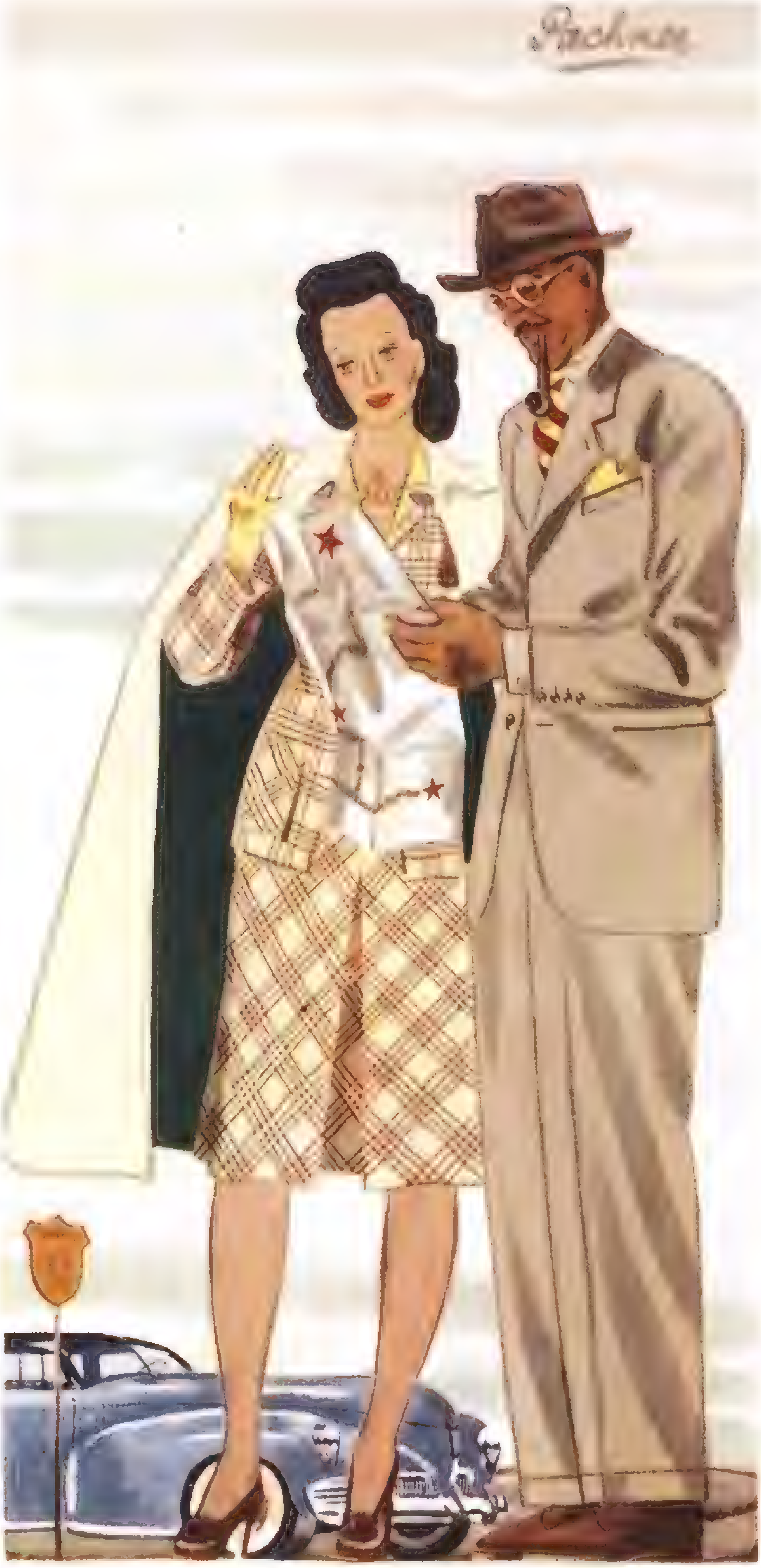


Waterway . . . The horizon gazer is well set up for the deck during the summer cruise. His brown lightweight tweed suit has a smooth finish which isn't scratchy on the legs. The Sandune oxford shirt has a slope-front collar. The blue-on-brown color theme, previously noted in clothing, now shows up in the figured foulard tie. The pale blue linen handkerchief in the chest pocket is a shade that combines with brown. His clinging companion accents her grey sheer wool dress with brown accessories.

fashions by the way

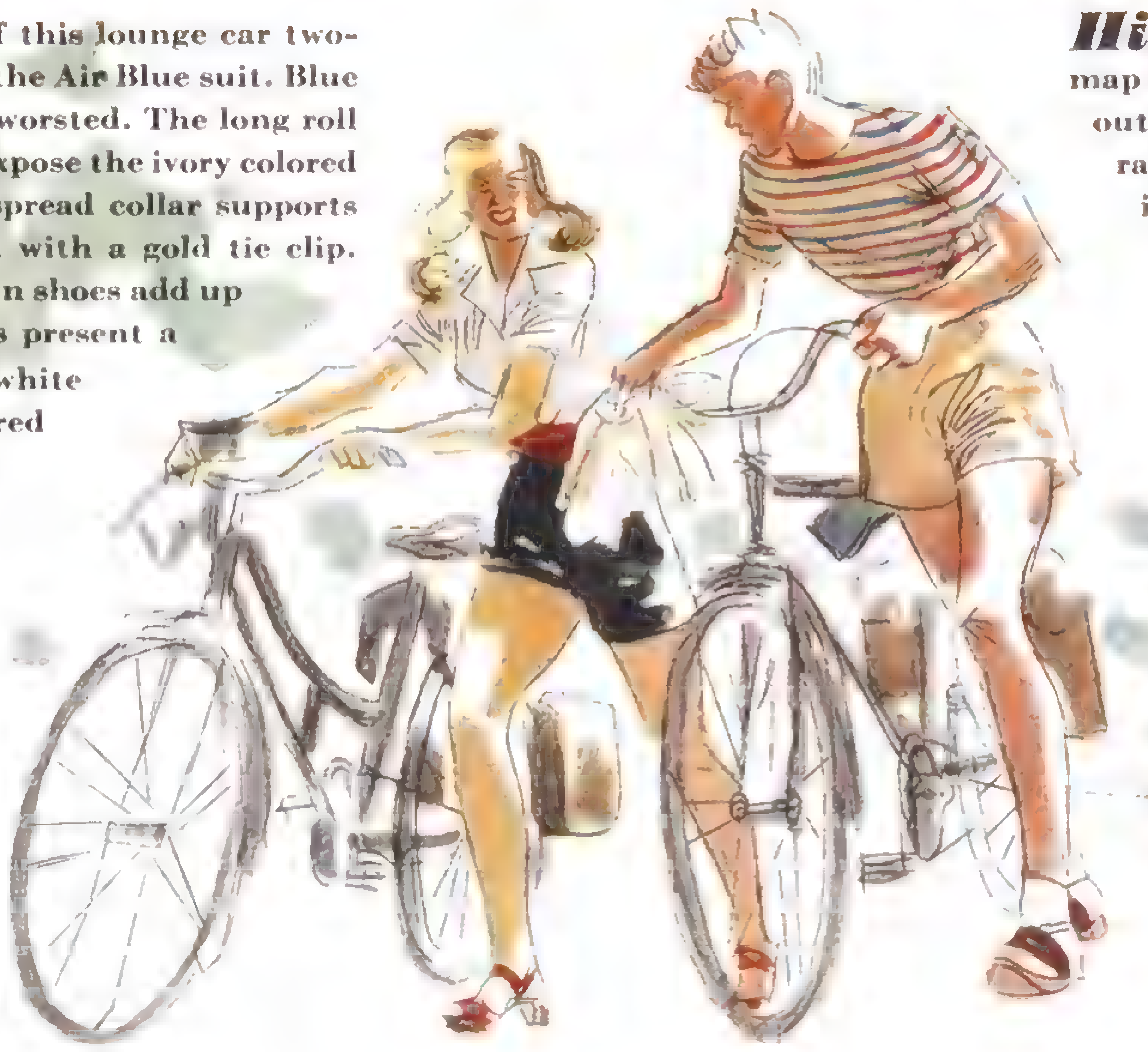
Name your own point of destination. Pick your transportation. No matter where or how you go, clothes become part of your travel plans. Sketched here are types of accepted fashions as guides for this purpose.





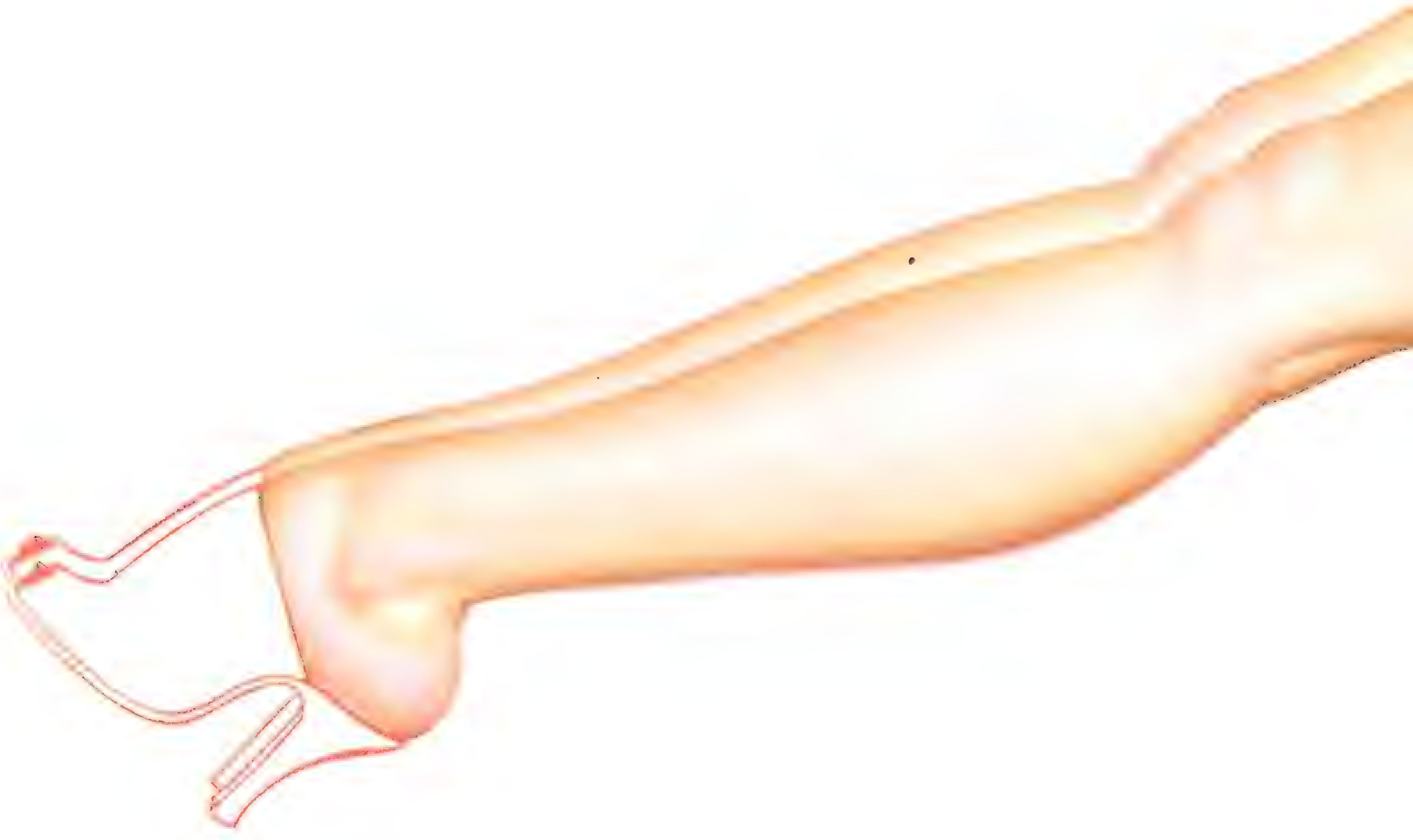
Railway . . . The man of this lounge car twosome has on the summer version of the Air Blue suit. Blue and grey stripes mark this tropical worsted. The long roll lapels of his double breasted jacket expose the ivory colored shirt of sheer chambray. The widespread collar supports the Windsor Knot foulard tie, held with a gold tie clip. Greyish blue lisle half hose and brown shoes add up to a total of smartness. Her clothes present a patriotic color scheme—blue and white hat, blue and white striped blouse, red silk skirt, white and blue shoes.

Byway . . . Cycling and stopping at youth hostels is a continental custom being taken up by growing numbers of youths, particularly in New England. Travel light because you pedal your weight. He wears a cross striped knitted shirt, tan cotton shorts, white anklets and white and brown shoes. Stowed away in canvas sacks over rear mud guards of the bicycles are clothes and toilet articles.



Highway . . . The male map student is appropriately turned out for the motor trip. His natural tan gabardine suit, not only is widely accepted, but is noted for its shape-retaining qualities. The maroon and gold striped repp silk tie contrasts against the tan and white striped oxford shirt. His brown lightweight felt hat is easy on the head, may be dented or snapped to suit his whim. The brown reverse calf rubber soled shoes are companionate footwear fashion for the natural tan gabardine suit. His companion at map reading sports a pastel yellow and brown tweed suit.

"It does seem a little flimsy but the saleslady said all the heavy materials were going into tents for the army"



When the Earth Trembles

Fault lines are fractures, some move like elevators, others like trains, and they all add up to earthquakes

by STUART LILLICO

• ARTICLE •

Bright sunlight floods the campus of New York's Fordham University. Students in groups of ten to thirty kick footballs and throw passes around the grassy quadrangle, and your young companion does everything but tell you in twenty-six words that Saturday's game with St. Mary's is a lot more important to the world at large than is the scientific work you penetrated the Bronx to discuss.

"Father Lynch is in the observatory now," you had been told at the administration building. And so the student is leading you past statues of saints and madonnas to a tiny stone house, inscribed "Fordham University Seismic Station," just east of the big new Physics Building. It's not very prepossessing from the outside, you admit, but you push open the door and step inside. The sunlight is blotted out and replaced by the yellow gleam of a single pale electric bulb. You realize that the structure has no more windows than a subway.

Perhaps you expected to see some elaborate and delicate instruments. The room is bare except for a plain wooden table and a chair. But opposite you is another door. Your guide opens it a few inches, gingerly, calls "Is it all right to come down?" gets a muffled answer, then swings it wide. You find yourself peering down a steep flight of stone steps, lighted by a single red globe. The foot is lost in the gloom, but the student assures you all is well.

"Just hold on to the railing and watch your step," is his advice. "You'll soon get used to the dark."

Down you go, a step at a time. Someone has told you that this famous collection of earthquake recording apparatus is sunk eighteen feet into solid Manhattan gneiss. It seems like eighty before you finally grope your way to the bottom and knock on another plain wooden door.

It opens you sense it, almost, rather than see it in the deep-red gloom that surrounds you and a disembodied voice announces a welcome.

"Be careful of that wire on the floor," it adds. The wire, the speaker and everything else in this crypt is invisible. Half an hour must elapse before your eyes adjust themselves sufficiently to let you see the wonderful instruments housed in this twenty-by-forty-foot room blasted from the rock. The only illumination is a dark red lamp—so deep that at first you can make out only the dim orb of the globe itself.

"I'm sorry it's so dark here," your still-unseen host tells you. "We have to keep it this way all the time. Our nine seismographs make their records with beams of light on sensitized paper. We can't risk any more illumination for fear that we'll fog the film. You will soon be able to see, though."

This, then, is your introduction to Father John Joseph Lynch, S. J., director of the most modern seismological observatory in the world. A London-born Irishman who still has his brogue, although he has lived in the United States for twenty-five years and is now an American citizen, he is a fellow of seven British and American scientific bodies. For two years he was chairman of the eastern section of the Seismological Society of America, and later he went to the International Geophysical Union meeting in Edinburgh as a delegate from our National Research Council. On the professorial side he teaches physics and seismology, and has written two textbooks. Magazine articles and short treatises flow from his pen like microseisms from the Tuscarova Deep.

Unless you have actually lived through repeated earthquakes, you can't even imagine their paralyzing effect. Your heart, at the first shiver, seems almost to stop. You never get used to it. Americans who live in Japan will tell you that the more quakes they experience, the jumpier they feel. Even the soundest sleepers find themselves wide awake and moving for the door when the house starts creaking and jittering. Your first impression is that "something's wrong." If you are standing, the floor vibrates almost imperceptibly, just as a frame house does when a heavy truck passes. Leaning against a wall or desk, you feel it more markedly because of the combination of jiggle and sway on your feet and back. Involuntarily, everyone in the room looks first at the chandelier to see if it is swinging and then at each other to see who will lead the stampede.

If it is going to be a bad quake, you will know it right away. The vibrations quickly build up to a maximum and usually cease again abruptly; most shocks last less than thirty seconds. The floor gives a good hard bump that rattles every dish in the house. A few vases may come crashing down. Two sounds impress themselves on you through it all. One is the creaking of all the joints in the building. The other is a clatter from the kitchen, where all the pots and pans are chiming.

Thirty-two years before Columbus signed on his crew of jailbirds, Central America experienced the first quake we know about today. Sir John Milne, a famous English seismologist, ascertained that from old Aztec records. The earth still trembles frequently; residents of New York City fell all over each other getting out of the house on November 1, 1935. That shock, originating north of Quebec, was felt from Maine to Wisconsin and southward to Virginia. The Brooklyn Y.M.C.A. lost a lot of plaster and two filing cases were upset in Albany, scattering relief applications all over the capital.

California by no means has a monopoly on seismology. St. Louis has been rocked several

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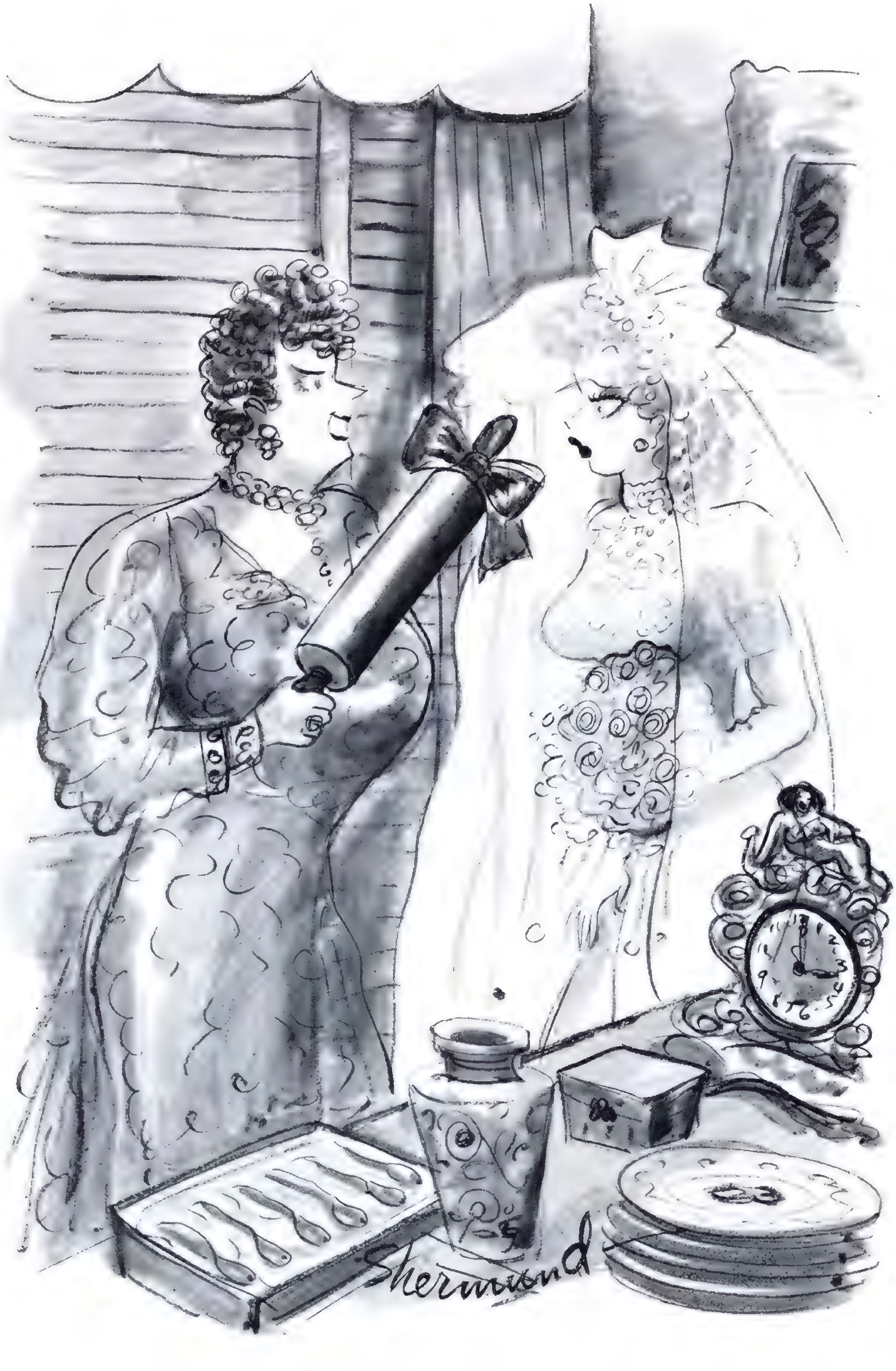
"Those people upstairs have been sprinkling Vitamin B^1 on our plants again"



"It may be a little old-fashioned, dear, but it worked fine with your father"

They've Got to Eat Their Cake

While boxers continue to mow each other down, promoters need small fight clubs to furnish fresh blood

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

"BOXING is in a bad way," they tell you on West 49th Street between Madison Square Garden and Broadway, in and around Lindy's Restaurant, or on the sidewalk in front of Mike Jacobs' ticket office, or in and around the New Forest Hotel. They'll all tell it to you, the wise men of boxing, the managers. They are gloomy. They are almost always gloomy, except for the brief time they are handling a coming boxer who has not yet decided to break his contract. They are men of few words, the managers are, but, as the saying goes, they use those words over and over again. They like to talk, and once they have buttonholed you they will gab for hours, as though you could sign up one of their boxers—which you can't, since you are not a promoter, and which you probably couldn't if you were one. But all their talk boils down to something like, "Boxing is in a bad way."

You are disturbed. "What's the matter with Joe Louis?" you ask apprehensively.

"Who's talking about Joe Louis?" they shout, as if this was the last thing on earth they wanted to do, and which, incidentally, is the last thing on earth they want to do since they are not the Champ's manager. And then they go on and on, and in time you make out what they are talking about, especially since they can't speak so fast as in the beginning, and you find out that they are really not talking about Joe Louis at all, but about some five thousand little fight clubs all over the United States.

You venture one last question. "You are talking about amateurs?" you ask.

Again they shake their heads with even more violence and they look at you pityingly. "Who wants to say anything about amateurs?" these looks seem to say. "What can you do with amateurs? There's no percentage in gold watches—if they are gold watches, at that!"

No, they are moaning about professional boxers. And about the small fight clubs. You don't know anything about them, do you? But then, who does?

If a psychoanalyst were to ask a hundred American citizens, "What do you associate with the word boxing?"—ninety-nine would probably answer, "Joe Louis." A few years ago they might have said Max Baer; a few years further back, Dempsey or Tunney. If the psychoanalyst kept at it, he might get "Madison Square Garden" or the names of a few promoters or something about a million dollars. But that would be about the limit. Nobody would associate with "boxing" "five thousand-odd fight clubs in this country."

Five thousand. There's no way to check these figures. You have to take the statements of half a dozen fight managers as gospel. There aren't even any national lists of professional boxers. The reason is simple: boxing licenses are issued by the separate states. It doesn't help to add up the figures from all the states because many boxers are registered in several states. And others, who haven't fought for years, renew their licenses every year. It's just as hard to find out how many clubs there are. They spring up and vanish overnight. And, unfortunately, they are vanishing faster than ever now.

The vogue of the small clubs goes back to World War I. Even before the war and the legalizing of boxing, there were plenty of fight clubs scattered about the country. But they were regular clubs; you had to be a member to see the fights. That sort of thing died with the war. With boxing no longer haunted by the police, enormous numbers of smaller establishments sprang up all over the country to show young men boxing each other. To watch these matches you didn't have to be a member; you just had to have cash.

It is not by sheer accident that this development started after the last war.

"The World War made boxing," Jimmy Bronson said recently. "There's always been a lot of talk about how much boxing and other sports helped the army. You know, the stuff about body building and morale building. But most people don't know that the war did more for boxing than boxing did for the war."

Jimmy Bronson ought to know. He was one of the first promoters in this country; from 1901 to 1917 he was matchmaker of a boxing club in Joplin, Missouri, where he put on regular weekly shows for 5000 members (one dollar entrance fee). In 1917 he became Director of Boxing for the AEF. He staged over two thousand fights over there, and refereed more than a thousand himself. "There was a tremendous amount of interest," he states. "Six hundred and forty thousand more men wanted to see the boxing matches than the baseball games."

The most important result was not only the development of new talent in boxing (Gene Tunney, for instance). What counted was the creation of a public. Hundreds of thousands of men became fans. And they were the kind of fans who are more important to the sport than the blasé public of the big cities which is interested only in a sensation and doesn't give a damn about the boxer himself.

The soldiers who went to those matches to see other soldiers box, came to see their friends. The boxer was one of them. He had a kind of neighborhood appeal. The whole AEF formed a tremendous neighborhood fight club. And when the men went home from the army, all over the country there were men who wanted to see boxing matches at least once a week—wanted to see the boys from the neighborhood push leather.

And then came the Golden Age of boxing,

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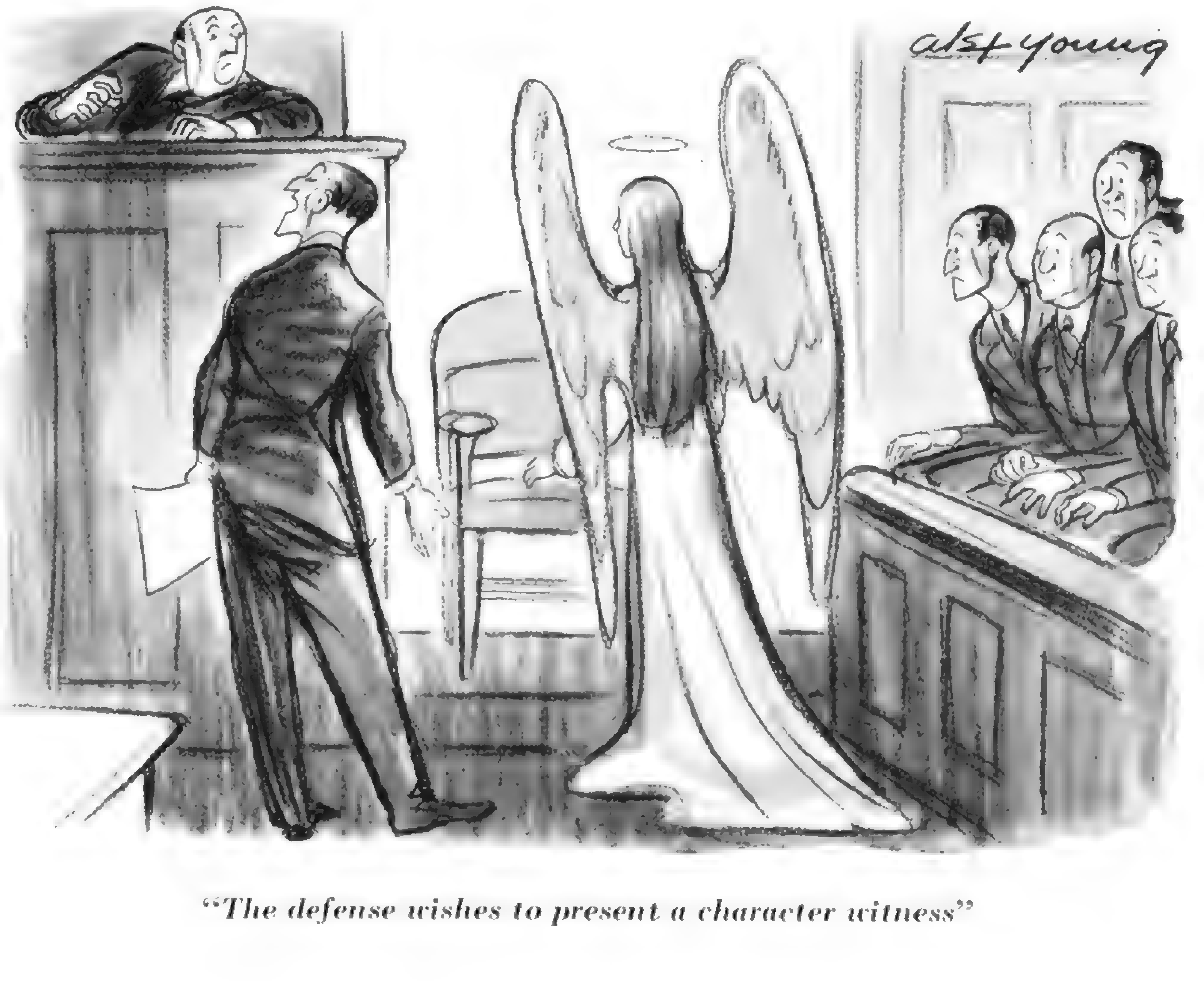

"The defense wishes to present a character witness"

History of a Man of Pulp

Mrs. Reed was a faithful follower of Mary Triste's newspaper column, and she reared her son accordingly

by MARTIN AVER COHEN

• SATIRE •

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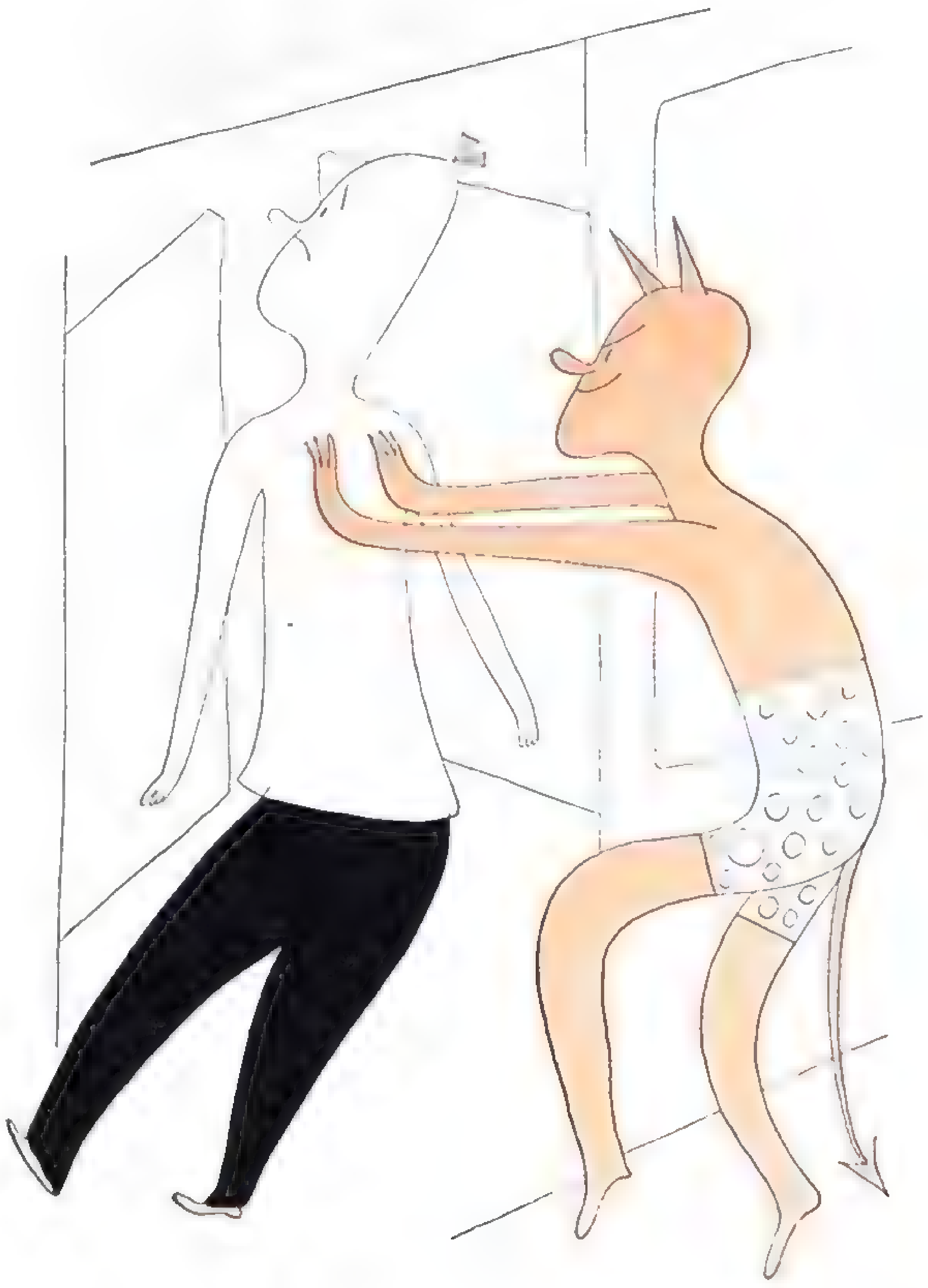


If you were to collect the feature pages of the daily papers for the last twenty-five years, mash them into pulp, plaster together a man about five eight, and then blow the breath of life into him, you would have the living man, Joe Reed.

Even before Joe's birth, Joe's mother had been, in the truest sense of the word, a student of the feature page of the newspaper. Hers was not the small mind that prefaced each remark with "They say . . ." Her statements commanded respect with the authority of the physician who wrote the health column, of Dr. Cuppard, who wrote *Great Thoughts in Spots*, or of Mary Triste, who whispered that the attraction of a woman lay in her simplicity. Mary Triste was the important one, though. Newspapers merged and ideas changed, but Mary Triste wrote on forever. It was her brilliance and prominence that influenced Joe's life.

The earliest thing we know about Mary Triste was that in response to Mrs. Reed's query about her expectant baby she answered that Mrs. Reed should *immerse* herself in the finest literature, art and music before the baby was born.

So Mrs. Reed had the little girl from next door over to play Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* and Mrs. Reed basked in the brown reproductions of Rembrandt and the stilted etchings depicting the progress of American democracy while she fingered a stiff copy of Chaucer and a book entitled, *Fundamentals of Bookkeeping*. She wanted her boy to make money too.

The early childhood of Joe Reed was just about what you might expect. Even Mary Triste, in her column, admitted that babies should have plenty of sunshine, fresh air, and simple food. Of course Mary Triste did insist that Mrs. Reed (by now Miss Triste and Mrs. Reed kept up a steady correspondence) should not coddle Joe. If Joe should cry in his crib, Mrs. Reed sat complacently with her book and Mr. Reed was never allowed to quiet him.

This was settled once and for all the first time Joe's wails were heard in the downstairs parlor. Old man Reed was sitting barefooted on the couch reading the paper when Joe cried.

Reed looked anxiously at his wife.

"I better see what's wrong," he said.

"Just sit still, dear," his wife commanded serenely.

"But the baby's crying," he insisted.

Mrs. Reed pulled a letter out of her purse from Mary Triste that was typed on the *Sun Daily* stationery. She read the letter to her husband and pointed to the letter heading.

"You see," she said significantly, "Miss Triste writes for a newspaper."

Joe Reed, Senior, was properly overawed. And the name of Mary Triste was henceforth law in the home.

At the age of eight Joe was placed at the piano and told to practice. Somehow the prenatal influence of the *Spring Song* had little influence on him. He was most fractious. Mrs. Reed, as Mary Triste suggested, sat on the bench with him and tried to help him with his music although she knew nothing about it. One day little Joe turned to his mother and asked her why people wrote music.

Mrs. Reed thought for a moment, then said, "Music is pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed little Joe. "But why do they make it?"

"I'm tired, dear," said Mrs. Reed and went up to her bedroom to write to Mary Triste.

A week later she took Joe over to the couch before he sat down to practice and told him she was going to have a little, friendly chat with him.

"What about?" Joe asked.

"Well," Mrs. Reed began sweetly, "you asked me why men write music last week."

"I did not," Joe said. He was looking outside into the bright sunshine and hearing the boys catching ball behind Blacker's stable.

"Oh yes, you did, Joseph. Now listen."

Mrs. Reed folded her hands on her lap and looked up at the ceiling to concentrate on the words of Mary Triste.

"It is the hunger of great men's souls," she said. "An effort to express the beauty of life. Music is an interpreter of man's passions, of hate, of love . . ."

"I want to go out and play ball," Joe said.

After Joe spent an hour and a half practicing his music lesson he stood by the kitchen stove while his mother made dinner and then she went over the lessons he had heard at school.

When Joe told her about the way a battery was made in the General Science Class she could not say much more than, "Yes, isn't that amazing?" But when Joe talked about Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* she said, "He was a fine man." She thought Benedict Arnold was a fine man too but Joe thought he was a traitor. Joe was never too sure of himself but when he proved that he was right she explained that she had him confused with Arnold Bennett. "Arnold Bennett was certainly a fine man." At six o'clock Mr. Reed got home from work and Joe was sent off to wash.

Mr. Reed's attitude towards Joe was now that of complete admiration. He had been angry when Joe once criticized his method of introducing one of his friends to his wife and there was the time Mr. Reed was putting the silverware on the table for his wife and Joe told his father that he had the soup spoon mixed with the salad fork. Then Mr. Reed had looked at Joe a little curiously, but Mrs. Reed explained everything to her husband that evening.

Mrs. Reed sat in a chair with a huge portfolio of Mary Triste's letters and columns in her lap. She leaned toward her husband and spoke earnestly.

"You see, dear. There are so many things that we do not know about children. Psychologists and scientists have dedicated their entire lives to study children and understand the correct way to bring them up. Mary Triste understands and explains these things—"

"But he doesn't play ball or anything like other boys," her husband said.

"Now, dear, answer me? Do you play ball now that you are a grown man? Is it important?"

"No, but soup spoons and salad forks—"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Reed interrupted. "But it's after eight o'clock and I must tell Joe to start studying his geography. He's already spent ten minutes too much on his history." And with this Mrs. Reed quietly left the room.

There was another little argument when

Joe was about fourteen. Mary Triste's column had been changed to the *Evening Telegraph*. Mrs. Reed, of course, insisted that they change to the *Evening Telegraph*. Mr. Reed, as well as Joe, hated to give up the *Sun* because the comic section in the *Sun* was much better. However, Mr. Reed thought it would be an extravagance to get both papers, and once the change was made and he got interested in the funnies in the *Telegraph* he didn't mind at all.

Joe's interest in girls was slight. Through his four years at high school Joe had mingled very little with his classmates. Mrs. Reed understood this because Joe was certainly superior. Joe thought the girls much too flighty and ill-mannered. His time after school was now devoted entirely to study. He had given up the piano because he had had little success. Mary Triste explained this was possible because he had little interest in music. However, Mrs. Reed could not understand why Joe was graded only fair in most of his school subjects. As Mary Triste suggested, Mrs. Reed had frequent conferences with his teachers but they only said Joe was doing the best he could.

"It isn't the college that is important, it is the student." Mary Triste had written this to Mrs. Reed when Joe graduated from high school. So Joe went to the college in the city and enrolled in the School of Business Administration. Mary Triste had said in a column (now Joe read it himself) that a student can meet his teacher for a man to man talk even in a large college. Joe's teachers saw him as a dull, commonplace boy so they usually avoided him. And the girls, well, they didn't even see Joe.

Before Joe graduated he was asked to stop at the office of the Dean to have a friendly chat. Joe entered the office with a smile. The Dean, a kindly man, offered him a chair. Joe sat stiffly in his chair with both feet on the floor. This was enough to startle the Dean.

"Relax," said the Dean. "We'll just have a friendly little chat."

Joe smiled again.

"Well," said the Dean, "I hear our school threw a lively dance last week."

"I'm sorry that I couldn't attend," Joe said. "I had made a previous engagement before the affair was called to my attention."

The Dean started shuffling his papers.

"The weather has been perfect, sir." Joe said.

"Oh, yes, yes."

The Dean's papers spilled onto the floor. Joe quickly jumped from his chair and gathered them into a neat pile. Then he clicked his heels together, made a slight bow, and smiled.

"Thanks," said the Dean. "I'm kinda sloppy."

"Oh, not at all. You're quite welcome, sir. It was just an accident."

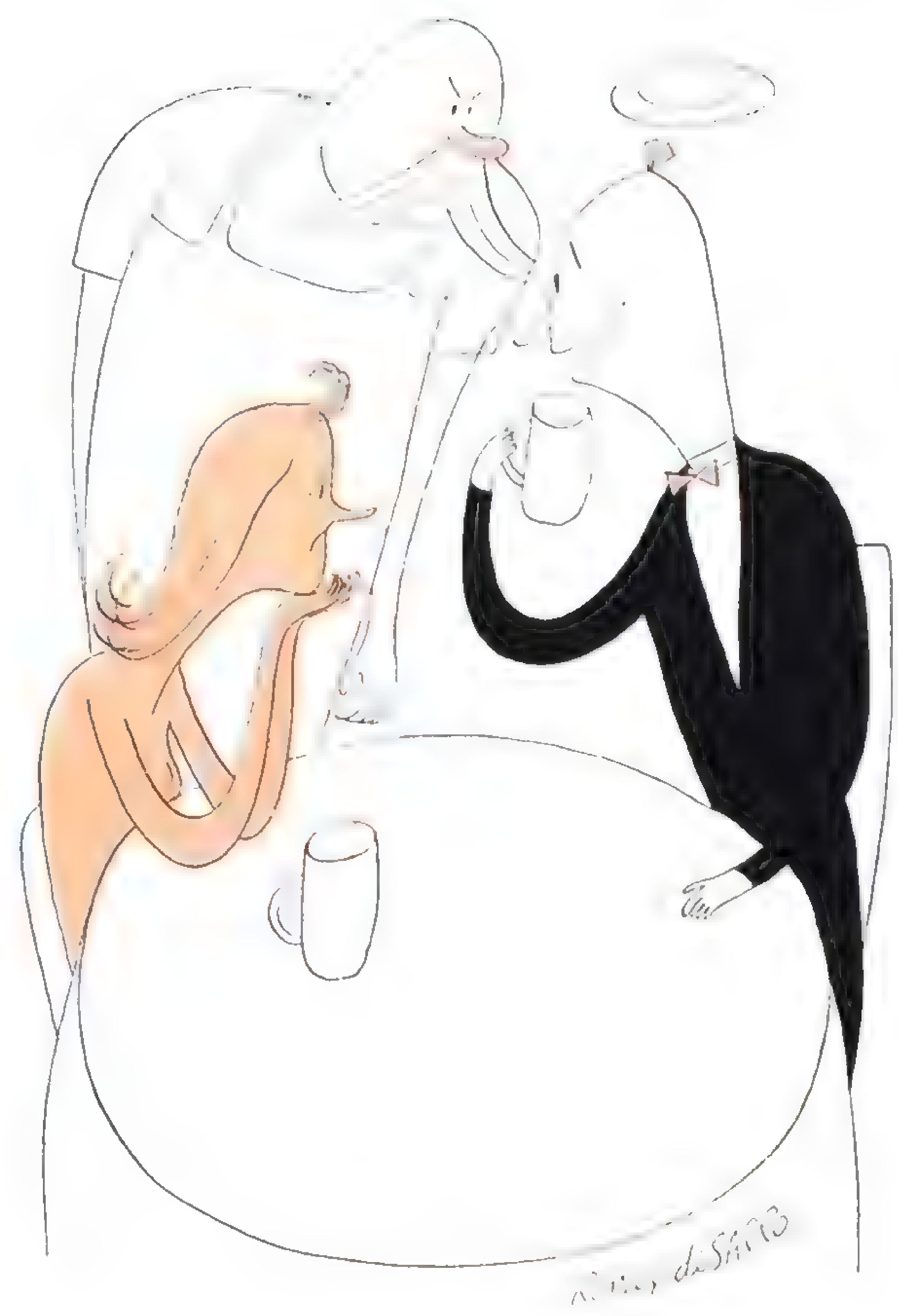
The telephone on the desk buzzed. Before the Dean picked it up he said, "Well, awfully glad you stopped by, Reed. Be sure to drop in again when you have a chance. We'll have another chat. That's what I'm here for. So long, Reed." The Dean put the phone to his ear.

"Goodbye, sir," Joe said. "Thank you very much for giving me this opportunity to meet you. I shall look forward to seeing you again."

Because the Dean did not offer his hand, Joe bowed and walked out into the hall. "Whew," Joe said. "I hope I wasn't nervous." Behind the door the Dean gasped, "Whew."

At Joe's graduation Mrs. Reed was very proud. He carried himself so straight and he bowed slightly when receiving his diploma from the Dean. The Dean seemed to shake his hand warmly.

The week after graduation Joe marched down to Trumbell's, *The Biggest Store in Town*, and got a job. Although conditions were bad that spring, he wasn't surprised that he got a job. Mary Triste had written in her column, "The present economic depression does not make jobs harder to get; rather, it seems to make good men scarce. A good man can always get a job!" Many men were turned away that spring but Joe got a job. Joe was to be given a junior executive training. He was to be moved from department to department for a couple of years and learn what he could; in the meantime, the personnel director kept a careful check on him. Joe had moved from the furniture to the book department. However, at the end of the first year he was placed behind the shirt counter and had been stuck there for almost a year.



Joe had complained several times to the personnel director and Joe had been told that if he didn't like it perhaps he'd better leave. But somehow it hadn't mattered so much the last few months because just before Christmas Joe's mother died.

On her deathbed she hardly spoke to Mr. Reed but it had been enough for him that she had held his hand tightly while she whispered to Joe. She told Joe how proud she was of him and that she expected him to take care of the scrapbooks and never forget how much he owed to Mary Triste.

This was the first chance Joe had ever had for an honest emotion. At first, he had been bewildered. In the days after the funeral, as his body and mind tired, he wanted to cry, but he found himself thinking at the same time, "A man should not cry at the death of his loved ones. If you have been kind to your dear ones all your life there is nothing to cry over." Mary Triste had said this in a column. From these thoughts it was an easy transition for Joe to the point where he would think before he spoke of his mother, "Am I standing straight? Is my voice courteous and does it show that I appreciate the sorrow this friend is showing for me? Is my smile too warm?"

The gray, dry winter days dragged into the slush dampness of March. Then with the first warmth of spring the voices of children playing in the late twilight reminded Joe that he had neglected his exercise. He pasted Mary Triste's column in the scrapbook after dinner and walked down through the park. He walked towards the university buildings that were just on the fringe of the park. In the first thawing of winter the earth was moist and crisp. Scattered green grass wedged through the dark brown shreds of the past summer. Joe walked briskly through the park and around the university buildings. They were dark now but he looked for the windows of his old classrooms. Through the commons walk he could see the little stores up the block. There were the splashing lights of the drugstore, a little restaurant, and the bar

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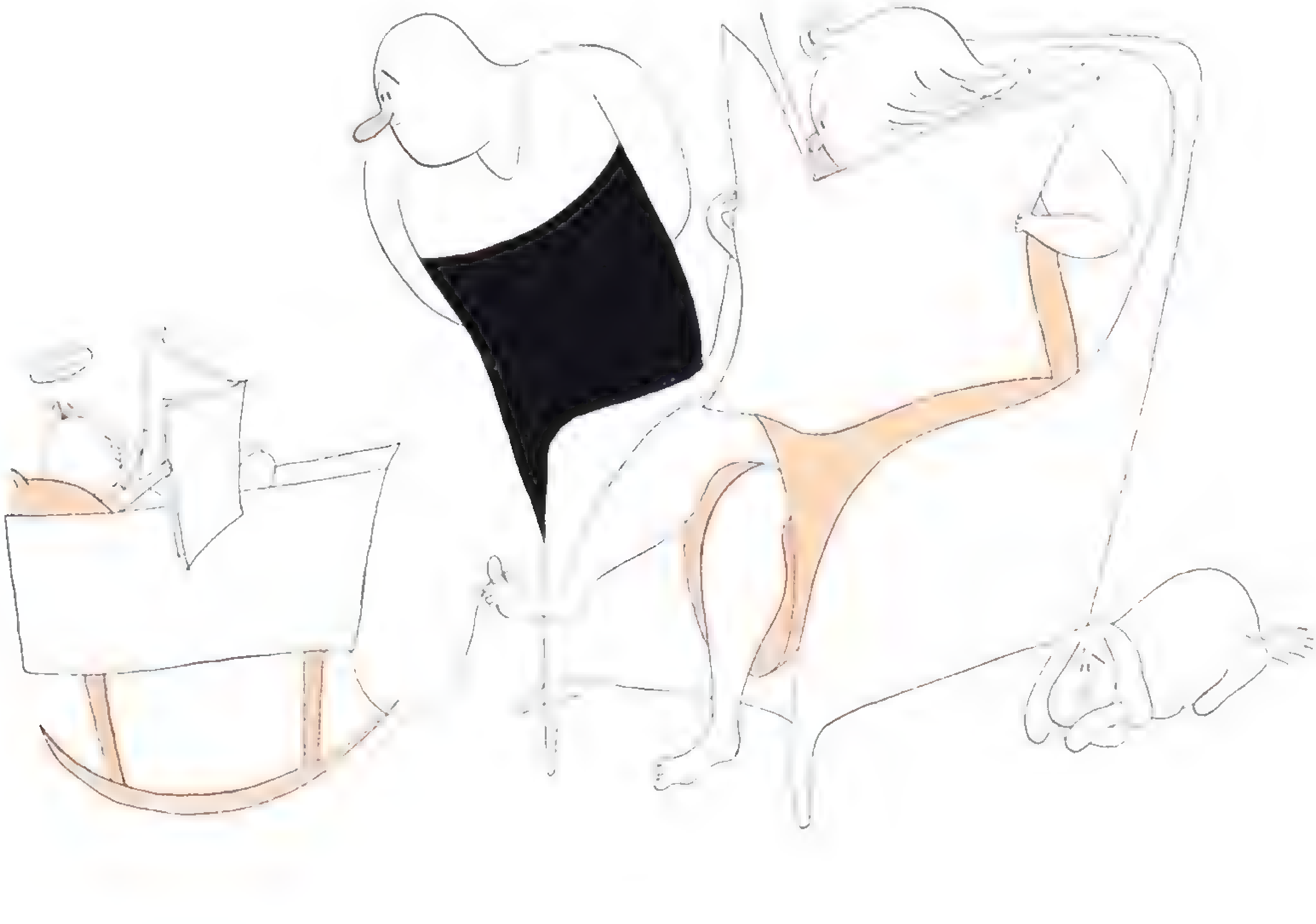

The Widow's Son

Only a poor sort of neighbor could refuse to help such a pleasant, neat looking lady with a boy in trouble

by RODERICK LULL

• FICTION •

I KNEW from the beginning there was nothing really bad about him. He just had a lot of spirit and if he sometimes let it go beyond the bounds of what they call propriety — well, you might say that's a good thing in a young fellow, growing up in a rough country with his way to make in the world. And anyway it would have been a poor sort of man who wouldn't have done what he could for a widow whose only real helper was a son of eighteen filled with the oats of youth.

I remember when she moved here. I'd known that land for years — good enough land, but it had never been used for anything. Then I rode by one day to see about getting myself a new Guernsey bull for the dairy herd — after you've had a bull a few years your stock gets so inbred you got to *trade him off for new blood* — and I noticed the shack on the place was more or less fixed up. There was smoke coming out of the chimney and a cleared place in front that looked as if somebody might have a kitchen garden in mind.

I asked Jed Tolliver, the trader, about it in town. And he told me it was the Widow Grimshaw and her son, Phil. Grimshaw had owned the place for years, Jed said, and never done anything about it. He'd been a man of some property in his time and hadn't had to worry about unused range land. But he'd died pretty near broke with his place over in the other county mortgaged so bad there was nothing to do but move out and forget it. So the widow and her son had come here, it being clear and unencumbered, and roomy enough for the stock they had.

"Well," I said, "I wish her luck. But she's a woman in a thousand if she can make a go of it. Now, when I first came here fifteen years ago it was a place anybody could live off of. You practically never heard of money. But hell, with the railroad only ten miles away we're getting so much civilization here you got to be a pawnbroker at heart to live."

"You're getting old, Dave," Jed said. "Nobody gets nowhere fighting progress."

"Bah!" I said, and went off.

I couldn't find a bull I liked at a price I wanted to pay so I stayed over at the hotel, lost thirty dollars cash and three steers in a poker game and started home the next morning, none too satisfied with myself. When I rode past the Grimshaw place I saw the widow standing near the trail, looking up and down it. I saw she was a right nice looking woman, maybe forty or so, just a few years younger than me, with a good plump figure and an air of efficiency. I stopped and took off my hat.

"Good morning, Mrs. Grimshaw," I said.

"You know me?" she said, smiling. She had a nice voice.

"Not directly," I said. "But I heard about you. I'm Dave Waring. In a manner of speaking we're neighbors. I got a place down the trail a few miles."

She looked up at me and smiled again. "I was sort of watching here," she said, "because sometimes people coming from town bring my mail. I been expecting a letter."

I rolled a cigarette and said, "Now, I should have thought to ask about that beforehand. Next time I will."

"But you couldn't have been expected to," she said and I lighted the cigarette and tried to think of something to say. But just then her son came up, wearing torn work clothes. The widow introduced him. "My son Philip, Mr. Waring."

"Glad to know you, boy." He was a good husky boy with a lot of black hair and a good strong jaw. But I can't say he had much manners to speak of. He just stood looking at me without speaking.

"Speak to Mr. Waring, Phil," Mrs. Grimshaw said, and I knew she was a woman of character. There was a new note in her voice you wouldn't have expected.

"Hello," he said, and turned away.

"Well," I said, "Glad to have met you, Mrs. Grimshaw. I'll be going on, now."

I didn't hear of her for a couple of weeks and only thought of her a few times, sort of wondering how she was making out. I got me a very fair bull and didn't have to pay more than twice what he was worth. I kept busy enough around the place so that I didn't feel too much inclined to go into town and raise a little of the devil.

Then one day I was getting ready to ride out on the range when I saw the young Crites boy come down the trail, turn off and ride over to me. I waited for him, wondering if he wanted to make a touch or what. The Crites were the kind of people you never can find very much against but would be glad never to see again. They were just always broke and improvident and in want of something.

It wasn't a touch. He said, "Hello, Mr. Waring," and I said hello.

"I'm going down the road a bit," he said, "on a job for my dad. And Mrs. Grimshaw, she asked me to tell you if I saw you that if you happened to be going to town soon she'd be mighty obliged if you stopped by. She wanted me to tell you not to put yourself out."

"All right," I said. "You know what she wants me for?"

"I got an idea it's something to do with her boy. But I don't know. Goodbye, Mr. Waring." He rode off, nodding politely. The Crites were all wasteful and weak, but they had come originally from Kentucky and had nice manners.

So that day I rode down the trail toward town. After all, I thought, I'd been working long enough without a break. There were some things I needed at the store. And I was

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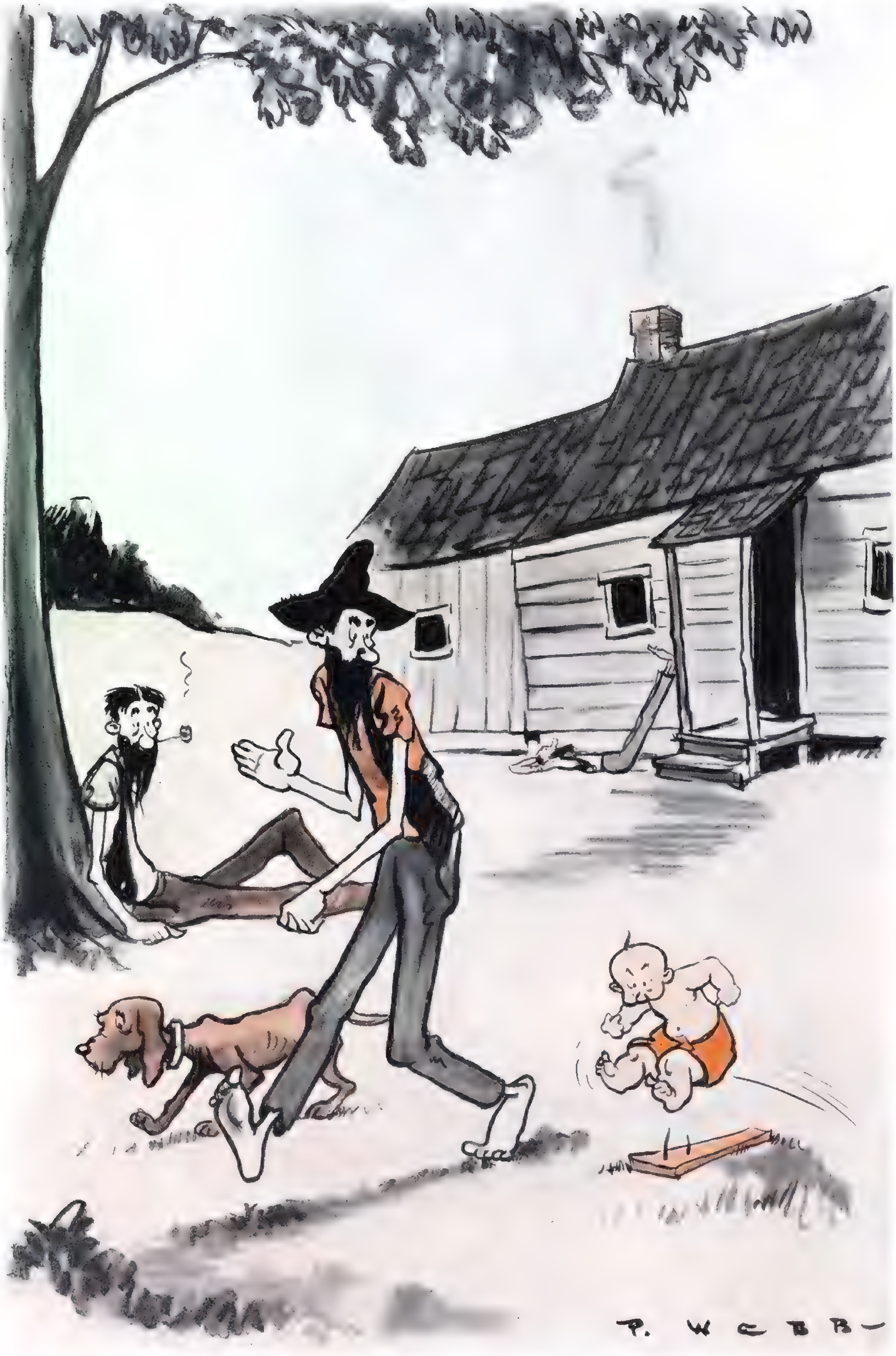
"Don't ever tell him, but he was a mistake we made when we were first married"



"Listen, Oncle Rafe—ef you start dodgin' nails you aint never gonna git yore feet tough"

Airplanes on the Ceiling

Model planes with flies for engines have opened new fields to students of horsepower and microphotography

by CHARLES E. PLANCK

• ARTICLE •

Did you ever fly a housefly?

Wingspan	*5 inches*
Chord	*1¼ inches*
Length	*3¾ inches*
Engine	*Musca, 1 flypower*
Weight	*½ grain, with engine*
Climb	*Maybe*
Landing speed	*0 to 5 m.p.h.*
Cruising speed	*3 m.p.h.*
Top speed	*5 m.p.h.*
Cruising range	*Who knows?*

Musca, the engine, is a housefly. The specifications are for one of the simpler jobs in Insectonautics, a half-grain job, built for and powered by the fly. Many other engines are available, such as the Tabanus, Bombus, Apis, Odonata and Sphinx Moth, suitable for planes from two inches up to a really large job of 10 or 12 inches span.

This new sport and hobby of Insectonautics is mostly an indoor activity. It has possibilities, however, for outdoor activity and offers opportunity for endless pleasure, depending on the ingenuity and inventiveness of the hobbyist.

It all started last year in Chicago at the National Model Airplane Meet.

Traveling men unfortunate enough to be at the Sherman Hotel, headquarters of the Meet, found themselves in the midst of a squirming, shouting and ingenious mass of boy model builders. If they had confined themselves to flying their models at the huge International Amphitheater or at the Model Airport, it would have been a much quieter hotel, but nightly, they brought their ingenuity and left-over energies to the lobby where the travelers were resting.

By gluing narrow strips of vari-colored model airplane tissue paper to the tails of houseflies, and turning them loose in halls and lobbies, these young model builders gave many a somnolent loafer a severe start. Weaving back and forth among the lobby pillars and furniture, these rippling streamers had the dotted line boys in a dither until they caught up with this latest wrinkle in model aeronautics.

Two of the pranksters, William B. Schwab and Joe Elgin, both experienced in building models of all sorts from tiny indoor, rubber-band-powered models weighing from three-tenths of an ounce to six-foot, gas-engine-powered jobs, saw possibilities of a new model activity.

When they went home, they built a number of gliders which they hoped would be towed through the air like the tissue streamers, using the housefly as a towplane at the end of a light silk thread. The gliders were too heavy, and the flies would buzz vainly at the end of the string. When finally, gliders light enough were made, and the flies could get them off the ground, there was too much erratic, whipping movement of the glider, and plane and power plant usually spun down together and crashed.

Finally, they mounted a fly rigidly on the stick fuselage of a tiny model, and started a branch of model flying that is growing into an interesting hobby.

Here, finally, is something to do with the common housefly. Here too is a field for microphotography, delicate handicraft, and a challenge to the home movie maker. There is even opportunity to add to man's meager knowledge of the power and flying characteristics of a wide variety of insects. How much horsepower, for example, does a housefly develop? The scientists do not know.

The first successful Schwab and Elgin model was a monoplane of five-inch wingspan. The framework of wing and tail surfaces was of very soft balsa wood of a 1/64-inch square section, the fuselage of a stick of the same section but tapering toward the tail. The wings are covered with microfilm, which is just about the most weightless of material.

Attaching the fly to the front end of the stick fuselage with a small drop of model airplane cement, they found that the plane would climb under power and, with proper weight distribution and adjustment of control surfaces, would go into a steady, flat glide when the power was off.

Nine times out of ten, they got flight after flight out of the same combination of plane and fly-engine, because after the engine "cut out" and the plane started into its glide, the fly would "cut in" again and do some more climbing.

Much experiment preceded this successful flight. Like grown up pilots of real airplanes, Schwab and Elgin are power mad. They experimented with bimotor and trimotor combinations, but in every case, they failed. They found it impossible to pick engines of the same power. Nor could they synchronize the engines, and the inevitable result was a disastrous spin to right or left when one motor conked and the other kept buzzing merrily on.

Charles Horsman and his brother David of College Park, Maryland, however, have solved the super-power problem by a novel bimotor arrangement which thwarts the excentricity of the Musca power plant. They extend the center rib of the upper wing of a biplane far enough to provide an upper motor mount, and directly below it, on the projection of the stick fuselage, they install a second motor. This provides a tandem arrangement along the same line of thrust, so that if the top and/or bottom engine is operating, there is no tendency for the plane to go into a spin and crash.

This arrangement presented a problem which the boys had finally to throw into the lap of their friend B. Russell Shaw, an aero-

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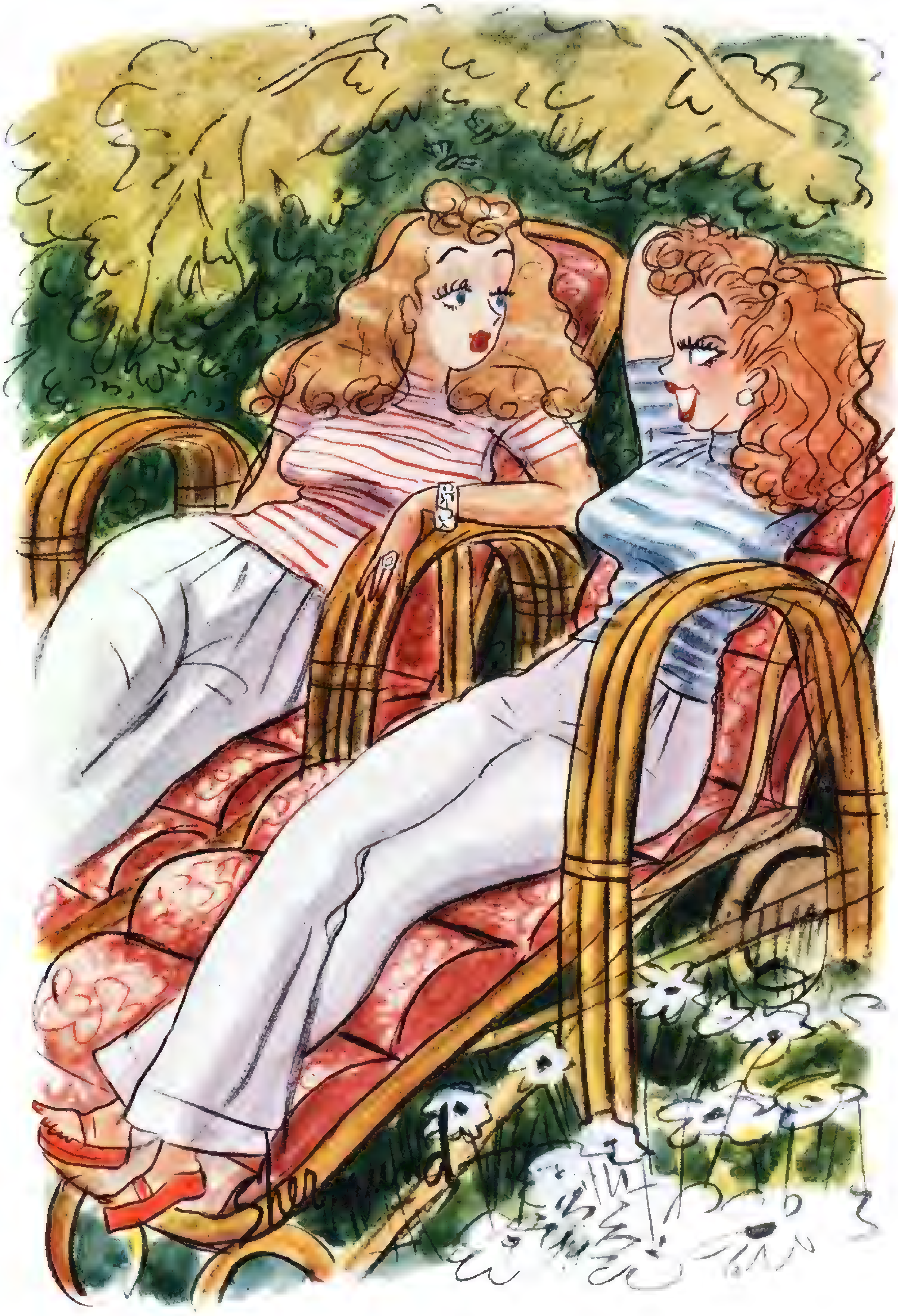
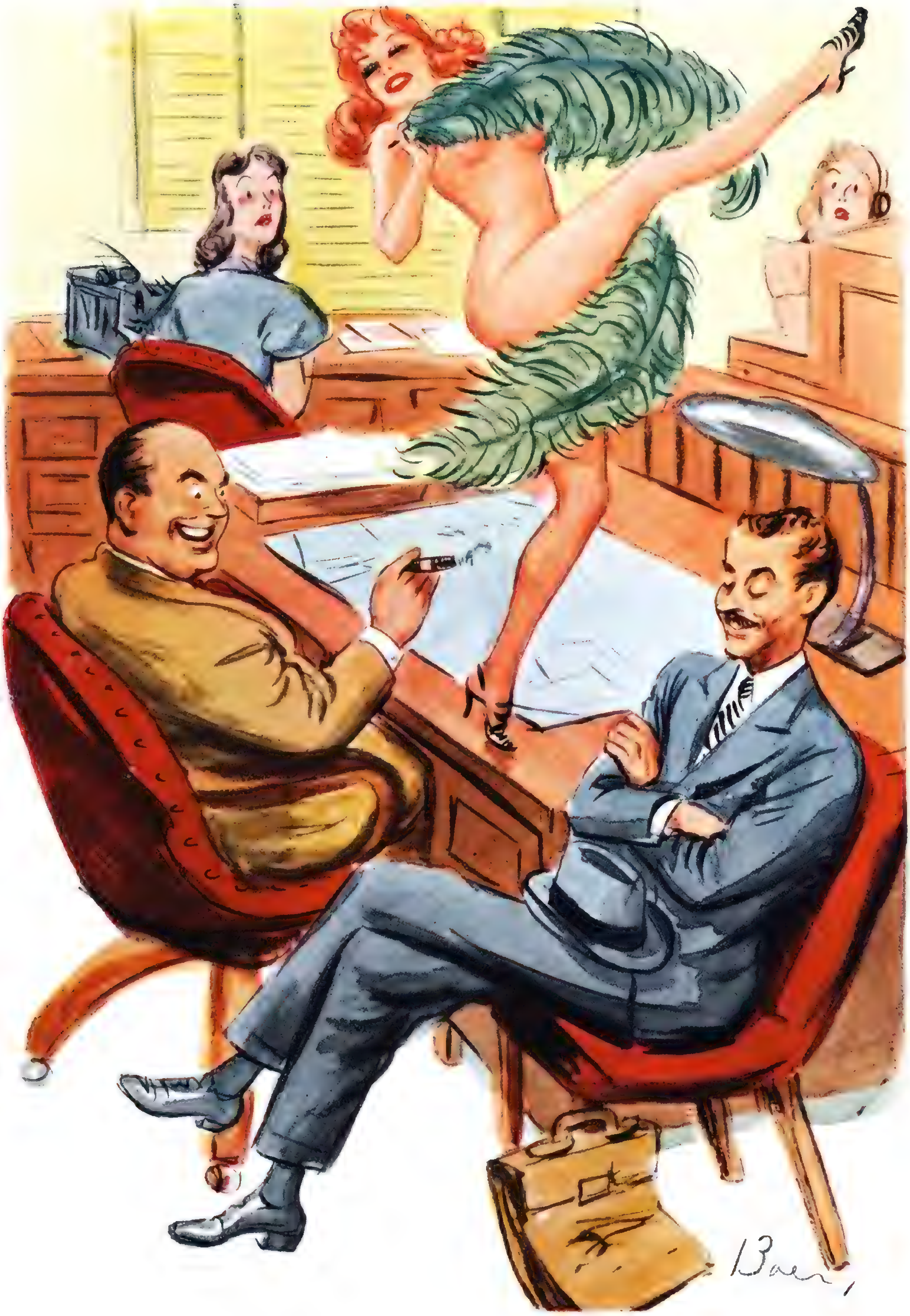
"Darling, I think I'm going to have some caviar!"



"His wife wanted to know what I had that she didn't have so he took me over and showed her"



"You fellows sure know how to get a potential customer's good will"

Radio Boy Makes Good

Concluding the unity of Welles's *Citizen Kane* increases the film's effectiveness ten thousand times

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I do not call Orson Welles a radio boy to remind people either of his early terrorism or his later development as a first class producer of radio drama. On two successive days I listened to and looked at the works by which he is today being judged: his production of *Native Son* and his creation of *Citizen Kane;* and all through both, which were miles above anything in the theatre or the movies of the year, I was aware of a skillful radio man, a man trained to know the value of sound, and even of the despised "sound effects." I do not mean that the overwhelming effectiveness of Welles's methods derive entirely from his experiences in radio; they are a factor, and the circumstance that he has used his radio experience for stage and screen work proves him far more intelligent than most people in any of the three mediums.

My thank-god-not-too-often-too-amiable colleague Mr. Nathan has certainly conveyed to you some sense of the atmosphere in which *Native Son* plays; as I haven't even yet read the book, which the play is said to follow closely, I shan't go over the story again. Actually the production of the play reminded me a little of the American expressionists; they, too, were liberal in outlook, experimental in method; and some of the same characters occur: the rich girl, half tart, half earnest radical; the noble savage, in this case a simple, not intellectual Negro, with a vile temper and a tendency toward crime; the aggressive young man radical; and so on. Occasionally scenes were telescoped, condensed out of all nature, and these "imagist" scenes came between straight realistic passages; which was confusing. But Welles had brought several new technical tricks, and a new kind of suspense to the theatre. In fact, he used both the old and the new, and the combination makes the suspense of even a Hitchcock picture feel like nothing more than a slightly stretched rubber band.

He has used his own suspense in *Citizen Kane*, also, so it is worth examining a little. In *Native Son* you simply wait for something to happen; you wait for the central action to start. You begin with a group of poor Negroes in a one-room tenement, four of them sleeping, getting up, snarling at one another, the big boy furious at his mother's piety, angry at the welfare worker who offers a job. From that time on you wait for an event; and that is Welles's suspense, because you don't know what the event will be. You only feel that it will be violent, maybe tragic. And the dramatization of the story helps, because you are running into a holdup, but you detour, and you get the boy set in a job, still a bit surly, but on the right road; then you see the event beginning to take shape: the employer's idle daughter, the idle white half-patronizing, half-envying the Negro, egging him on to social revolt and sexual conquest. That leads to murder—not a crime of passion, merely the boy's attempt to prevent the girl from betraying his presence to her blind mother; merely that, at first, anyhow.

That scene is not suspense, but grim horror; in the pursuit, suspense begins again: the good Hitchcock suspense which depends on the accidental coming together of certain circumstances; the good suspense of the criminal cornered and shot at from all sides; there is even an expressionistic trial at the end, so you have the suspense of not knowing the answer till the end.

You can't do that in the theatre; experts say you can't. You can't keep people waiting half the night before your main action is even hinted. Well, you can. You can if you can create characters and circumstances which will keep people interested; that's all. I've forgotten Welles's degree of familiarity with the daytime serial of radio; but he has heard of it; he knows that the moment people are concerned with a character they are content to wait; just as they are content to wait for the people they know to do or say something interesting. It is only when characters are not absorbing that we demand action at once.

Welles has connected the scenes of *Native Son* with musical bridges; he has invented reasons for bringing on music; you have heard the sounds of the city, full of outcries and motors, or dying down; the locomotives shunting in the railyards, in balance with the searchlights hunting for the hidden criminal. Sound has always been there, creating atmosphere.

One other man seems to know about the use of sound to create pictures. It is Robert Edmond Jones, who, in one way or another, gets to know everything about the theatre, and most of it exactly right. Jones has written a book on The Dramatic Imagination; he speaks of radio's way of inducing the sense of place by means of "spoken descriptions and so-called 'sound effects.' These devices have caught the imagination of radio audiences . . . It is odd that our playwrights and stage designers have not yet sensed the limitless potentialities of this new enhancement of the spoken word. A magical new medium of scenic evocation is waiting to be pressed into service."

Mr. Welles has made a start.

In *Citizen Kane* he has gone further. He has created specific psychological effects by use of filters and other devices of the sound engineers. He has given you the effect of space—and of the feeling characters have for one another—by the artificial timbre he has given their voices. He has played the tinkle of a glass, the climax of an orchestra, and the blacking out of a light in a window,

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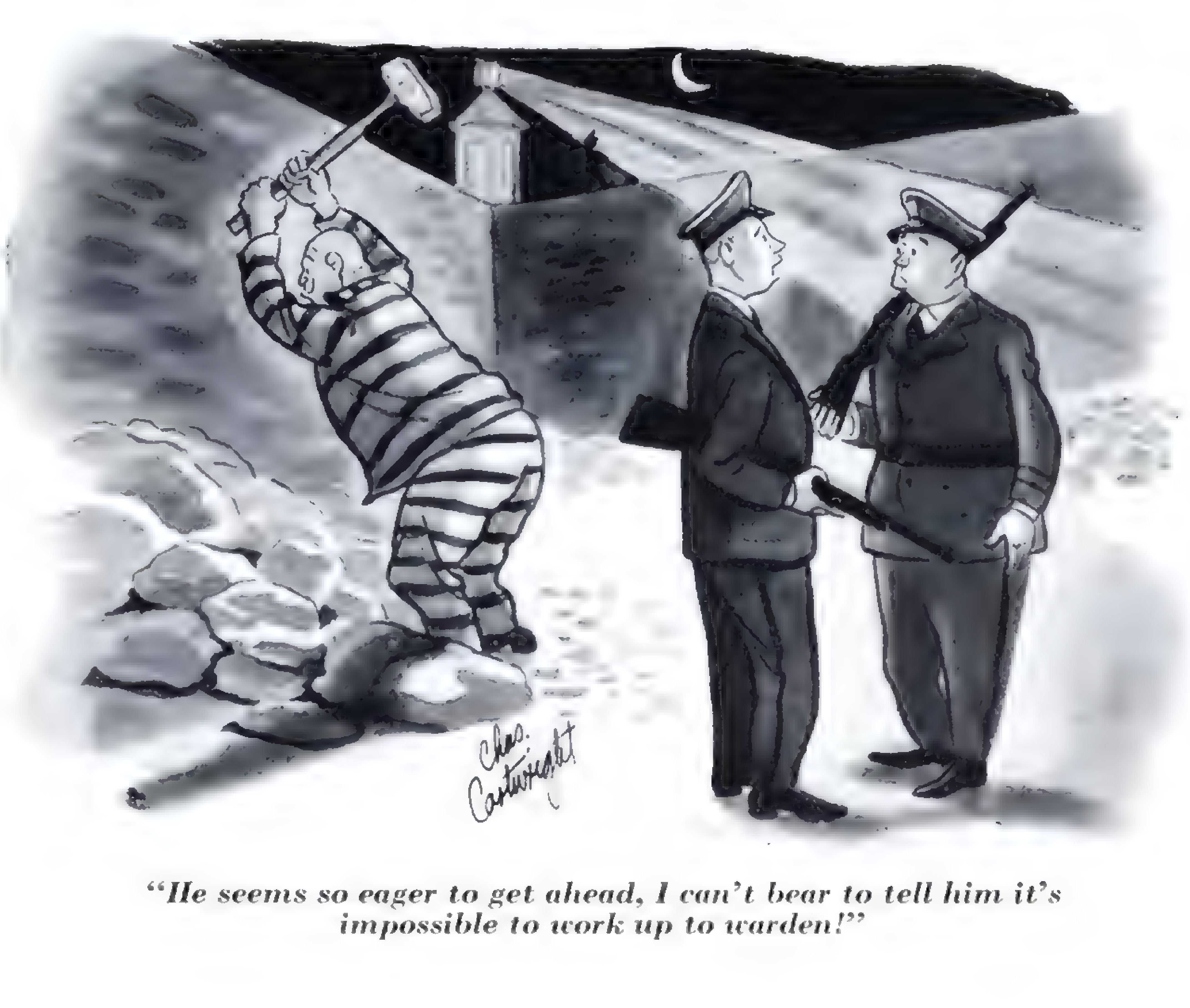
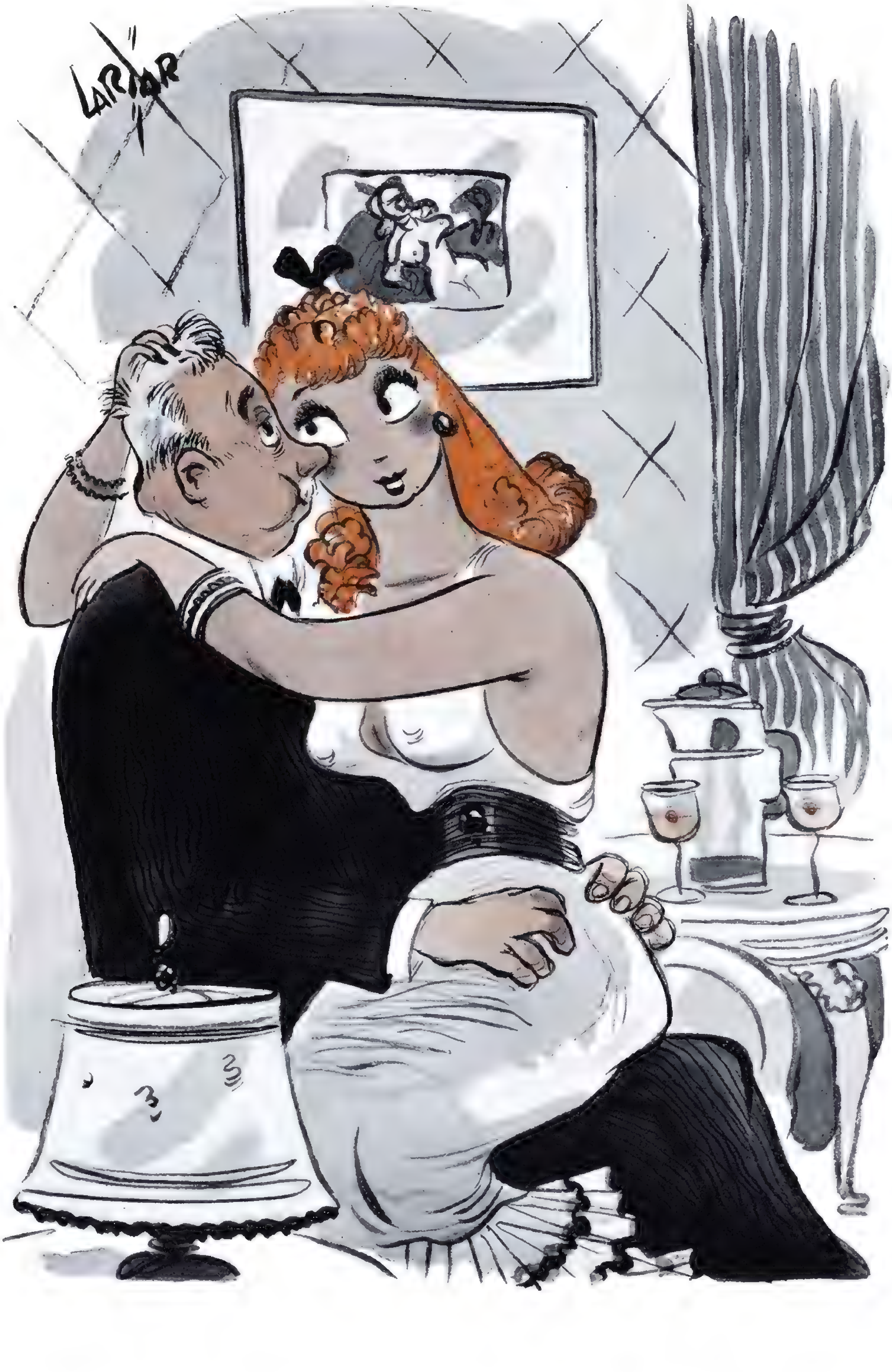


"He seems so eager to get ahead, I can't bear to tell him it's impossible to work up to warden!"



"After we're married it'll be our home, our car and our bank account —won't it H-e-n-r-y?"

Story of a Ship's Writer

A destroyer goes into action: blowers shriek, the water races past and the men stand by, eager for their commands

by WESTON HILL

• FICTION •

"SEE that?" said Bill, coming up out of his trunk with a dog-eared fragment of soiled paper. "That's history."

I took the piece of paper and glanced at it. "What is it," I said, "a telegram? It doesn't say 'love' at the end."

"It's not a telegram," said Bill, "it's the Navy's quaint way of logging something that happened in World War I."

"Meaning what?"

"It's a copy of the rough log of the destroyer *Nicholson* for December 17, 1917."

"Who wrote it?"

Bill went over and poured himself another drink. "I did," he said.

I hadn't known Bill very long. He was a quiet cuss, with a slow grin and smoldering brown eyes. He never said much, but he could write like a fool. Inside him somewhere was a sort of hardness that you didn't get at first; as a matter of fact, you probably never got it unless you tried monkey business with him, in which case you got it rather quickly. He was a good drinking companion—a little too good for me. Our deciding to room together in New York was more because we both wrote copy for the same advertising agency, than because of any great Damon-and-Pythias affinity between us. However, we got along. I liked him, and I guess he liked me.

I glanced again at the piece of paper. "What's the story?" I said. "Or isn't there any?"

"There's a story, all right," said Bill, "and I'm almost tight enough to tell it the way it ought to be told. Give your shorthand a workout, and take it down as I dictate it. It's never been told before—not by an eye-witness."

I reached for a spare notebook. "Have a drink," I said.

Bill had one, let himself down on the floor, and commenced to dictate, the way he would dictate a piece of copy.

* * *

The dull, leaden Irish sky deepened into mid-afternoon (dictated Bill, staring up at the ceiling). Six United States destroyers shortened their mooring chains, cast off from their buoys in the channel, and slipped silently out of Queenstown Harbor to the transports and merchantmen awaiting them beyond the mine fields that guarded the approach from the open sea.

The *U.S.S. Nicholson*, flagship of the escorting destroyers, took her place at the head of the column with signal bunting whipping from her yardarm and the S.O.P.'s flag at her masthead; and we of her crew took up our stations to commence the exhausting vigil of war-time "watch-and-watch."

It was one of our bridge lookouts, with eyes for everything like the good lookout he was, who glanced casually at a companion destroyer, and sang out to the officer of the deck: "Sir, the *Fanning* is manning her fo'c'sle gun!"

The officer of the deck clapped his binoculars to his eyes. "Very well," he said, "man ours." And there was a rush of feet on the windswept forecastle as the gun's crew on watch stood by.

. . . "Sir, the *Fanning's* going to general quarters!"

"Very well—sound general quarters."

And one of the War's most dramatic incidents was under way.

* * *

Bill stopped and lighted a cigarette. He took a pull at his glass, and stared at the ceiling again.

"All right so far," I said. "Now go on with the story."

"I am," he said.

* * *

There had been many disappointments (Bill continued) in our six months of anti-submarine warfare. Anything suspicious, on the surface or under it—a bobbing spar or a bit of wreckage, a lifeboat bottom-up, a practical-joking porpoise streaking toward us out of the night for all the world like a torpedo—invariably produced a wholesale precipitation of depth charges, full-speed-ahead, general quarters and four-inch gunfire, and almost as invariably resulted in a hollow victory over something no more suspicious than floating debris. Time and again, swinging along at a comfortable fifteen knots with a zig-zagging convoy of merchantmen or troopships under our wing, we of the *Nicholson's* crew had eagerly responded to the sudden crescendo of the fireroom blowers and the clang of the general alarm bell in the blazing hope that now, at last, we were going to get a crack at Fritz. Time and again I had shaken myself out of a sound sleep, or left whatever else I was doing, to slip and slide along the careening deck to my battle station as sight-setter of Number Two Gun, only to spend the next half-hour on my little iron platform gazing out upon the inscrutable countenance of the Atlantic, while its salt spray soaked me to the skin and the leaping seas threatened to snatch me from my perch and claim me for their own.

Of course, we'd had our moments. There had been two pretty good gun fights with U-boats whose guns outranged ours, and it had felt almost refreshing to be under fire. But we had been lucky. For most of the flotilla, it had been the same old thing. Many a destroyer, in those days, knew what it was to pick up thirty knots' speed like a fast car in traffic, dash away from her convoy of cheering troopships, and do valiant battle with a grating or a spar, shortly to regain her position in the column with the hangdog

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Horseflesh for the U. S. Army

Cavalry always outmaneuvers tanks and motorized divisions in mountainous or swampy, forested or streamy terrain

by JOHN EDWIN HOGG

• ARTICLE •

℞

"THE *Man on Horseback!*" That figure of speech may be older than legs on chairs. It is certainly older than the English language and we all know what it means. Its origin goes back to some remote day unrecorded by history—when some courageous soul tied up the first wild horse, broke the "critter" to the saddle—and gave mankind a superior method of transportation. After that men soon learned that the man on horseback gains numerous advantages. His prestige rises, his power of impact becomes ten or more times his own weight; his speed of locomotion is, perhaps, quadrupled and he ceases to be the slave of distance. In short, from his point of vantage astride a horse even a puny man becomes a "Lord of Creation," a powerful giant looming above the heads of his fellow beings or even considerable numbers of them.

Because *The Man on Horseback* has long symbolized power and prestige, the military strength of nations has, for many centuries, been reckoned largely in terms of cavalry. A thousand battles have proved that one soldier on a horse is often worth more than a score of infantrymen on foot.

In police work, too—work that is often of a military nature—no man-made device has yet been developed to take the place of the horse. The perfect illustration of this occurred in the province of Alberta several years ago when Canada was afflicted with rioting Dukhabours. The Dukhabours are a strange religious sect, a nuisance-importation from Russia, whose particular form of civil disobedience in protest against any act of government they disapprove, usually takes the form of howling mobs of men and women parading in the nude. Law-abiding Canadians can't stomach that. So when 2,500 "Dukhies" ganged-up without so much as a maple leaf for clothing—somebody called the "Mounties." Twenty-five mounted policemen responded. Outnumbered by a ratio of one hundred to one, the Mounties charged with bull-whips, lashing bare buttocks until they herded the mob into an apple orchard. Horticultural, plant pest sprayers were then used to squirt the mobsters with itch-juice—a diabolical concoction made up from crude petroleum, cowage ("cow-itch") and chopped-up horsehair. While the Dukhabours were too busy scratching to resist, twenty-five Mounties tied-up the whole 2,500 of them—and carted them off to the "clink."

With the striking power of horse-mounted cavalry so firmly established by centuries of human experience, it is not at all surprising that today, when most of the world is thinking in terms of parachute troops, hundred-ton tanks and flying battleships; we find that the United States Army has never for a single moment abandoned its abiding faith in the military value of horses. So as these lines are written, as part of our now $10,529,000,000 rearmament program, Uncle Sam is looking into tens of thousands of horses' mouths and buying every able-bodied specimen of horseflesh he can lay hands upon. Seven purchasing boards composed of horse-minded army officers are combing the nation seeking to contact farmers, bridle clubs or anyone else who may have horses to sell. And because all horses must measure up to army specifications to be acceptable for cavalry purposes, the government has authorized its horse buyers to pay good prices—cash on the barrel head! Moreover, due to the fact that tens of millions of Americans apparently convinced themselves long ago that horses have no place in modern warfare, the army feels it will be fortunate indeed if it can find, buy and train the 26,000 animals it hopes to have in active service within the next several months.

The first intimation that the army has no thought of abandoning cavalry and horse-drawn services of transport and supply, came awhile ago from the War Department Remount Headquarters at San Mateo, California. An "S.O.S." went out that 1,700 horses are wanted *now*. This message was broadcast by radio. It was published in the newspapers of all the western states; it was announced by posters that suddenly appeared on billboards and in the display windows of patriotic shopkeepers.

Simultaneously, Lieutenant Colonel F. W. Koester, lifelong army horse specialist, announced creation of the seven purchasing boards that would personally tour the country, inspecting animals offered for sale and paying cash for all found to be acceptable. Planing into Los Angeles, the Colonel and members of his staff spent several days inspecting numerous animals and succeeded in buying several hundred of Los Angeles County's best saddle steeds. Many of these horses were properties of the motion picture industry. They were shipped to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, where they are to receive preliminary training. Colonel Koester has since toured the three Pacific Coast states, California, Oregon and Washington. He is now in the Rocky Mountain states and thus far his quest for army horseflesh has produced several thousand animals.

According to Colonel Koester, the U. S. Army is not particularly concerned with the prevailing delusion entertained by, perhaps, the rank and file of our civilian population that horses are obsolete and useless in modern warfare. "From the military viewpoint" he says, "the army could make no greater mistake. There's nothing extraordinary about the army's sudden revival of horse-interest. It is merely a part of the rearmament plan that was started two decades ago. The production of horses cannot be speeded up in time of need like the building of airplanes, tanks and other manufactured military equipment; it is governed by Nature—and it takes at least five years to produce a cavalry horse. But army officers foresaw all this in 1920 and made provisions then to assure the now needed supply. Recent events have proved the soundness of the War Department policy adopted in early, post-World War days.

"If anyone thinks this country would be safe without an adequate cavalry and without a thoroughly-organized, horse-drawn service of transport and supply—they must have overlooked certain recent happenings in Europe! Hitler now has nearly a million horses in active military service. He used more than 200,000 of them in the blitzkrieg against Poland. The German use of horses was also a major factor of their military successes in Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. There were no breakdowns in the Nazi cavalry nor in the horse-drawn service of transport and supply in any of the conquered European countries. The Nazis also demonstrated what a well-organized cavalry is still capable of doing when it is used to follow up successes gained by aircraft and motorized divisions. No, modern warfare has in no way decreased the military value of the horse; such changes as it has made are purely tactical."

By way of verifying various statements made in his conversations with the writer, Colonel Koester produced a sheaf of clippings from several Nazi newspapers. I quote one, a translation from the editorial page of Adolf Hitler's *Berliner Volkischer Böbachter:* "All lovers of horses will be delighted with the part played by our cavalry in the Polish campaign. It is no exaggeration to say that—without horses the rapid advance of our armies would have been impossible. For eighteen days the advance and the fighting were so furious that no horse was ever unsaddled or unharnessed. Yet no horse ever faltered."

A dozen other clippings from the German press displayed by Colonel Koester, cited Nazi warhorse performances in Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Every one of them verify his contentions that wars are not always fought over highly-developed agricultural country—and the battlefields are not always provided with a network of improved roads.

"We must remember," commented the Colonel, "that tanks and motorized divisions can't climb mountains. They can't ford streams and they bog down in swamps or heavy mud. A forest is just as much of a tank trap as the English Channel. We can't be sure that our wars are going to be fought in open fields and along paved highways. If war comes to us we'll have to take it where we find it—and God only knows where that may be. It may be in the swamps of Labrador, among the snow-capped mountains of Alaska, on the ice-cap of Greenland, on Mexican deserts or in tropical jungles. The army we are now building must be prepared to fight anywhere in the Western Hemisphere; that takes in about every kind of climate and geography known to mankind.

"Remember, too, that when a machine runs out of fuel it dies in its tracks! How about horses? Well, I've seen them go on and on for days with little food and very little rest. No, I don't think you, or I, or possibly, our grandchildren will ever live to see the day when the United States Army will have no need for horses. We could dispense with them now only at the risk of national disaster!"

The War Department recently established a 1,000-horse cavalry unit near El Centro in California's Imperial Valley, Simultaneously the department announced that this is only the first of a line of cavalry patrol posts now being created to span this rugged desert country from California to the Gulf of Mexico. The army now has a cavalry of 22,000 horses and practically all of it is distributed along the Mexican border. Colonel Koester cites this as further proof of the fact that machines other than aircraft simply cannot operate in any such area of jumbled topography.

Tony Palazzo

With nearly a million young men now being conscripted into the army, quite a number of them, perhaps, are due for a big surprise when they are called for duty. No doubt the vast majority of them have visualized themselves in training as tank drivers, parachute troopers, airplane pilots, mechanics, etc. But no fewer than 26,000 of them are going to be "stable pilots," chambermaids to horses, who will receive their military training *not* as the technicians of modern mechanical warfare, but with live horseflesh galloping hell-bent under their buttocks! And if we may accept Colonel Koester's word for it, there's nothing funny about horseback bruise and blisters, most unwelcome at mealtime; it's going to be tough-going for the cocktail parlor cowboys!

Horses being inducted into the U. S. army today are very different from the specimens of horseflesh we rounded up and shipped to France in 1917-18. The American horse of 1941 is a better-bred, better-broken, gentler and all-around healthier animal than the gelding of 1917. Here we have evidence of the wisdom and farsightedness of the army's domestic horse policy established in 1920.

Cognizant of the tremendous draining-away of American horseflesh that occurred between 1914 and 1919, the War Department established what is known as the Government Remount Service in 1920. The idea back of it, of course, was to rebuild the nation's depleted horse population with animals of desirable quality. This plan has now been functioning for two decades. Today it is bearing fruit by providing the army with better cavalry horses than have ever before been available to any rearming nation. Instead of getting a lot of scrubs, locoed nags and unpredictable range mustangs, the army is now buying real horses, gentle horses, animals that any horse-lover would be proud to own. While the average city man may refuse to believe it, there are approximately ten million adult horses in the United States today from which the army is now making

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The 1941 Lightplane Roundup

On the fun of flying, practical improvement in small ships and a hint to Chambers of Commerce

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪MOTORS▪

Not enough has been written, and too much can never be written about the cerulean charms of the upper air. Antoine de Saint-Exupery, of *Wind, Sand, and Stars* fame, has done stirring passages of purple on the poetic mysteries of flight; and Wolfgang Langeweische, in his excellent book, *I'll Take the High Road*, has given about as profound and delightful a study of the hypnotic hold of flying, as you can find anywhere. But the aesthetics of the field is limitless. For flying is a very special type of living. It creates a world apart, replete with its own beauties, charms, excitements, and catharsis.

The strange spell of flying is very much like that of the *sheng*, an ancient Chinese mouth organ mentioned in the Confucian *Shih Ching*. The music of the *sheng*, it was said, was of such enchanting sweetness that the player could never bring himself to put the instrument down. And since the *sheng* was played by inhalation, it was only a matter of time until the narcissistic shengist sucked himself into the great Western Paradise. That is why "players" on the *sheng*, today, go through all the elaborate motions of a virtuoso musician—but are careful never to sound a single note.

However, be this deviation what it may, it is a fact beyond question that flying is the most fascinating, intoxicating, satisfying occupation to be found anywhere out of doors. Flying will give you a sense of freedom, a sense of power, and a sense of Olympian detachment that can be found in no other medium outside of opium. De Quincey, it is true, describes corresponding things in his drugged dreams; although his habits had the unfortunate tendency to make his daughter scream out, on so many occasions, "Papa, your hair is on fire."

"Why did I use opium?" De Quincey asks, rhetorically. "For one reason alone—to escape from boredom, *tedium vitae!*"

Well, flying might well be presented on this one basis alone. It is a certain balm for *tedium vitae:* it is a perpetual parade of fine moments, an endless pageant in the realm of essence. You bathe your eyes in cumulus clouds which serrate into the distance like Himalayan peaks; you look down, like Jove, on the lakes, and rivers, and wood-clumps below. Even the outskirts of cities, so prosaic from behind the junk yards, take on an Alice-in-Wonderland effect in the strange magics of altitude.

And through all this you soar and glide and skim and swoop, like Mr. Shelley's skylark; "and silently you laugh at your own cenotaph."

* * *

The day of air commuting is, of course, here. A plane will get you anywhere you want to go, much before you want to get there. And it will get you there with all the comfort, all the convenience, all the safety, and at less expense than the average car. But for the moment, this point is an aside. Flying brings finely-drawn quality to your moments, if only for those moments' sake—and for this reason alone, deserves to be classified with the fine arts. It justifies itself, if you do nothing more than climb up to five thousand feet; and then slide down again.

For all practical purposes, private flying, today, is "lightplane" flying: *i.e.* in planes powered by 40 to 80 h.p. engines, cruising 80 to 130 m.p.h., and in the price range of automobiles.

Much air has gone through the slip-stream since the last roundup in this column, some twelve months ago; and many innovations have crept in. The light planes have gained in horse power, they have gained in speed, range, and creature comforts. Planes of new design have appeared on the scene, offering some distinctive features, some of which are chronicled and catalogued below.

* * *

The most startling of the new planes is the almost-all-metal Ercoupe, which makes spins as obsolete as the Lindy Hop, handles like a car, and stops—if not on a dime, at least on a half-dollar.

Designed by the ingenious Fred Weick, who built his first model out of odds and ends, with after-work kid labor, this shining aluminoid job is the closest thing to the first air flivver that yet has been devised.

Costing around $2,600, it cruises at 105 m.p.h., with a 65 h.p. engine, and is so simplified in control that a novice can learn to handle it in the fraction of the time normally required for flight training. This fact has been officially recognized by the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and special solo and private pilots' licenses have been earmarked for the Ercoupe.

Certified "spin-proof" under all conditions, the Ercoupe has eliminated separate rudder and aileron controls; one wheel combines the two, and is connected so that precisely the right amount of bank is supplied for each degree of turn. Although old-timers, coming up the "hard" way, have a tendency to sneer at this simplification, anyone who has spent hours in the air, painfully attempting to acquire the "feel" of a turn in the "seat of his trousers," and who, time after time, has been bawled out by the instructor for too much rudder and not enough aileron (resulting in a skid), or too much aileron and not enough rudder (resulting in a sideslip, with loss of altitude), can lean sympathetically toward this improvement.

But the most noteworthy and practical improvement offered by the Ercoupe, is a tricycle landing gear—similar in form to the landing gear to be found on the fast Aircobra,

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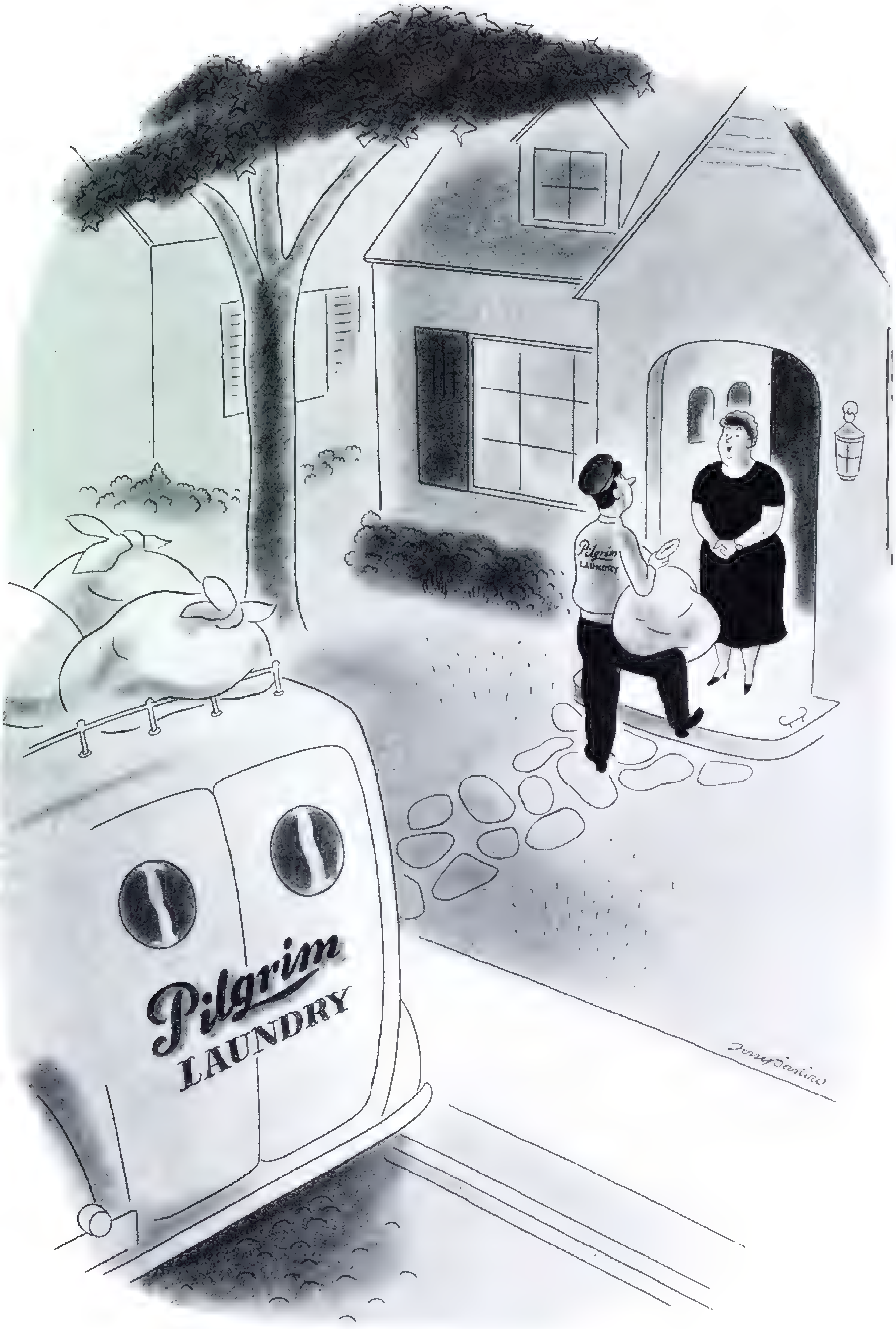
"Well, that accounts for the rat-tat-tat I kept hearing"


Pilgrim
LAUNDRY
Pilgrim
LAUNDRY

"We ought to get along fine—my ancestors came over on the Mayflower!"

The Man Who Made Peace

Most of the men gathered on the courthouse lawn laughed at the little preacher, but not T-Bone

by HAMILTON BASSO

▪ FICTION ▪

T-BONE DIX walked down Main Street toward the courthouse feeling the metal sag of the .44 in his coat pocket hit his chest like a little hammer every time he took a step in his dead brother's shoes. There were some in the mountains who said it was bad luck to walk in a dead man's shoes, unfittin' and unholy, but T-Bone put no store in such talk as that. There were no such things as ghosts and hants and Jim was buried these two months gone. He couldn't harm a body even if he wanted to, and he wouldn't want to be harming his own blood brother. He would have been the first to say it was an accident, Jim would have, and it was a pitiful shame he couldn't tell them how he slipped on a mossy rock in the stream and got carried over the falls and broke his neck. That's the way it happened, even the coroner and sheriff said that was the way it happened, and if there were those who thought different and let their thinking get to their tongues—well, Jim's good old .44 would soon take care of that.

T-Bone passed Mr. Paxton's feed store and looked through the plate glass window to see who was inside. This was the first time he had come to town since Jim was buried in the cemetery and he had walked in from Jim's acres—his acres now—just to face down those who might be saying Jim Dix was not killed the way the coroner and the sheriff said.

The plate glass window that fronted the store gave back his reflection. Beneath the torn brim of his hat the smooth polish of Saturday's razor still shone on his cheeks and under his sloping chin a fold of loose skin hung like a leathery wattle above the knot of his Adam's apple that spasmodically twitched with some interior life of its own. Inside the store old Mr. Paxton was counting the eggs a woman had brought in to trade for sugar and flour. He saw T-Bone standing on the sidewalk and T-Bone nodded to him and the old man slightly inclined his head. T-Bone accepted the gesture as evidence that old Mr. Paxton was not one of his enemies and continued down the street—past the undertakers with the bowl of artificial flowers in the window, past the hardware store, past the E A T place whose open doors exuded a smell of frying onions and burning grease.

The .44 tapped gently as he walked, a rhythmic hammer beating above his ribs, and as he strode across the street toward the courthouse he kept his eyes fixed briefly upon the faces that passed, seeking out the unknown, searching for those who might be saying things against him.

The town was filled with the noise and bustle of Saturday afternoon. Jazz blared from the mouth of a loudspeaker above the door of the radio shop, the grind and clatter of old cars churned beneath the solitary traffic signal, an itinerant preacher stood speaking on the courthouse lawn. A small knot of overalled and blue-shirted men listened to him, while others, similarly clad and all bearing a faint facial resemblance as if they had been cast from the same identical but imperfect mold, sat conversing on the lawn's retaining curb. T-Bone ran his eyes along the line until—and now his Adam's apple began to twitch—he saw Oat Greer whittling near the curb's far end, the absorbed strokes of his knife dropping springy wooden curls upon the thin mat of shavings at his feet.

Greer and Jim had been lifelong friends. That meant, so T-Bone concluded, that Oat was sure to be against him. Why, he could not say. Swallowing, the sag of the .44 tapping on his ribs, he walked down the line of men until he came to Greer. Oat looked up and jerked his head.

"'Lo," he said affably, guiding the course of the knife with the edge of his thumb. "How you makin' it?"

"Cain't complain," T-Bone answered, seeking some concealed meaning in Greer's tones but finding none. "What's the news with you?"

Oat folded his knife against his thigh and put it in his pocket. "Don't know any," he said. "When's hit goin' to rain?"

"Cain't say." T-Bone was considerably mollified by the obvious friendliness in Greer's voice. "Moon'll be changin' soon. Hit might to set into rainin' then."

"Hope so. We need rain bad. That creek back of my place is dryin' up. Ain't nuf water in that creek to wet a shoat."

He dug the toe of his heavy shoe into the shavings and drew a half-circle on the sidewalk. Behind him, on the courthouse lawn, the preacher kept on preaching. He preached in such a soft voice that T-Bone hardly heard what he said. He was telling how he got the call to God.

"Caught me a bass in the river yistiddy," Oat went on. "Purtiest bass you ever did see. He weighed a pound effen he weighed an ounce. Minded me of a time I was fishin' with old Jim—"

He paused and drew another half-circle in the shavings. At the mention of Jim's name T-Bone's eyes narrowed, suspicion burning in their sockets, his Adam's apple twitching beneath the leathery wattle of loose skin. On the courthouse lawn the preacher kept on preaching. He said he had come to do the thing the Lord told him to do.

"Once me'n Jim was trout-fishin'," Oat went on. "We was in Pike Forest on top of Big Falls. Well, sir, old Jim hooked him a whopper. Biggest danged trout I ever did see. Under the water he looked most as big as a jack. Well, sir, old Jim was jist about to land

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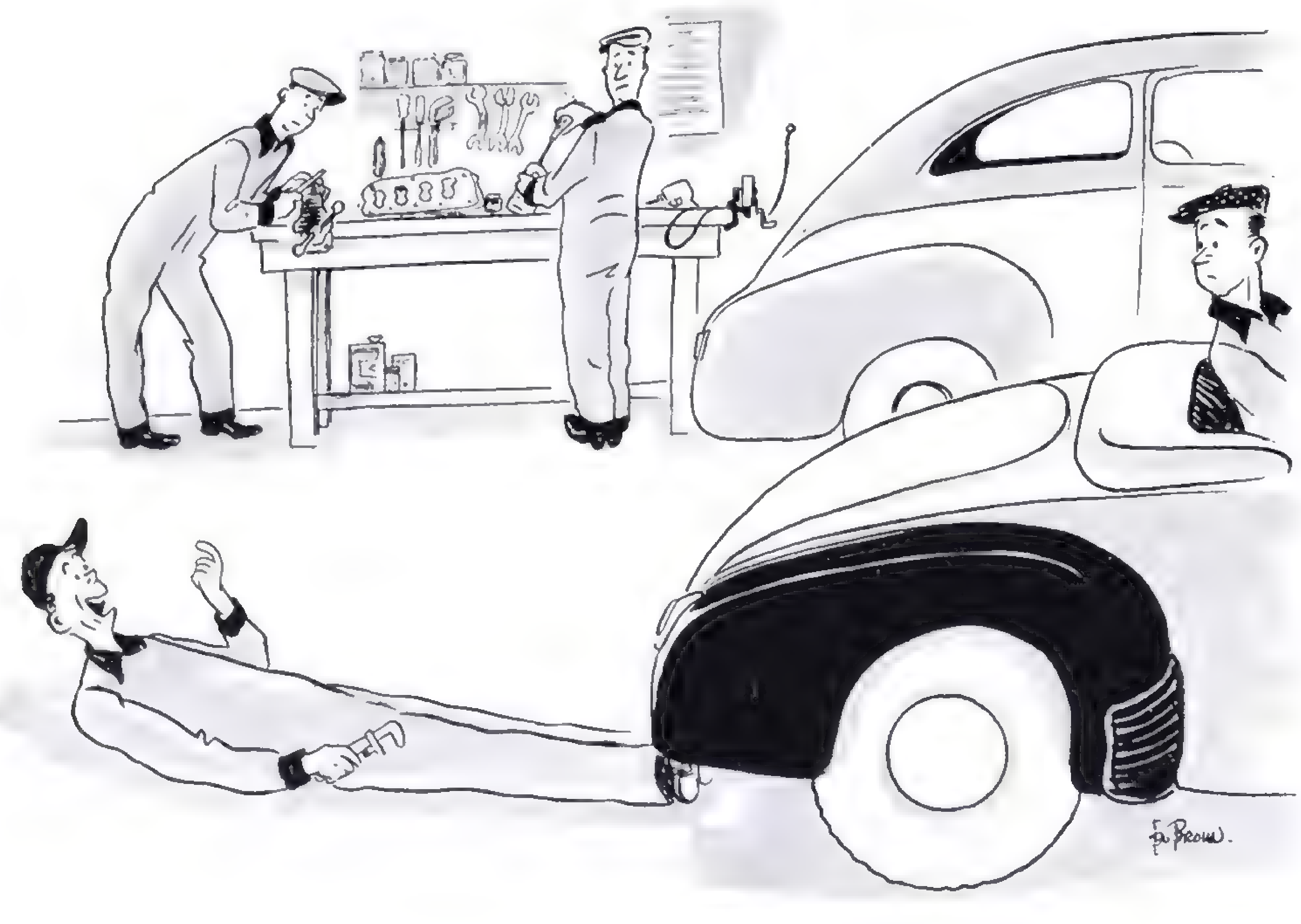
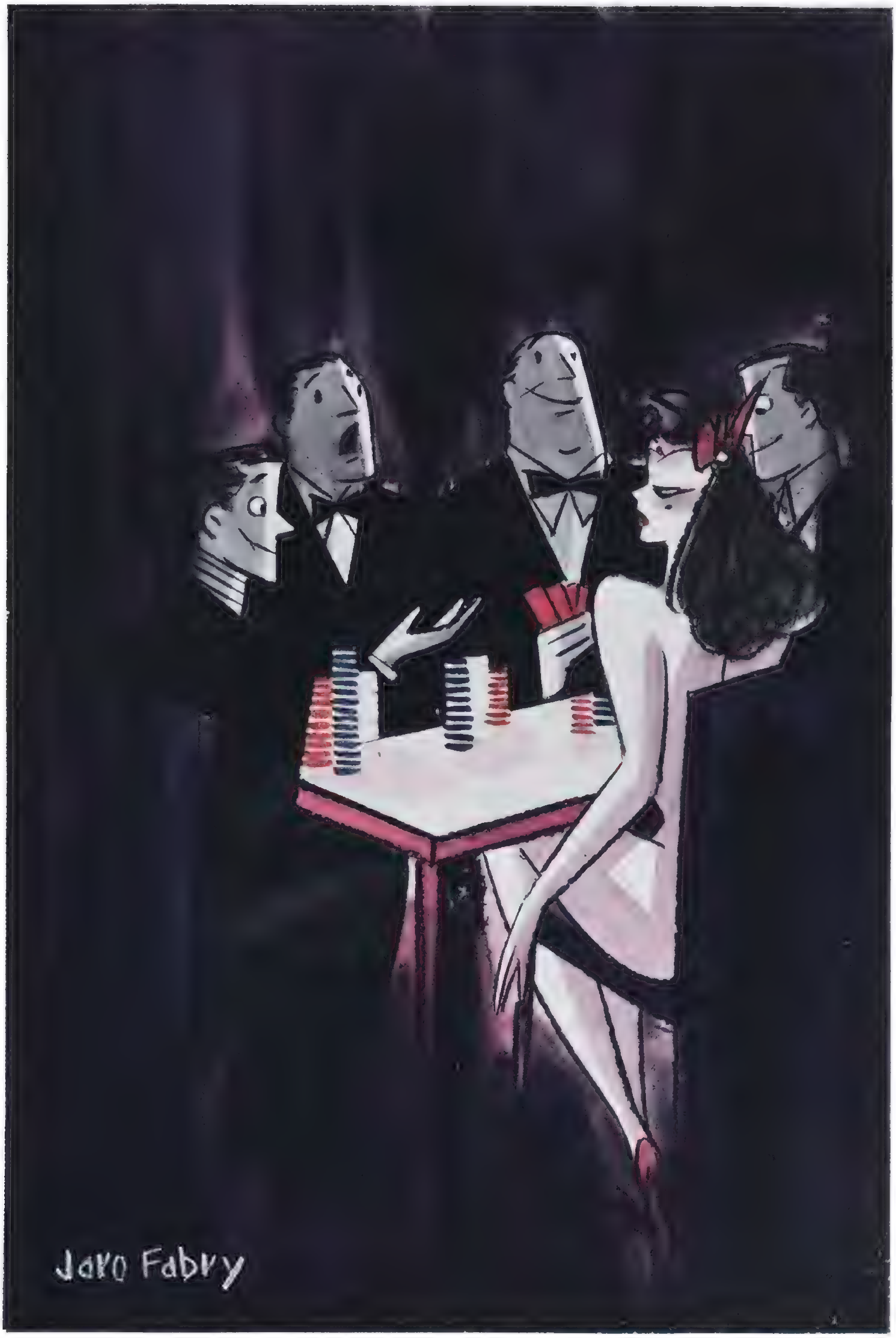
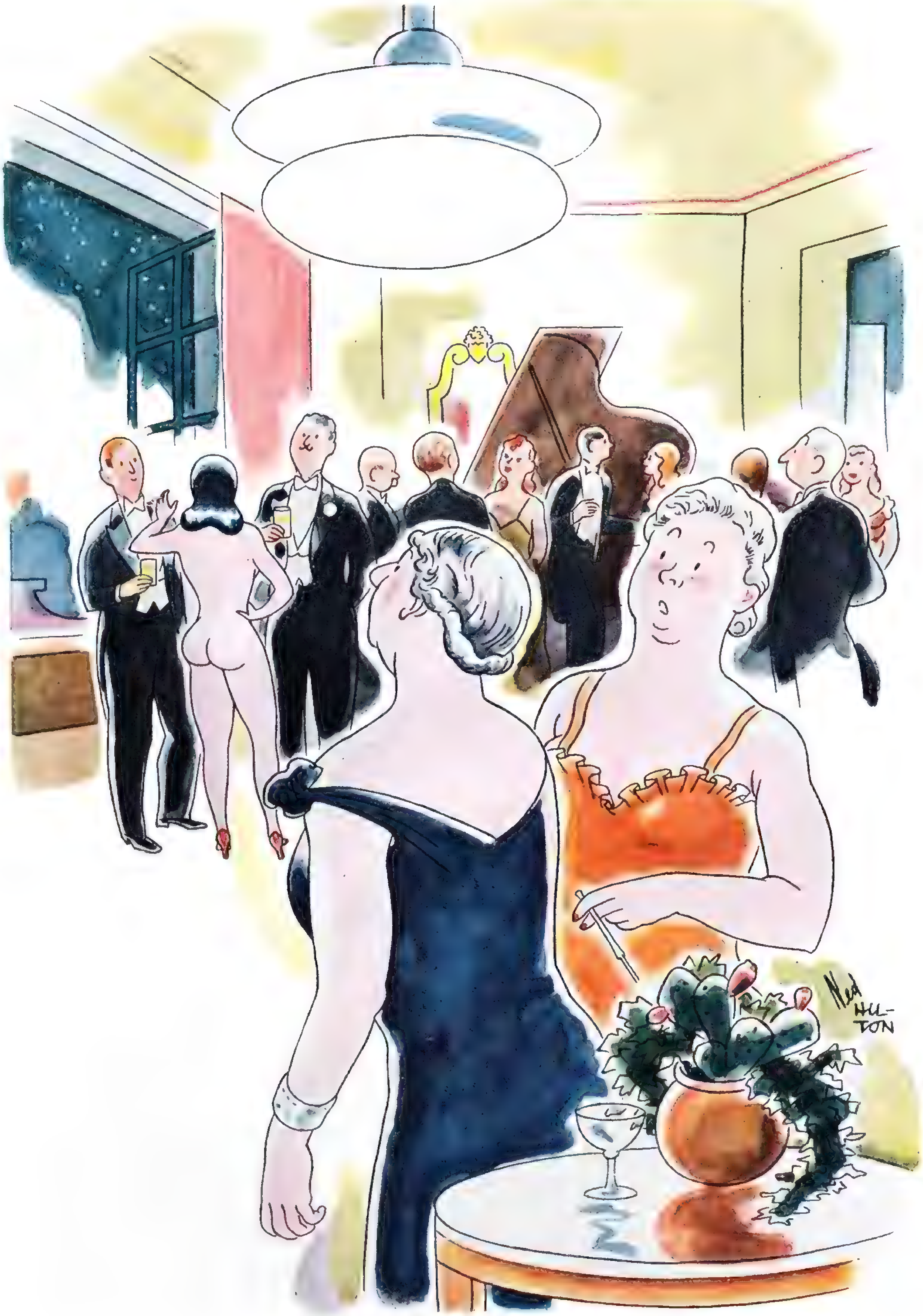


"Okay, George, back it over me!"



"You might at least let us give you carfare home"



"I don't think it's that warm—do you?"

Week-End Revivalism

After a hard day on the veranda there's nothing like a Gin Fizz or China Clipper to pick you up

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

There comes a time, somewhere in the P. M. of each Friday, when the piled-up sultrihood of the city just has to be shed. Desk slaves revolt and hurdle right over their porphyry fountain pen sets in a mad rush for seaside sands, cool mountains, mirror lakes, and the tall timbers where tall tumblers await. Ah, the freshness of the dew on those silver-beakered mint juleps! And listen to the gurgle of that brook!—which has nothing on us.

It isn't that we have undergone five days of total aridity. It's just that we have been distraught with the minutiae of urban existence which have prevented the true relaxation without which any appraisal of flavor and subtlety is limited to mere *en passant* impressions—vague notions of what romped down the hatch. Amid Nature, sweet Nature, it's connoisseurship ahoy!

Catching the mood of the sunset, we rosy an upstanding Tom Collins with dash upon dash of Angostura. Maybe a hermit thrush is singing for its supper on yonder bough. Well, let it! But it had better keep its bill out of this drink, no matter how pretty its plea, which the late John Burroughs declared was the most beautiful sound in the world. Evidently he had never harkened to the tinkle of ice in a fourteen-ounce glass when Old Sol was doing a nose dive on the horizon.

Such Collins-soothed calm does a lot to restore one's faith in Man. It gives proof that though the cantankerous critter may go berserk every so often and tear down a civilization or two, there is nevertheless a vein of idealism in his system, causing him to achieve works of grandeur of which this drink is a towering example. The Syrians, or maybe it was the Phoenicians or the Egyptians, melted up sand into glass, thereby making it possible to behold and admire what you are about to imbibe. Bottles for beer and certain wines have to be dark to protect color and character of contents against rays that might horn in where they don't belong. But the glass you hold in your hand is a showcase for splendor, and even the most easily concocted potion is an eye entertainment. As for that taste-bud drama, Flavor, the universe knows nothing more complex.

Consider lemons for instance. This fruit, whose acid tang (actually alkaline in the human system) receives an overtone from the clever oil secreted in the peel, was unknown to epicures of Greece and Rome. Discovered growing wild in India, it was taken up seriously by the Arabs who introduced it into Spain in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. By the time of Columbus there were famous lemon groves on the mountainous isles of the Azores, whence these golden ovoids migrated to the New World to begin a bigger and better career. In complementing distilled spirits their performance is classic.

And how lemons love gin! That is, if it is the sort of gin a self-respecting lemon or human would care to associate with—not a louse posing as a social lion till sampled. For, boresome as it may seem of me to keep reiterating, quality isn't something which is tossed together in a dingy corner of an ex-stable under the sponsorship of Flim, Flam & Company to the tune of: "It tastes like plumbing but what the hell."

Control is the crux. Grain neutral spirit—the straightest purest form of alcohol—is unfortunately (if you're a distiller) a terrible kleptomaniac at picking up any stray flavors or aromas in its vicinity; only the most meticulous scientific methods will keep it free of "undesirables." And only the most expert skill can harmonize into it the bouquet of aromatic beguilers—juniper, coriander, and so on, as per treasured secret formula of that particular brand. A truly fine gin has a delicacy which registers teasingly in any mixture; in our Collins it imparts a fresh message with every sip.

A Gin Fizz is simply a Collins of lesser stature powered with 1 jigger (1½ oz.) of gin instead of 2 oz. Broadminded verandacombers are willing to rise above any prejudice against these brief slakers, provided they are merely offered on account. Still, it always puzzles me to see a concocter go to the labor of assembling lemon juice, sugar, gin, shaken with cracked ice and poured into a glass to be fizzed up with sparkling water, and not make a full-sized job of it while he is about it. (We won't go into hair-splitting doctrines as to the Collins being an unstrained drink and the Fizz a strained one. As far as I am concerned, drinkers who want pulp can have it in either format.)

Silver Fizz

1 oz. lemon juice
1½ oz. exemplary gin
1 teaspoonful sugar
1 egg white

Shake furiously with cracked ice, strain into highball glass, fill up with sparkling water. Give stirring rod a couple of twirls in it.

Not quite so quenchy but more cogent is the

Ramos, or New Orleans Fizz

Juices of ½ lime and ½ lemon
1 oz. sweet cream
2 oz. dry gin
White of one egg
3 dashes Orange Flower Water

Shake with vim and vigor amid cracked ice. Pour into tallish glass, add seltzer stingily (or none at all) lest there be too much dilution. After a couple of these, the moonlight on the lake will do quite a dance.

Also comely and smackworthy for porch purposes is that treasured smoother of city-furrowed brows, the Sloe Gin Fizz, made exactly like an ordinary Fizz except that Sloe Gin is used. Its hunting pink color and fruity opulence are topped with a handsome collar of natural foam which, if the Sloe Gin be of first quality, is gladsome aplenty. In times

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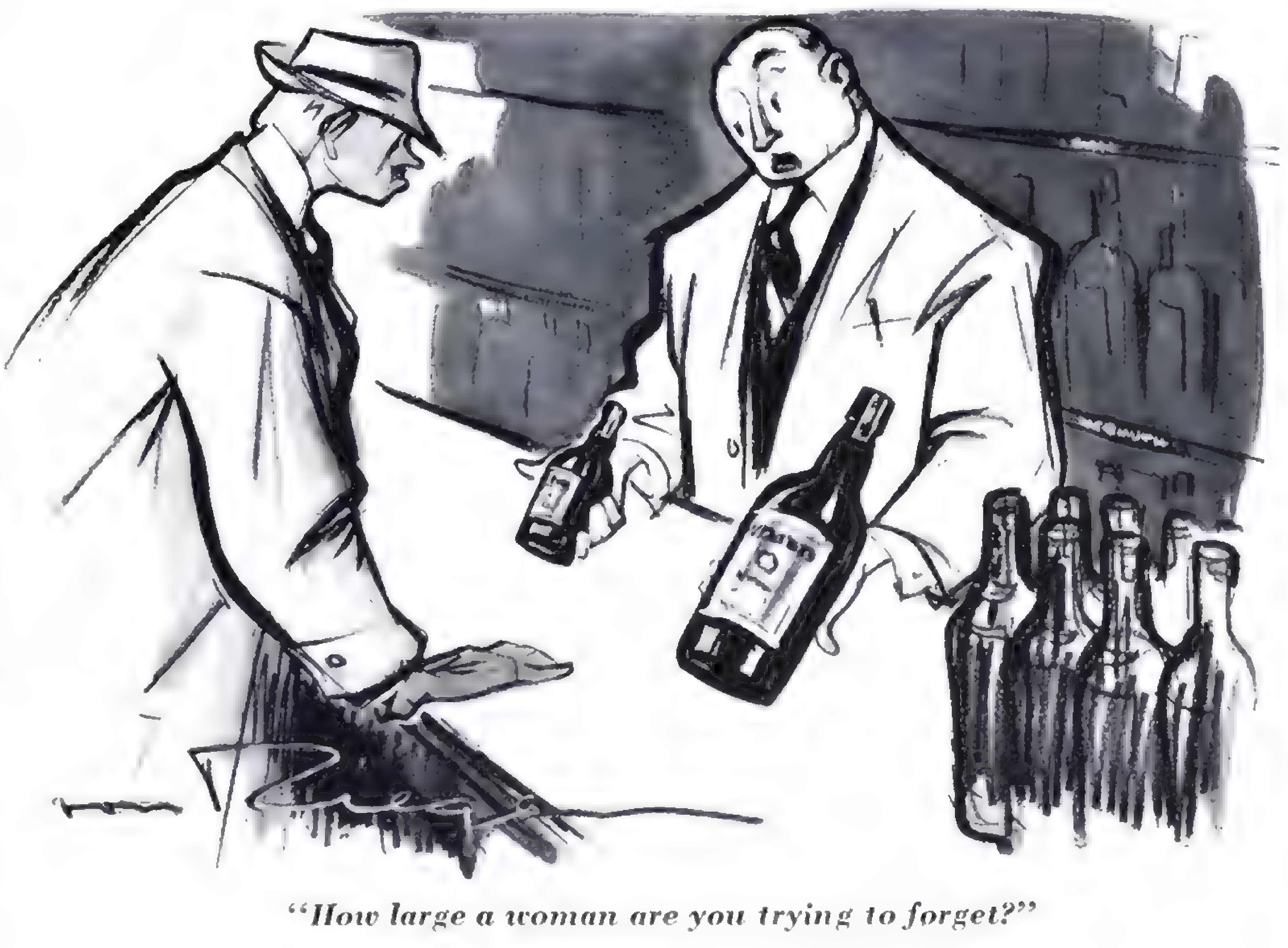
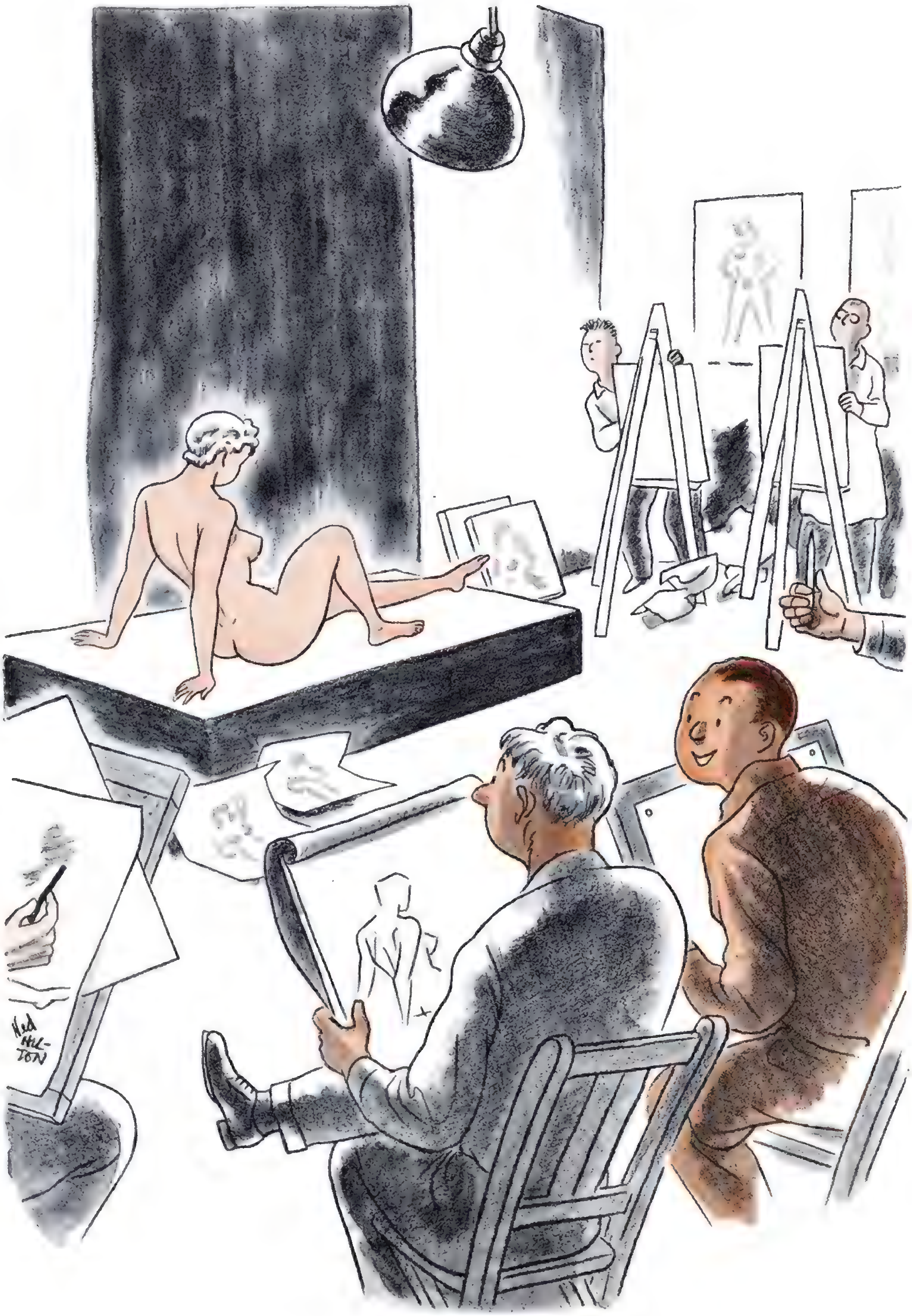


"How large a woman are you trying to forget?"



"She has a magnetic personality with her clothes off, hasn't she?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Pithy paragraphs, to be filed or forgotten, characterizing plays and musicals of the current year

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Herewith, as per annum, a play-by-play record of the theatrical season of 1940-1941:

1. *Kind Lady*, by Edward Chodorov and Hugh Walpole.—Grace George first-rate in a revival of the sneaky melodrama about the crooks who try to drive an imprisoned woman crazy in order to gain custodianship of her property. Fair stuff of its kind.

2. *Jupiter Laughs*, by A. J. Cronin.—Cheap medico melodrama attemptedly given an air by garnishing it with some scientific parsley. No dice.

3. *Hold On To Your Hats*, by the Messrs. Bolton, Brooks, Davis, Harburg and Lane.—Al Jolson amusing in still another paraphrase of the old one about the timid man who finds himself mistaken for a bold adventurer. Looks by Jinx Falkenburg.

4. *Sim Sala Bim*, by Herrmann, Kellar, Thurston, *et al.*—Dante, the magician, in an entertaining show that pulled rabbits out of silk hats by the wholesale. It would have been much better, however, if Dante had not indulged in his corny vaudeville patter.

5. *Johnny Belinda*, by Elmer Harris.—About a deaf-mute who suddenly regains her voice at eleven o'clock. Very hammy, but a good performance by Helen Craig.

6. *Boys And Girls Together*, by the Messrs. Wynn, Yellen, Flick, Fain, *et al.*—You can't beat Ed Wynn when it comes to gala fooling, and Ed was never in better form. A capital laugh-show. Ed this time also spent some money hiring sufficiently decorative girls.

7. *Journey To Jerusalem*, by Maxwell Anderson.—Mr. Anderson got the Christ play out of his system rather late in life and it provided a pretty trying evening.

8. *George Washington Slept Here*, by the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart.—Rural comedy way below the Kaufman-Hart mark but not without some comical touches. Everyone has come to expect so much from the boys, however, that most people were disappointed even when they were laughing loudest.

9. *It Happens On Ice*, by the Messrs. Leonidoff, Geddes, Duke, *et al.*—A beautiful but dull skating show, with Joe Cook insinuated in an effort to give it a bit of humorous lift. Joe's job, however, was much too tough for him.

10. *Boyd's Daughter*, by St. John Ervine.—St. John wrote me that I was no friend for denouncing it as a very bad play and woefully unworthy of him. I should have been a poor sort of friend if I had praised it and declared it fully worthy of him. St. John apparently has a peculiar theory that only a hypocrite makes a good friend.

11. *Blind Alley*, by James Warwick.—Revival of the gangster melodrama that seemed pretty good some years ago but that now seemed flat.

12. *Charley's Aunt*, by Brandon Thomas.—José Ferrer excellent in this antique. I have seen it time and again but never better done than on this occasion. And, believe it or nein, it's still funny stuff.

13. *Big White Fog*, by Theodore Ward.—According to this one, which essayed to launch a Negro Playwrights' Theatre, Negroes are so outrageously treated in America that in comparison life in a Nazi concentration camp is like living at the St. Regis.

14. *'Tis Of Thee*, by the Messrs. North, Moss, Hays, Locke, *et al.*—An amateur revue so bad that on the opening night the theatre at 10:15 was as deserted as Eucalyptus Falls, Mississippi, on a rainy Sunday.

15. *Cabin In The Sky*, by the Messrs. Root, Latouche and Duke.—Ethel Waters and Co. in a highly diverting Negro fantasy offering among other items a female darky dancing chorus that frenziedly shook everything, including any further faith in female white dancing choruses.

16. *Suzanna and the Elders*, by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall.—A painstakingly dirty comedy about sex in the plural. The Hattons in their heyday were never more childishly smutty, which was going some.

17. *Panama Hattie*, by the Messrs. Porter, Fields and De Sylva.—A burlesque show with Ritz trimmings, very funny, and with Ethel Merman attending to the songs and Rags Ragland bringing back tender memories of Sliding Billy Watson and Bozo Snyder.

18. *Return Engagement*, by Lawrence Riley.—A dud about a passé but still philandering matinee idol and his actress wife and the way she wins him back—if you could call it winning.

19. *Beverly Hills*, by Lynn Starling and Howard J. Green.—Hollywood sexual piggery. They ought to hire another Will Hays out there to dissuade Hollywood writers from showing such stuff in the eastern theatres, if only to protect what minimum remains of Hollywood's good name.

20. *Quiet Please*, by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly.—More Hollywood stuff, not so piggish but equally trashy.

21. *Glamour Preferred*, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.—*Vide Beverly Hills.*

22. *Twelfth Night*, by William Shakespeare.—Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans admirable in an otherwise only fair revival. I have now had enough *Twelfth Night* to last me for another twenty years.

23. *Horse Fever*, by Eugene Conrad, Zac and Ruby Gabel. Shabby horse-racing farce, with the actors running much faster around the stage than Man-o'-War ever in his heyday ran around a track.

24. *The Corn Is Green*, by Emlyn Williams. Overestimated comedy-drama about an illiterate Welsh youth coached into a leading

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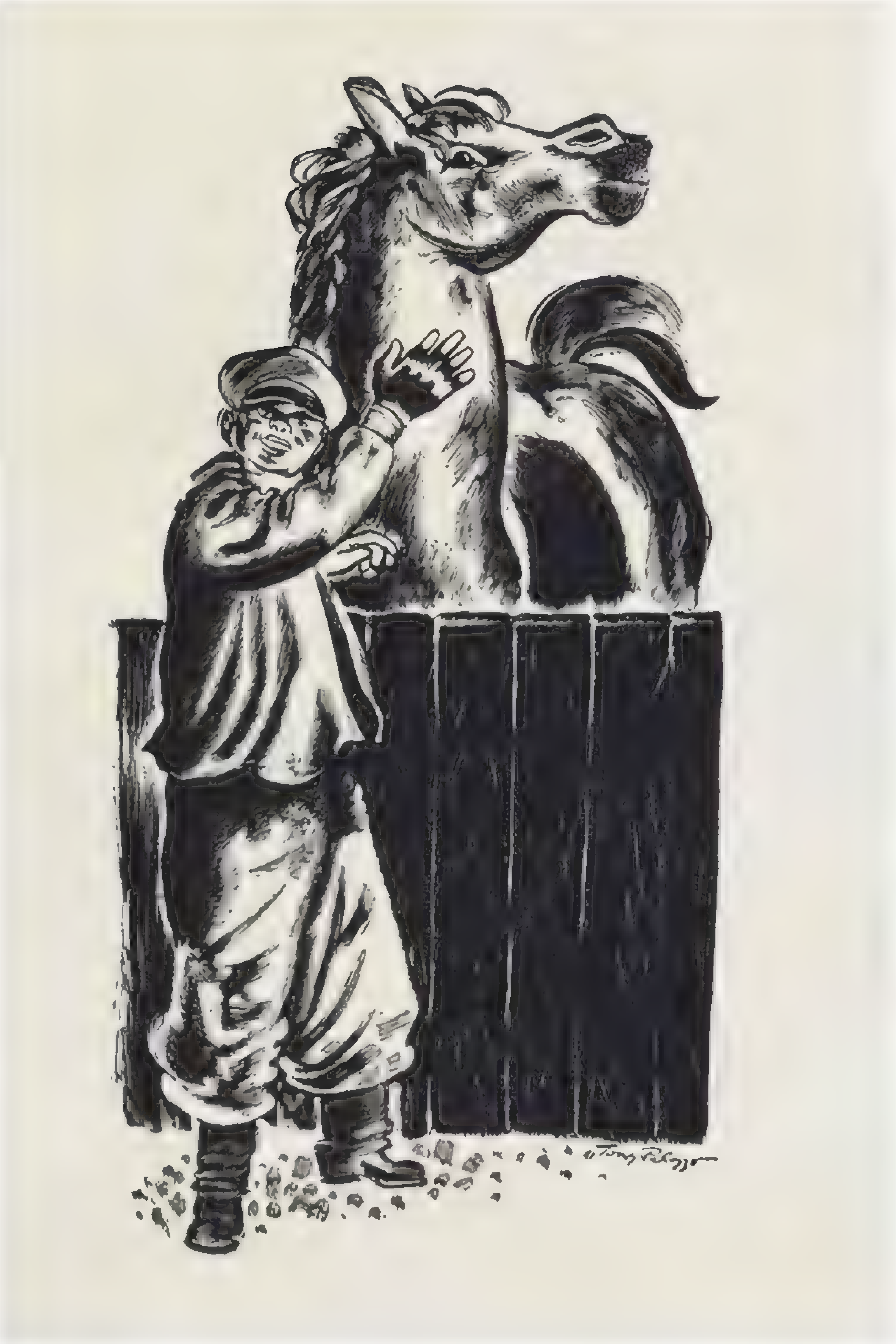
"Give me one of those temporary waves you call 'permanent'"

The Farmer Takes a Horse

Proknikoff had got the animal at a great bargain, and it was not like Dzaprinkov to sell a thing so cheap

by JOE ABRAMS

• FICTION •



My son is an ox. It's a shame for a father to have to say such a thing about his own flesh and blood, but believe me, I know. The money I spent on his education I could have put in the bank and made at least my interest on the principal.

I leave it to you. A week ago my friend, Mr. Shmolentovitch, gets a paper from a lawyer, he's going to be sued for breaking a fender. But a fender isn't bad enough. He has to break the fender of the richest man in town, the banker. By the banker, he loses a million dollars and it's like a sneeze; he says *gesundheit*. Mr. Shmolentovitch is worried and comes to me, so I tell him I will get my son to take his case in court.

But my son! "A fender isn't important enough a case for me," he says.

"What kind of a lawyer are you?" I told him. "Every case is important."

"I'm sorry, pop. But if you want to know the truth, the plaintiff is a very influential man in town, and he puts quite a lot of business my way. I wouldn't dare fight him in court over a fender. I couldn't afford to make an enemy out of him."

"But ain't justice the main thing?" I asked him.

"The main thing is eating three meals a day," he says. "And business is business."

"But you're a lawyer . . ."

"You don't understand law, pop."

You see what I mean? What kind of a son is it to talk to his father like that? "*I* don't understand law?" I said. "I saw Majefsky take his first case in court, and you say I don't understand law!"

"Majefsky?"

"Where would Proknikoff be if it wasn't for Majefsky? I ask you that. Majefsky is what I call a lawyer."

He sat there in his big chair behind his desk, playing with a pencil and making a little mark on a paper once every ten minutes. It made me nervous the way the sun hit his thick glasses and made white spots dance on the wall.

"I never heard of Majefsky, and I never heard of Proknikoff," he said.

"You never heard of Majefsky? And you call yourself a lawyer?"

"Now, pop . . ."

"It makes me mad my son should be so ignorant. So I'll tell you about Majefsky and Proknikoff."

"If you could make it some other time. I'm rather busy."

"Me, I'm not busy. I got time to tell you."

"All right. You're the boss. Tell me about Proknikoff." He put his pencil down, lit a cigarette, and leaned back and listened.

* * *

In the village where I lived in Russia everybody was poor. Taxes under the Czar were high, business was bad all the time, and the land was no good for farming. A person was lucky to have meat once a week on his table. But the poorest man in the whole neighborhood was Proknikoff, the peasant. How poor he was I can't tell you. None of us in the village could ever make out how he and his wife, Malka, could live on what they made.

Twice a year they come to the village carrying big bags of wheat and corn on their backs. They didn't even have a horse. Some of the people used to laugh at Proknikoff and Malka, the way they dressed, and how ignorant they were. They told how once Proknikoff had been arrested by the Czar's police. Some crazy Americans had come to town and gave Proknikoff some paper and told him it was American money. He tried to spend some of it in a store, and was arrested for passing counterfeit money. He didn't even know that the paper "money" was American cigar coupons. The judge was kind to him and gave him a fine of ten rubles. That will show you how ignorant he was.

But it was a pity just the same. Always Proknikoff and Malka looked hungry and starved, but every year they brought their crops to town and sold them for a few *kopeks*. They never bought supplies in the stores, they never bought anything anywhere.

Once I went to visit them on their small farm, and I saw Malka pulling the plow with a harness around her back, while Proknikoff was guiding her like a mule.

"Why is Malka pulling the plow?" I asked him.

"Because we do not have a horse," he said.

"But why don't you pull the plow? It is hard work for a woman."

"We take turns," he said. "When she gets tired, I pull. When I get tired, she pulls."

"You should buy a horse."

"We should also live in the palace of the Czar," he said. His big face wrinkled like cloth for a minute, and I could tell he was thinking deeply. I said nothing, knowing that if he wanted to tell me he would. He looked at me, opened his mouth, then closed it, and thought some more. And then:

"You are an honest man," he said. "I will tell you a great secret if you will vow never to tell anyone in the world."

"I swear it."

His face lit up with a big smile. "We are going to buy a horse," he said. "Malka and I have been saving our money for a long time, and soon we will have enough to buy a horse, and Malka will not have to pull the plow. We shall be rich."

"That is good news," I said. "I am glad."

Proknikoff was a good man and he deserved whatever happiness might come his way. A horse for him and Malka was a step high in a financial way.

Several months after this episode Proknikoff and Malka came into town bearing their huge bags of grain on their backs. He was smiling good-naturedly as always, but to me it seemed that Malka was walking with a lighter step than usual. It is wonderful, I thought, to make one's fortune out of the earth.

It is almost as if Proknikoff and his wife have molded a horse out of clay with a sculptor's hands. It is a fine world, and even Proknikoff is rising and making his way.

So I thought, but even I could not know what fate was holding in store for her innocents.

In the afternoon I heard a shout in front of my door. "*Gaspadyin*, come out. I have something to show you!"

I went to the door and there were Proknikoff and Malka standing on either side of a magnificent animal. Proknikoff was gazing at him with loving eyes and rubbing the horse's shoulders down with his hands.

"He is ours," he said. "We have bought him."

"He is a truly magnificent animal," I said. "He will serve you well. I congratulate you both."

Proknikoff looked at his wife, and for the first time I saw pass between them a glance that spoke of love and possession. This was a great day for them, for they had worked for years, had bought something out of their own labors, and now it was theirs.

"You must come in," I said. "We must drink a glass of wine to celebrate the occasion."

But Proknikoff shook his large simple head. "Thank you, *Gaspadyin*. But while we are inside someone might steal the horse. That would be a calamity."

"I will set a boy to watch the horse."

"No, I could not rest. Perhaps some other time. We only wanted to show him to you."

"But where did you buy such a fine animal? I had no idea you could afford anything so good."

"Aha! I am a shrewd buyer, am I not? We bought him from Dzaprinkov, the landowner."

"From Dzaprinkov? That was very foolish!" I stepped toward the horse, greatly concerned. "Do you not know that he will cheat you if he can? Have you examined the horse carefully?"

"Every muscle," answered Proknikoff proudly. "He is as sound as a ruble. Dzaprinkov did not cheat us this time, I assure you."

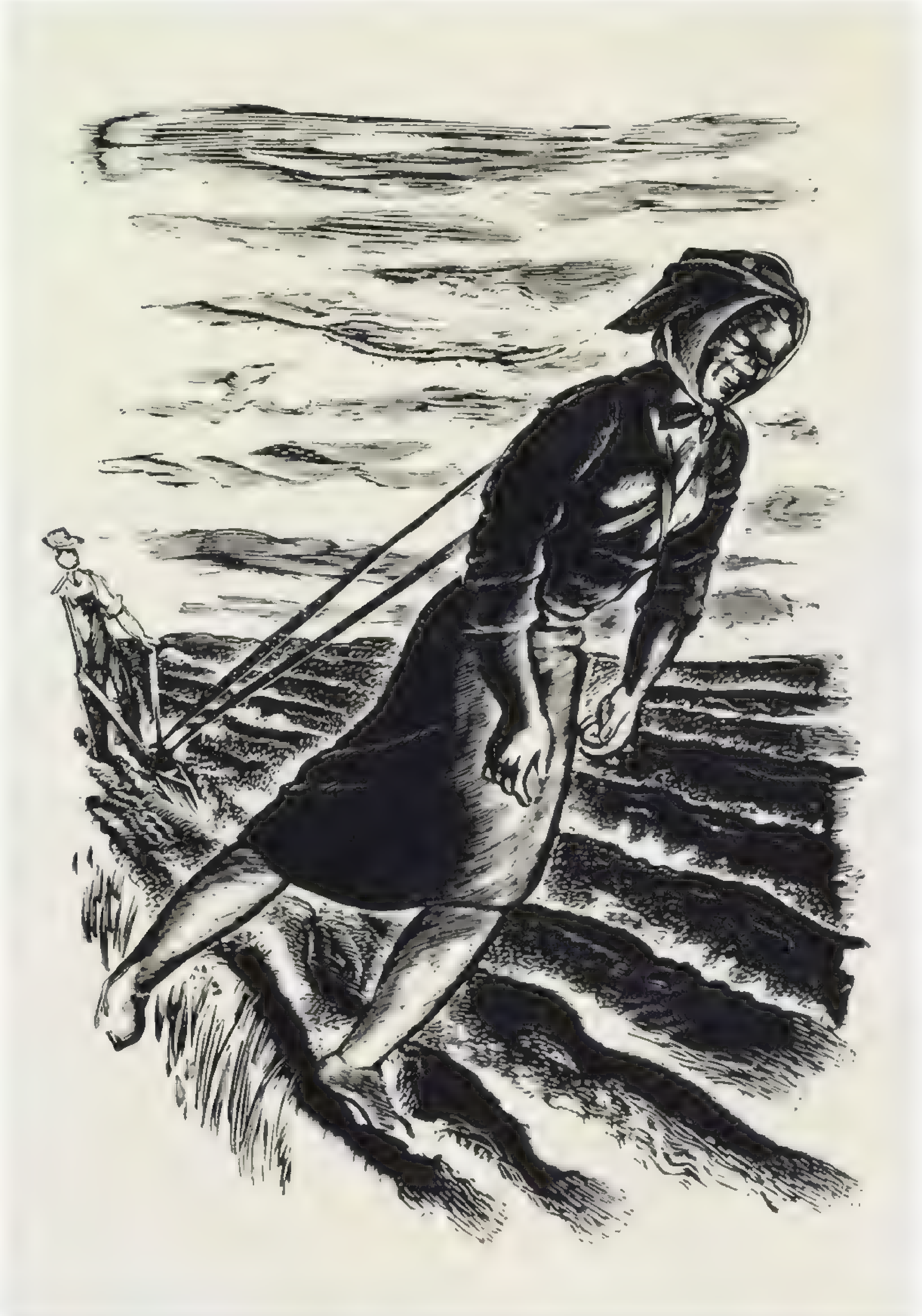
"I do not want to worry you," I said, "but I would never deal with that black one. May I ask what sum you gave for such a beast?"

Proknikoff glanced at his wife, she nodded, and he turned to me again. "Sixty rubles, cash," he revealed with great pride.

"Hmmm. That is a good bargain. I cannot understand how Dzaprinkov would give you such a horse for so little."

He laughed gleefully. "Did I not tell you I am a shrewd buyer? At first he wanted one hundred rubles. But I gave him sixty rubles and the sale was made."

I was very doubtful. Knowing Dzaprinkov like I did I could not understand how the landowner could have practically given the horse away. That was not like Dzaprinkov who had made his fortune by grinding each kopek out of his *moujik's* bones. That he could suddenly have had a change of heart I could not believe. The devil is the devil, and neither God nor his angels can alter it.



That is not to say that Dzaprinkov resembled the devil in any way except in his principles. He was fat and bloated and his skin hung down from his jowls in great fleshy folds. His chest extended forward in one line so that one could not tell where his chest ended and where his stomach began. Across his chest he wore a gold chain, continually shined and polished and gleaming into the sunlight. He always fingered his chain constantly as if it were a symbol of his wealth and power. He used to say: "Make an honest ruble wherever you are. Business is business."

Dzaprinkov was not a man to trade with certainly. "Perhaps it will work out well," I said. "Perhaps you have nothing at all to worry about." I said it, but I could not believe it. "Perhaps Dzaprinkov has had a change of heart." But how could he have a change of heart when he had none to begin with. I was greatly concerned.

By this time several of the townspeople had gathered around Proknikoff and the horse. They studied the horse with expert appraisal.

"A beautiful animal," they murmured among themselves. "Beautiful. Proknikoff has bought himself an exquisite beast. Congratulations to you, Proknikoff."

The word spread through town that Proknikoff and Malka had purchased a horse. From all corners friends and neighbors came to examine the purchase, to congratulate the new owner. Everyone was sincerely jubilant over the peasant's good fortune. Only I, thinking of Dzaprinkov, was disturbed. Only I was blinded by the glittering watch chain on Dzaprinkov's bloated chest. This matter is not over, I kept repeating to myself, it is not over.

And then, even as I was thinking it, the dreaded thing happened, and I wondered how I could have been so foolish.

From down the street came Shelensky, the village officer of the law and process server. He stopped at the group around the horse, then went immediately to Proknikoff.

"Whose animal is this?" he asked.

"I have just purchased him," answered Proknikoff.

"And may I see your papers, your bill of sale?"

Proknikoff looked at his wife, and he suddenly became very ill and gray. Malka seized his arm and held it for assurance.

"I have no papers."

"Then may I see your receipt for the purchase of this horse?"

Proknikoff shook his head in confusion. "I have no receipt. I did not know it was necessary. I bought the animal from Vladimir Dzaprinkov. Go to him, ask him! He can tell you."

The officer stared at the peasant coolly. "It is not necessary. Dzaprinkov has already seen me, and he says you have stolen his horse! Stephan Proknikoff, you are under arrest!"

Well, I tell you there was excitement in town for several days. They would have put Proknikoff and Malka in the jail, but I myself stood bail for them. I stood by their side and even tried to get a lawyer for them. But no lawyer would take the case after I had explained the situation to him.

"You say that Proknikoff had no receipt or bill of sale?" they asked. "Then he has no case. I am afraid Proknikoff will go to jail as a thief. And besides, I do not wish to fight against Dzaprinkov. He is a rich man and much of my business comes from him. No, it certainly would not do to offend Dzaprinkov. He will have everything his own way. Even the judge is his personal friend."

I assure you, my son, my opinion of lawers was very poor for those several days preceding the trial. None of them dared touch the case, until one day, from a neighboring

Continued on page 142

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

The eloquence of Winston Churchill, best plays of the last two decades and recent books by four columnists

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

The collection of Winston Churchill's speeches accurately entitled *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* reminds me of something that happened to me when I was a Sophomore in college. Greatly to my surprise I received a first prize in English Composition. With a portion of the ten dollars, I bought the four volumes containing the English translation of Mommsen's *History of Rome;* and I read them all with intense interest. There was one passage which particularly impressed me and which I have never forgotten. Mommsen was comparing the oratory of Cicero and Julius Caesar. He said the speeches of Cicero had the eloquence of rounded periods and the speeches of Caesar had the eloquence of deeply felt thought. That comparison gave me at once a test which I have applied ever since to political, religious, and many other forms of public speaking.

The speeches of Winston Churchill have the eloquence of deeply felt thought. In public life today he seems to be the foremost man in all the world. So far as it is possible to judge of the calibre of any living person, he seems to have attained greatness; he belongs among the great orators of the world, with Demosthenes, Daniel Webster and others.

He is worth more to the British cause than several armies. Before this present war, I used to think that he was too flamboyant, too effervescent, perhaps too cocksure of everything. Since September, 1939, he has steadily risen in stature. He has never boasted or threatened; he has never minimized the danger; he knows, that all the British people all over the world want the truth. There is a simplicity of speech, a quiet steadfastness, a felicity of phrase and of quotation; these qualities make an impression, for in the darkest hours, and after the most appalling disasters, his voice seems to express something unshakable, something that cannot be afraid, and above all, something that will never submit.

He has held all classes in England together, from the aristocrats to the slums, so that they are united in one aim—liberty or death. To read these speeches in chronological order is to read the history of the war; and to understand, so far as we can, how it is possible for a people to suffer so horribly and not even to think of yielding. He does not take the title of Leader as Hitler does; but in a country absolutely free, where every person and every newspaper can attack the government, he is truly the Leader of the people; he and they have won an imperishable name in history.

In the latest speech of his that I heard on the air, nothing could have been more felicitous than the quotation from Clough's poem, *Say not the struggle nought availeth.* For in quoting the last line, he was applying it to the help that is coming and must come from us.

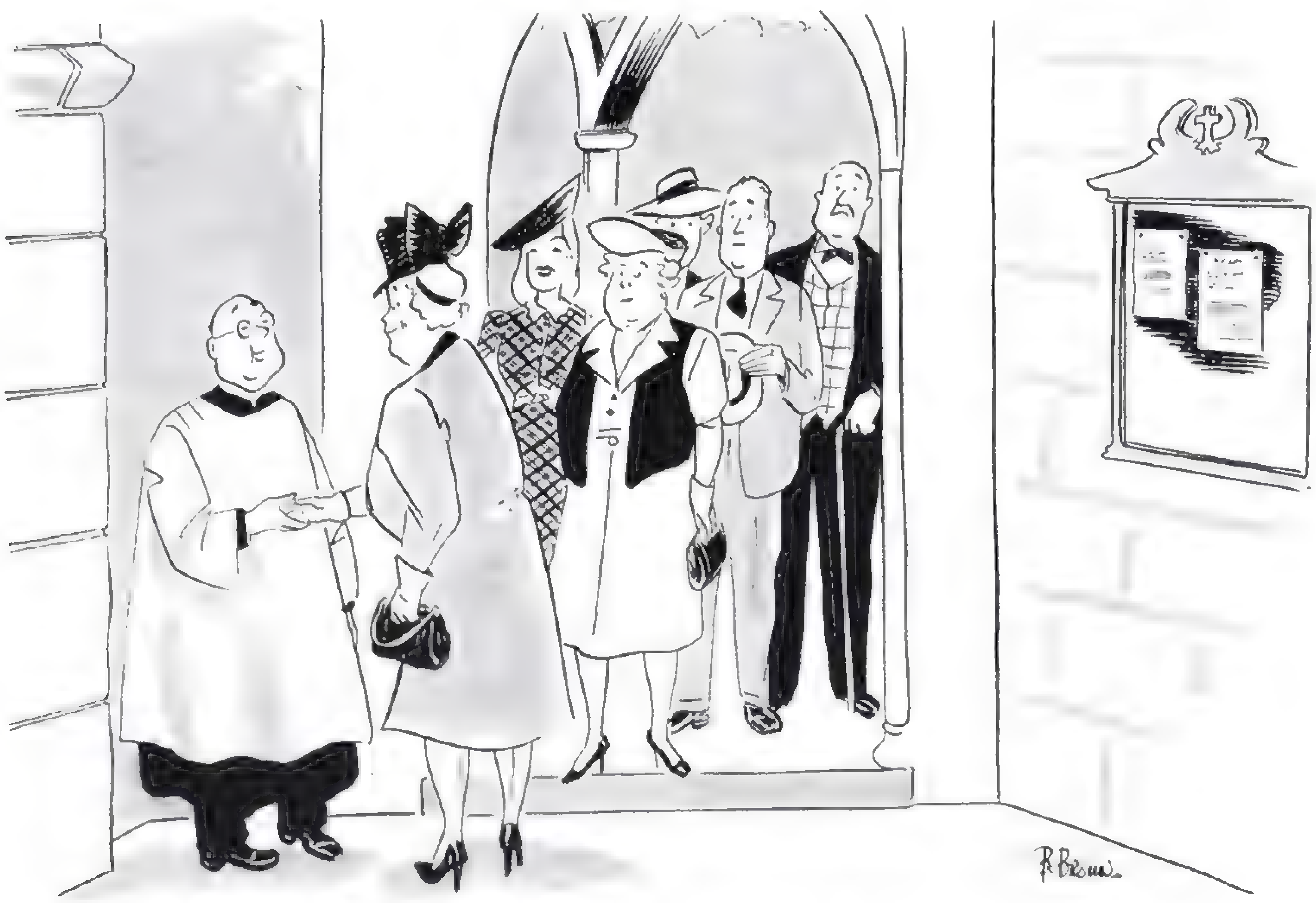
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light:
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

This book contains all his speeches from May, 1938, to the Spring of 1941. As the Preface says, "there are few public men who would care to have their speeches printed without alteration within two or three years of their delivery." Yet here they are just as they were spoken; and it must be remembered that in an earlier volume containing the speeches he made while he was only a private member of the House of Commons, he had much more time to prepare them; but the speeches in this book were spoken while he was First Lord of the Admiralty and then Prime Minister. Yet they have no official odor and although spoken under the tremendous pressure of public business, they have the same "literary and dramatic quality," combined with a heart-warming intimacy. A typical sentence is "it would be foolish, however, to disguise the gravity of the hour. It would be still more foolish to lose heart and courage."

He stands today not only as the Leader of the British people, but as the foremost champion of human freedom.

Although the printing and publishing of plays had been common enough on the Continent for many years, it was not until the turn of the century that English and American authors challenged the literary as well as the dramatic critics by publication. The man who deserves the most credit for this is the late Henry Arthur Jones, who kept on urging playwrights to print their works. It is perhaps more important in America than in any other country to do this, because our theatre is so largely confined to New York. Good plays make excellent reading; and Burns Mantle's annual volume containing the best plays of the preceding season is not only invaluable as a record of the theatre, it is invariably one of the most interesting books of the year. It is a noteworthy fact that he began his series with the real beginning of American drama—for American drama, by which I mean plays that are not only box-office successes but have value as literature, began immediately after the World War with Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon.* I do not think that any art in America has shown such improvement as the art of the theatre, first of all in the number of distinguished dramatists, and then in everything that has to do with production, acting and scenery. In Mr. Mantle's first volume, *The Best Plays of 1919-1920,* he quite truthfully said, "The purpose of this volume, therefore, is to fill another of those long-felt wants of which, it pleases authors to assume, the public is never conscious until

Continued in center of page 115

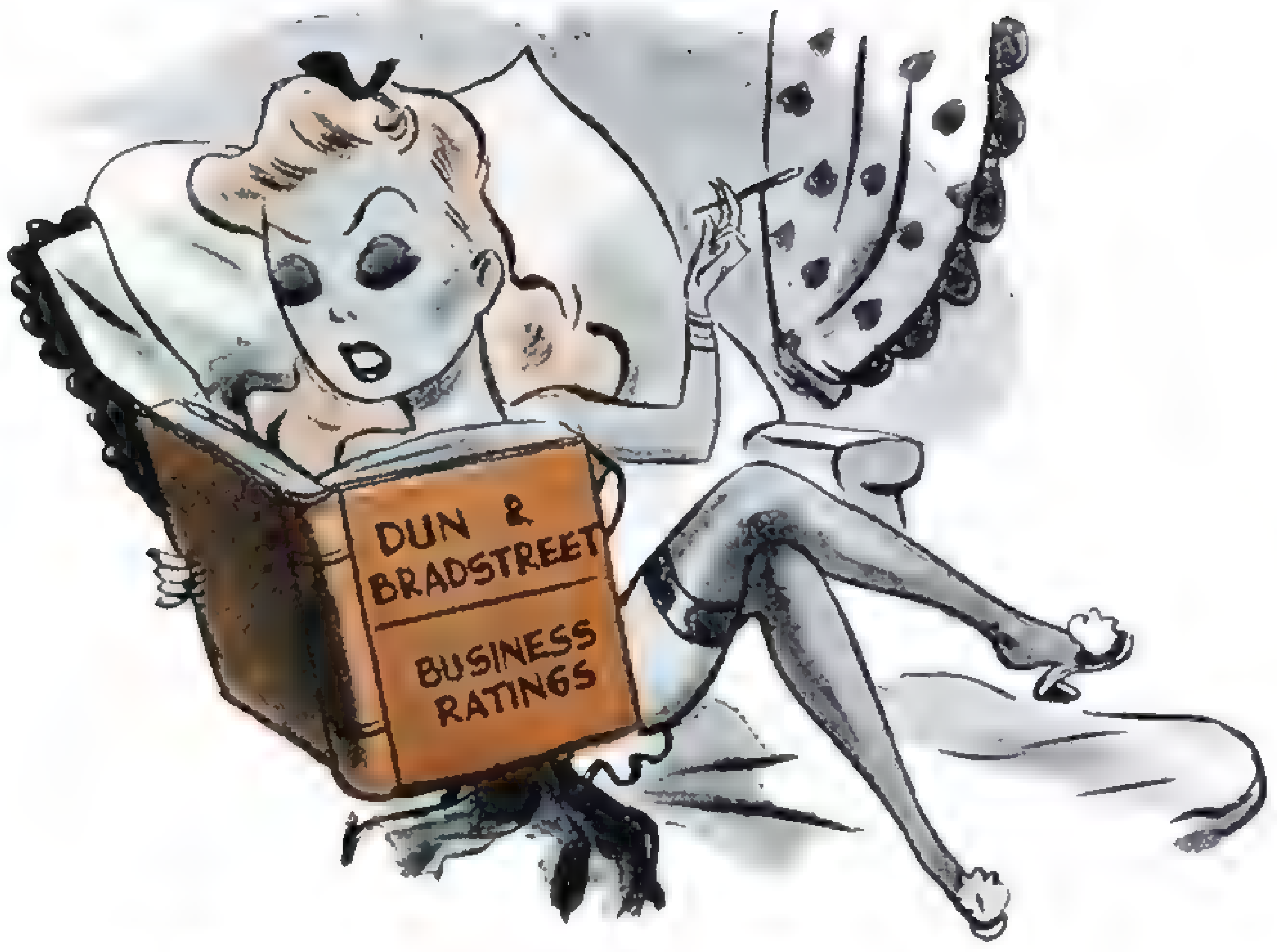


"I'm so glad you liked my sermon, Mrs. Wilmot—and I think your new hat is most becoming, too!"

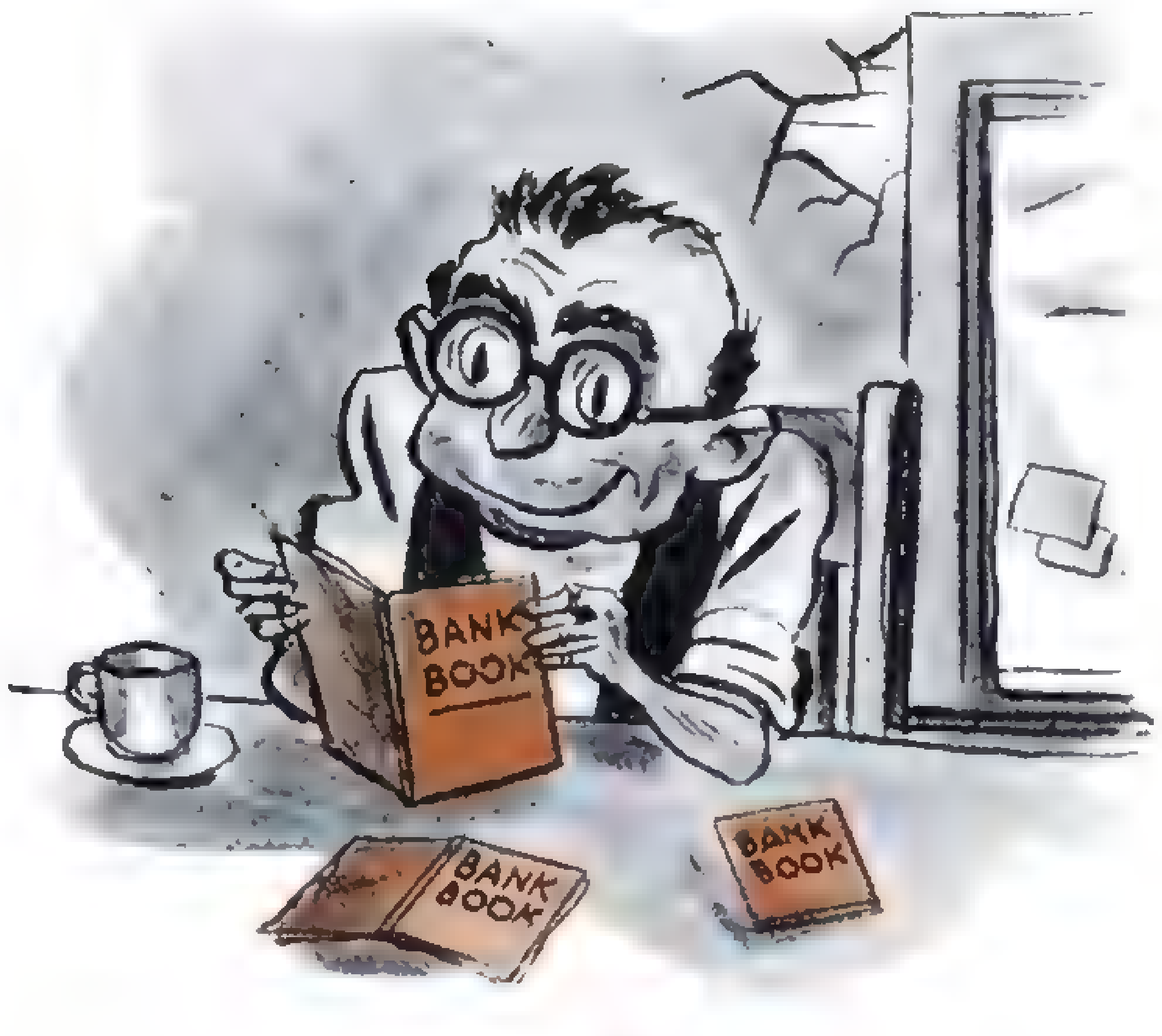
Lovers of Literature

Frankly biased selections for the Book-of-the-Month

by **S. DIAMOND & H. BOLTINOFF**


DUN & BRADSTREET
BUSINESS RATINGS

Mercenary


BANK BOOK
BANK BOOK
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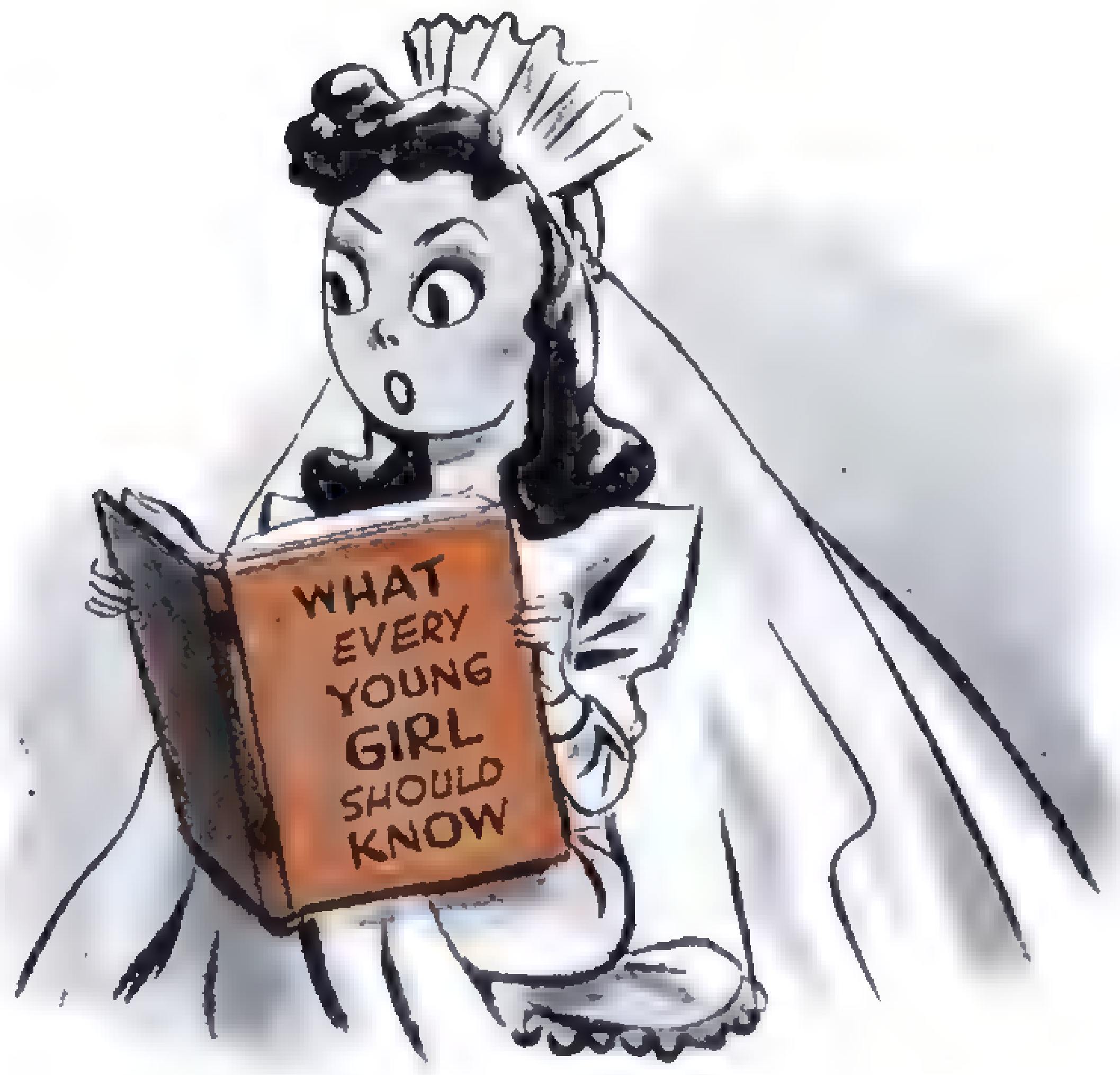
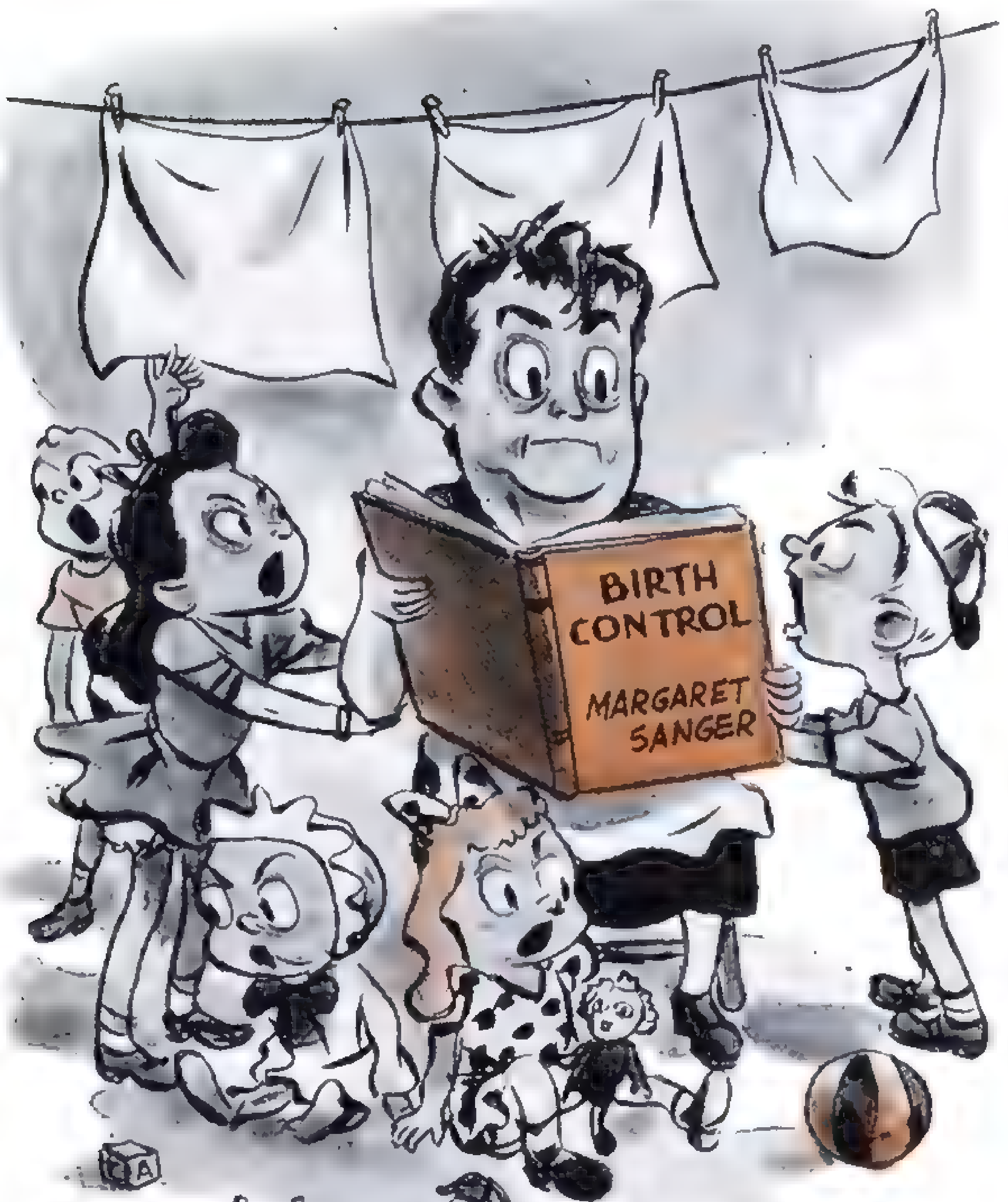
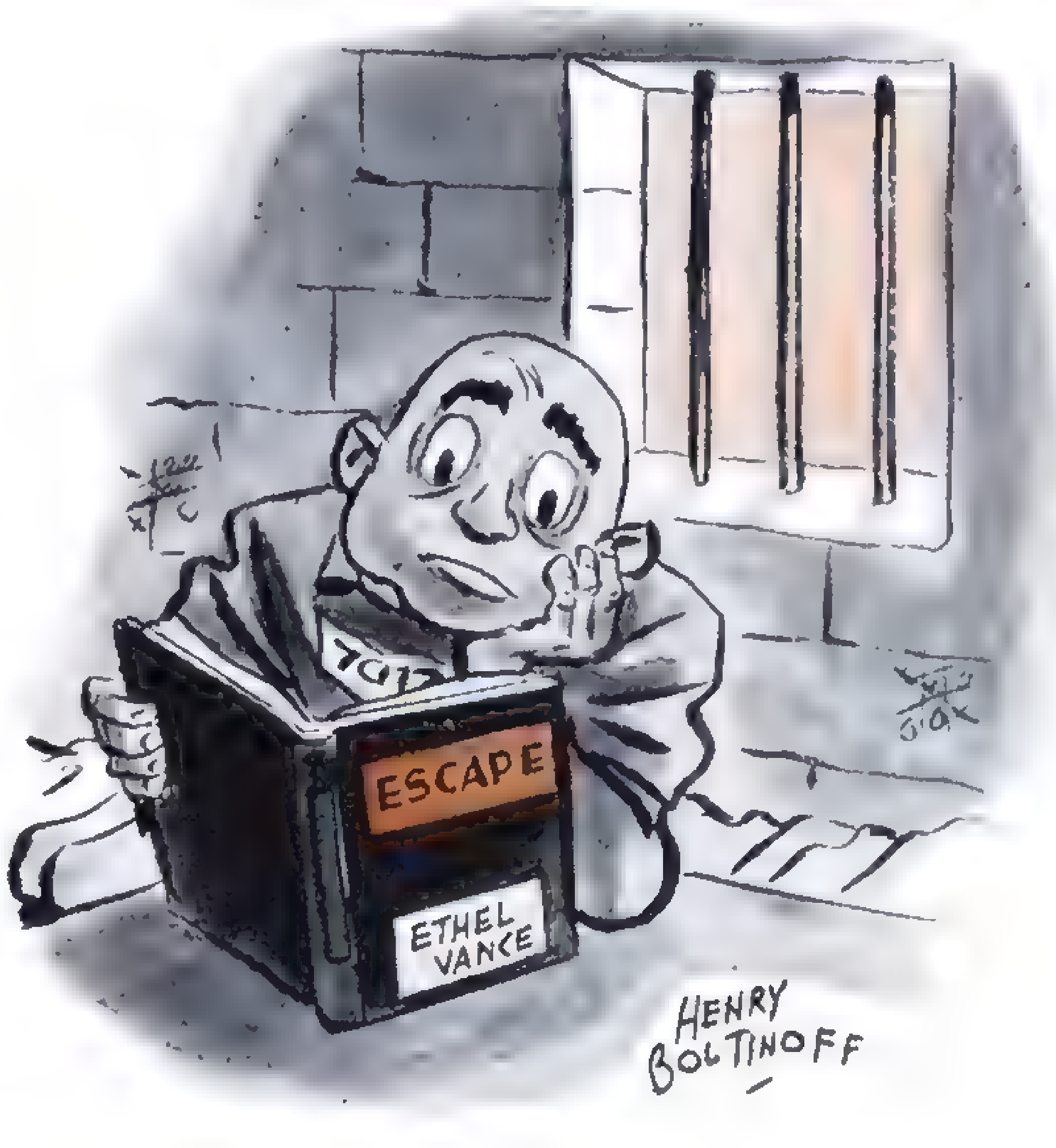
Miser


WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

Innocent


BIRTH CONTROL
MARGARET SANGER

Disgusted


ESCAPE
ETHEL VANCE
HENRY BOLTINOFF

Optimist

Roulades and Cadenzas

Army officials won't recognize the need for in-the-flesh entertainment to maintain the morale of soldiers

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Adolph Hitler recently assembled the stooges of his Reichstag in Berlin's Kroll Opera House and told them: "We are obliged to make certain that the lead we now possess does not become smaller but rather increasingly bigger. This is exclusively a problem of work . . ."

Most U. S. citizens know that there is work ahead for them. They believe the Secretary of War when he says that the freedom of this country cannot be saved without sacrifice. But they seem either unwilling or unable to do much about it. They prefer leisure to labor.

Our young men have yet to find a faith for which they are willing to die. Our squatters—some of them, certainly—are not sure that this war is worth fighting. And, if it is, they still secretly hope someone else will fight it for them. Our patriotism, thus far, is little more than a fundamental conviction that this country is the best in the world because we happened to be born in it. Aside from transferring a part of our savings to Defense Bonds and complaining about the taxes, we have contented ourselves with singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* so enthusiastically we burst into the next key.

On no occasion do we exhibit the zeal, the spirit, or the will to conquer that makes Nazi Germany the menace it is. Of course, we haven't a Goering, a Goebbels, a Gestapo. We encourage, as in calmer days, six to a dozen opinions on every question. We are still discussing, debating, forming committees, making compromises. We are not united. Labor even now is fighting capital; agriculture mistrusts industry, the Middle West suspects the East; the South, the North.

Because Hitler has prepared, because he has studied our weaknesses and made a logical plan for attack, because his efforts are co-ordinated and perfectly timed, because he recognizes no end except achievement, because his end justifies any means, *and* because we are divided, lazy, soft, and overconfident, he has scored a series of victories that none of us would have believed possible.

Hitler, whether we like it or not, is master of Europe. There is nothing to be gained by minimizing his position, nor overlooking the fact that in a masterful fashion he has co-ordinated political, social, economic, and psychological strategy with military. It is not only since the actual conflict began that he has excelled. He was already winning battle after battle during the years when the democracies were far stronger and more heavily armed than he.

This was possible because the democracies refused to face facts, because they would not take stock of their own weaknesses and remedy them. They had not the will to do so.

Obviously, nothing is accomplished by bemoaning past mistakes. But we might get action now. Some think we are, compare the whir of our factories today with 1917. We may be more efficient now than then. But that is not enough. Hitler and the Nazis are a thousand times more shrewd, more dexterous and dangerous, and far better equipped than was the Kaiser's Germany.

If the present struggle has proved anything, it has proved that the advantage lies with the guy who takes and presses the initiative. Before we are ready to take the initiative, we shall have to cure ourselves of the paralysis that consumes us. We shall have to quit talking and act. Action alone is not sufficient. We need to define our objectives, work toward them in an orderly, logical fashion, co-ordinate our resources and efforts so that we shall not fail. Above all, we must dispense with time-consuming, bureaucratic inefficiency. We must be realistic and practical.

Today we are not.

Examples of fumbling, groping, working at cross purposes are apparent on every front. Take the matter of priority of production objectives. Five minutes in Washington will convince you that we have no orderly plan of defense strategy (at least, nothing comparable to that Herr Goering worked out and executed for Hitler). If you listen to intimate discussions between our chief defense planners, you hear something, the gist of which is this—only more complicated: A navy defense man says to an army fellow: "By trying to train a large army quickly, and by diverting so much labor and materials to things like tanks, you are interfering with the aircraft and naval construction program." A shipping defense worker says to a navy guy: "By hogging the shipyards with your big warcraft, which can't be ready until 1946 and are not the prime need now, you are clogging production of merchantmen and the lighter warships." And an air defense worker says to both: "By trying to put over a big army, a big navy, a big tank and supply program and a huge merchant ship effort all at the same time—all as defense priority firsts—you are holding back the real firsts, bombers and pursuit planes." Somebody ought to decide which comes first.

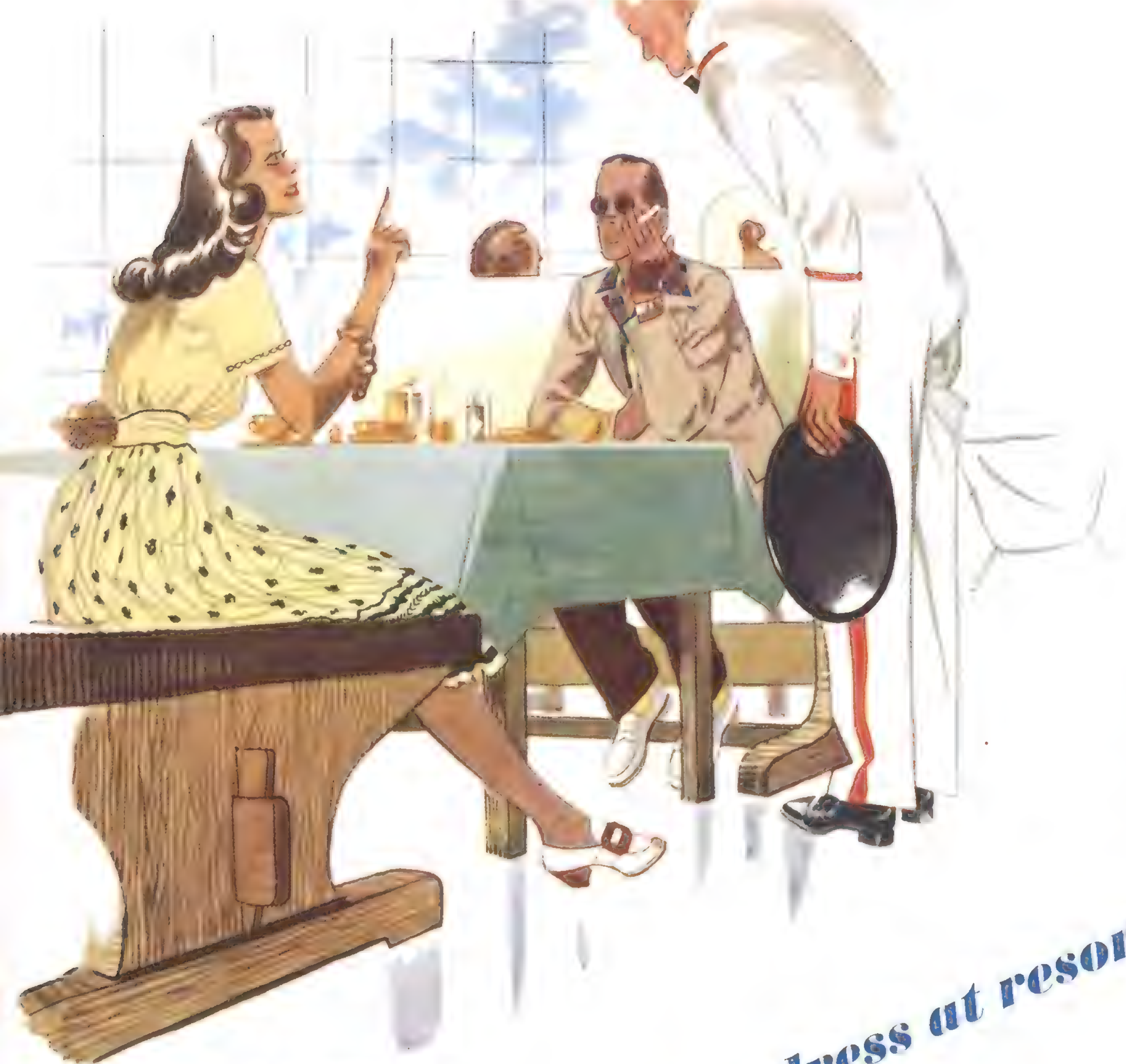
* * *

Take our dealings with South America. With full respect to Mr. Hull, our diplomatic corps is still studded with incompetents indulging in sewing-circle jealousies and following a protocol that since Mr. Hitler's arrival on the globe is useful only for dealing with one's maiden aunts. Mr. Rockefeller's bright young boys still bounce into Latin-American chancelleries feigning frenzied interest in "your great poet or composer (here a rapid consultation of notes on the cuff)—Pablo Zilchero."

Our movies—with an ignorance and care-

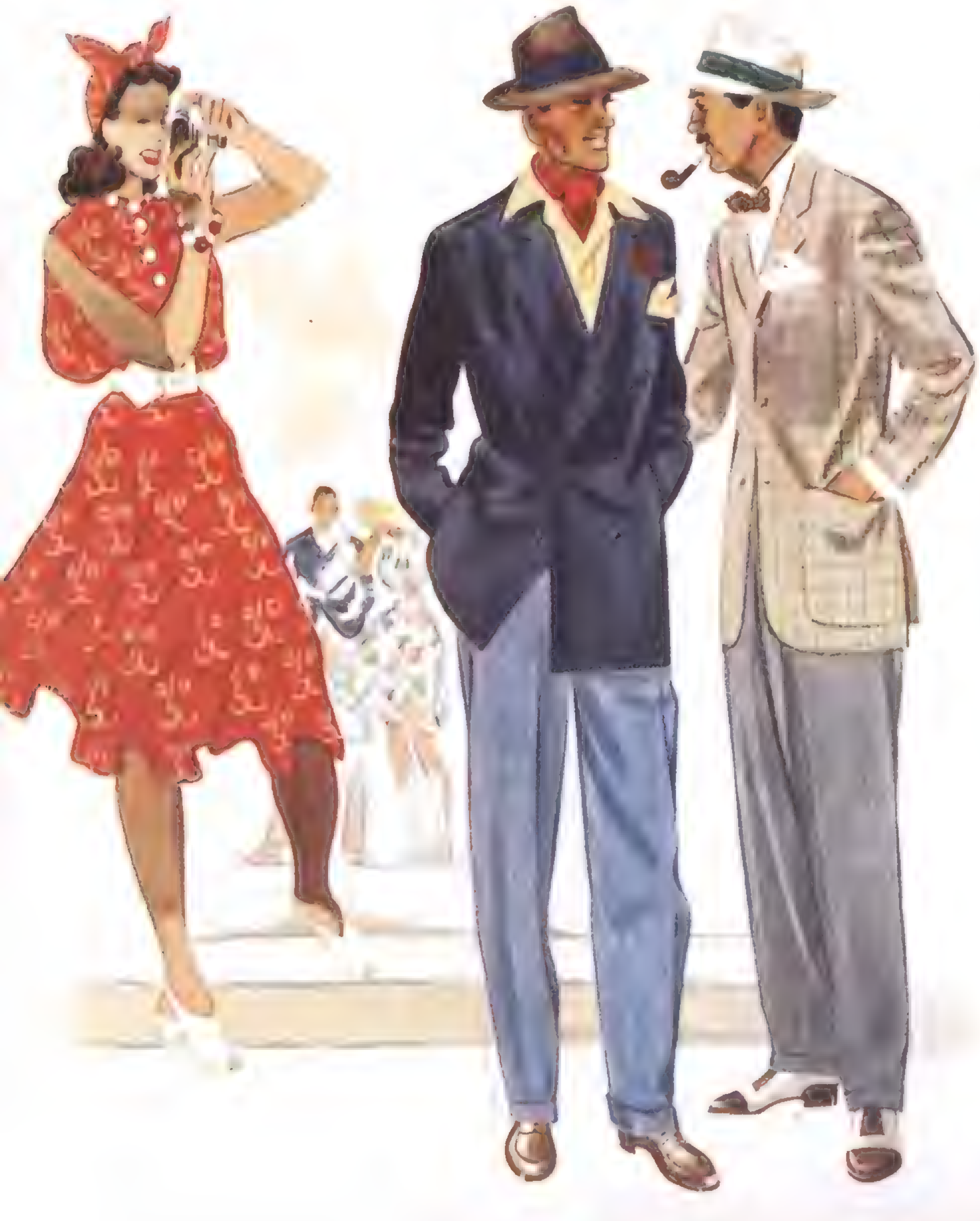
Continued on page 104

"Gosh! Those poor fellows in the brass section!"

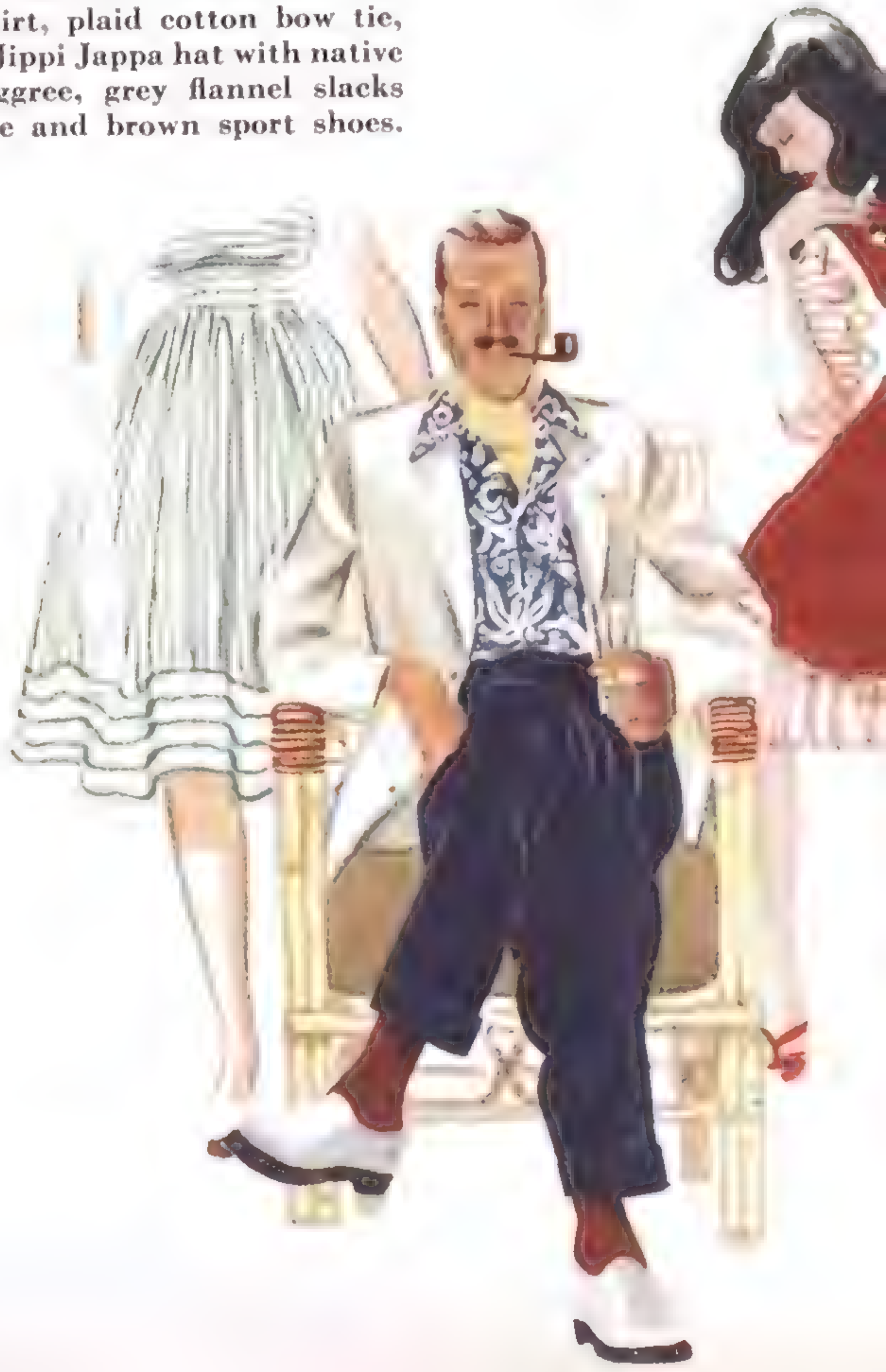


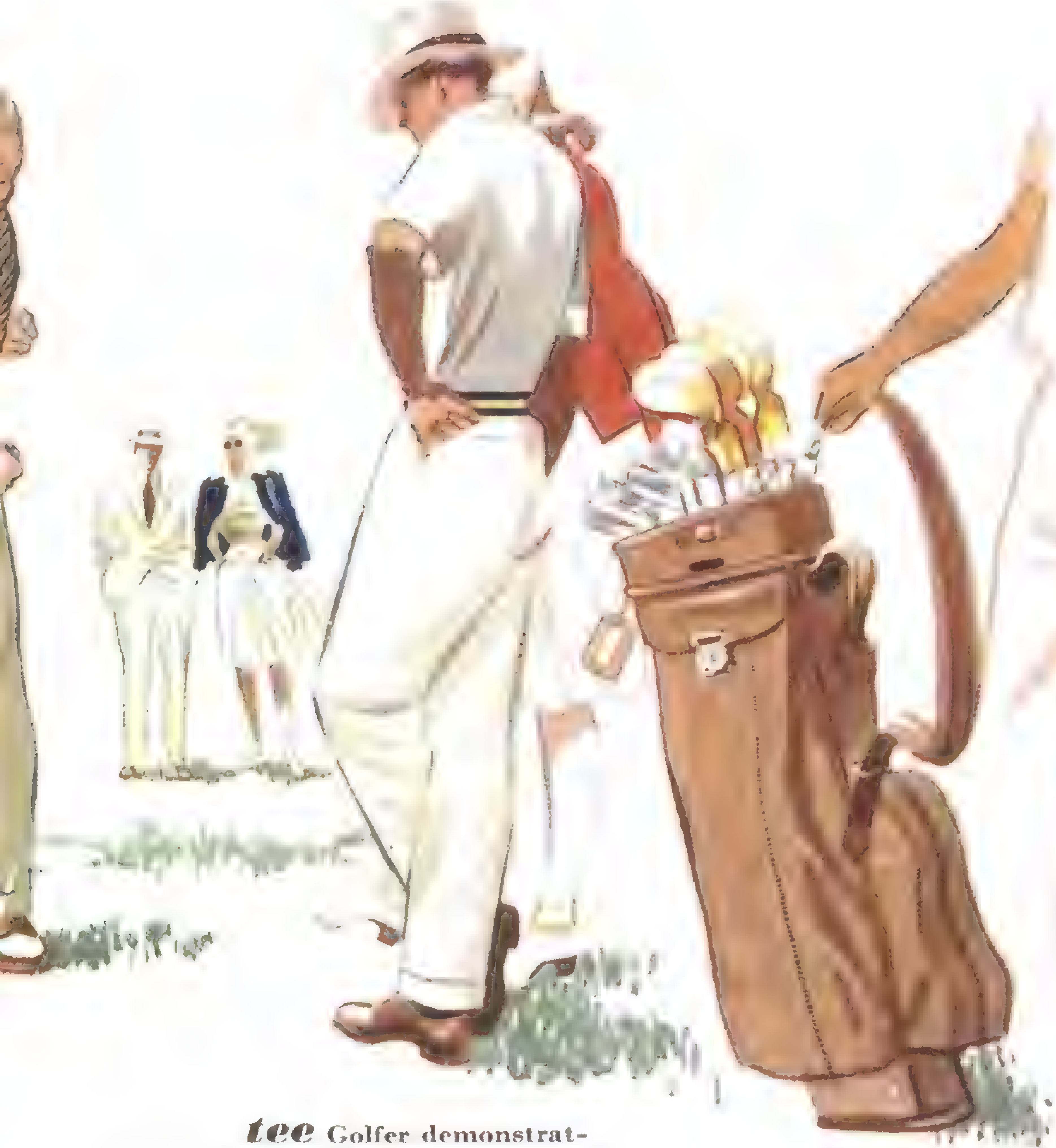
light dress at resorts . . .

breakfast The man wears a light brown loosely woven wool leisure jacket over Charkhana cotton sport shirt, brown gabardine slacks, Sandune socks and white moccasin-type lounging slippers.

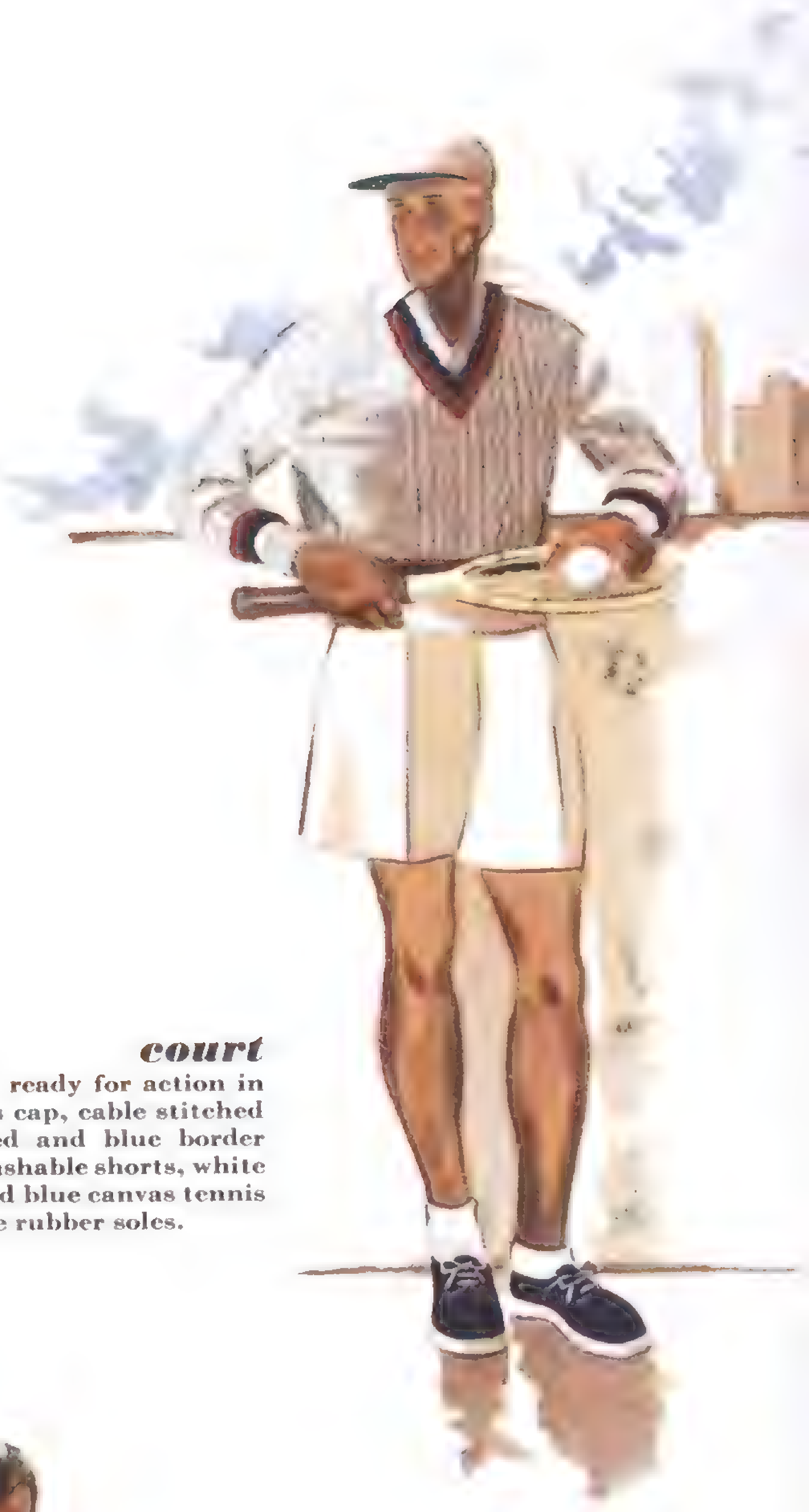


club The first man being candidly photographed has on a brown panama hat, blue washable jacket, natural shade rayon shirt, red foulard scarf, pale blue washable slacks and brown moccasins. The pipe-smoker wears a blue on brown overchecked Shetland jacket, white oxford shirt, plaid cotton bow tie, pork-pie Jippi Jappa hat with native print puggree, grey flannel slacks and white and brown sport shoes.



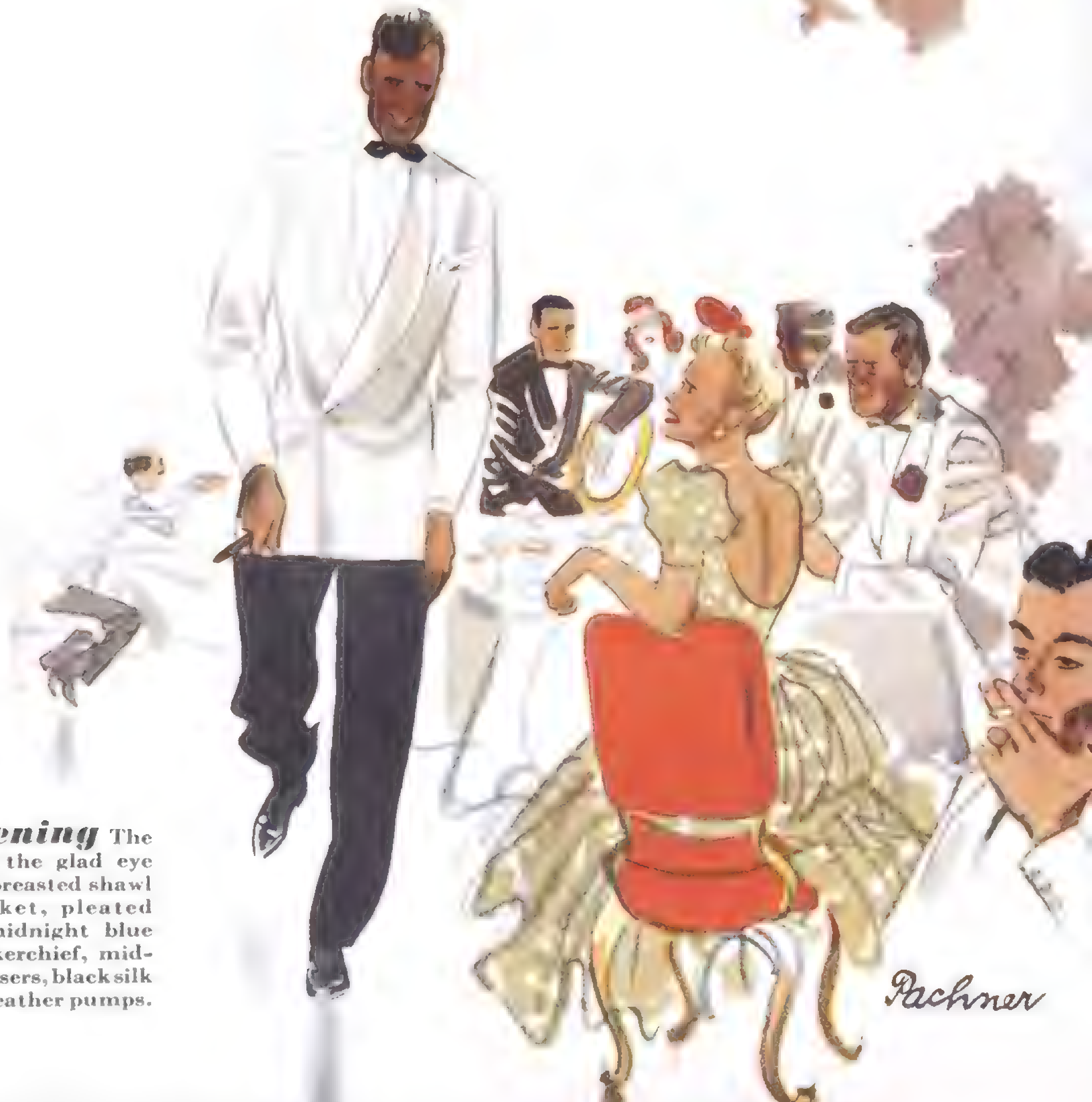


tee Golfer demonstrating shift of body sports a tan and blue knitted lisle pullover, ribbon belt, tan tropical slacks and white and brown moccasin golf shoes. The onlooker combines a body hat, white sport shirt and slacks, blue and yellow ribbon belt and brown shoes. Caddie holds the leather bag containing complete set of golf clubs.



court
Tennis player is ready for action in the white tennis cap, cable stitched sweater with red and blue border stripes, white washable shorts, white wool anklets, and blue canvas tennis shoes with white rubber soles.

cocktails The comfortable highball drinker combines a blue and white native print shirt and yellow cotton scarf with a white washable jacket, blue corduroy slacks, maroon socks and white buckskin sport shoes with black rubber soles.



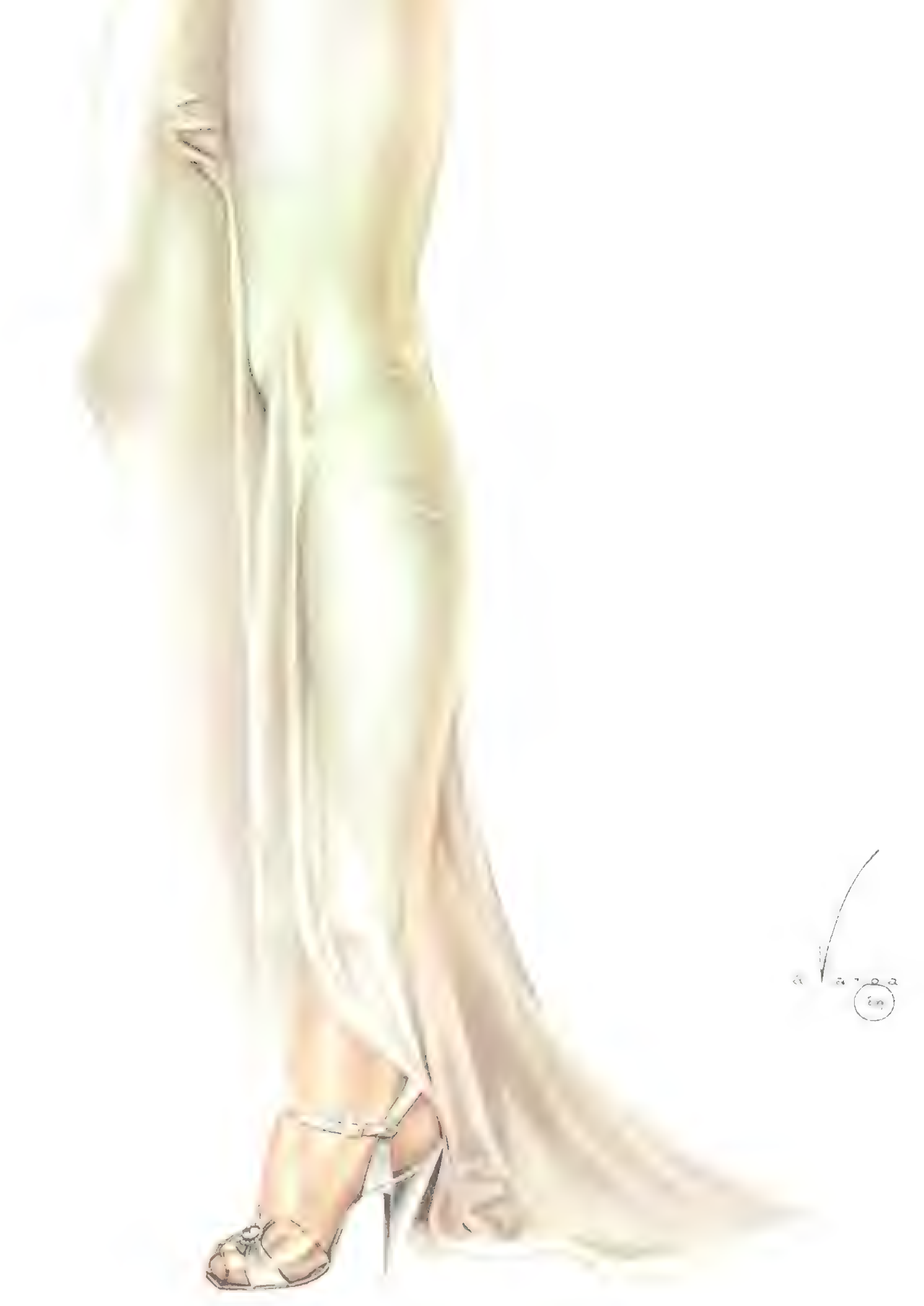
evening The cigar smoker getting the glad eye wears a white double breasted shawl collared dinner jacket, pleated bosom dress shirt, midnight blue bow tie, pocket handkerchief, midnight blue evening trousers, black silk half hose and patent leather pumps.

CUTE TRICK

You're a ringer for the "Ziegfeld Girl"
That dazzling thrill-conveyer
For whom we owe a vote of thanks
To Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,
But you're not in a movie
Or the chorus of a show
Though a chorus of approval
Follows everywhere you go;

You grace the playing cards that proved
An overnight sensation,
You're causing cardiac trouble
Through excessive palpitation,
Why, even stage-door-Johnnies
Will forego a rendezvous
To stay home every evening
And play solitaire with you!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

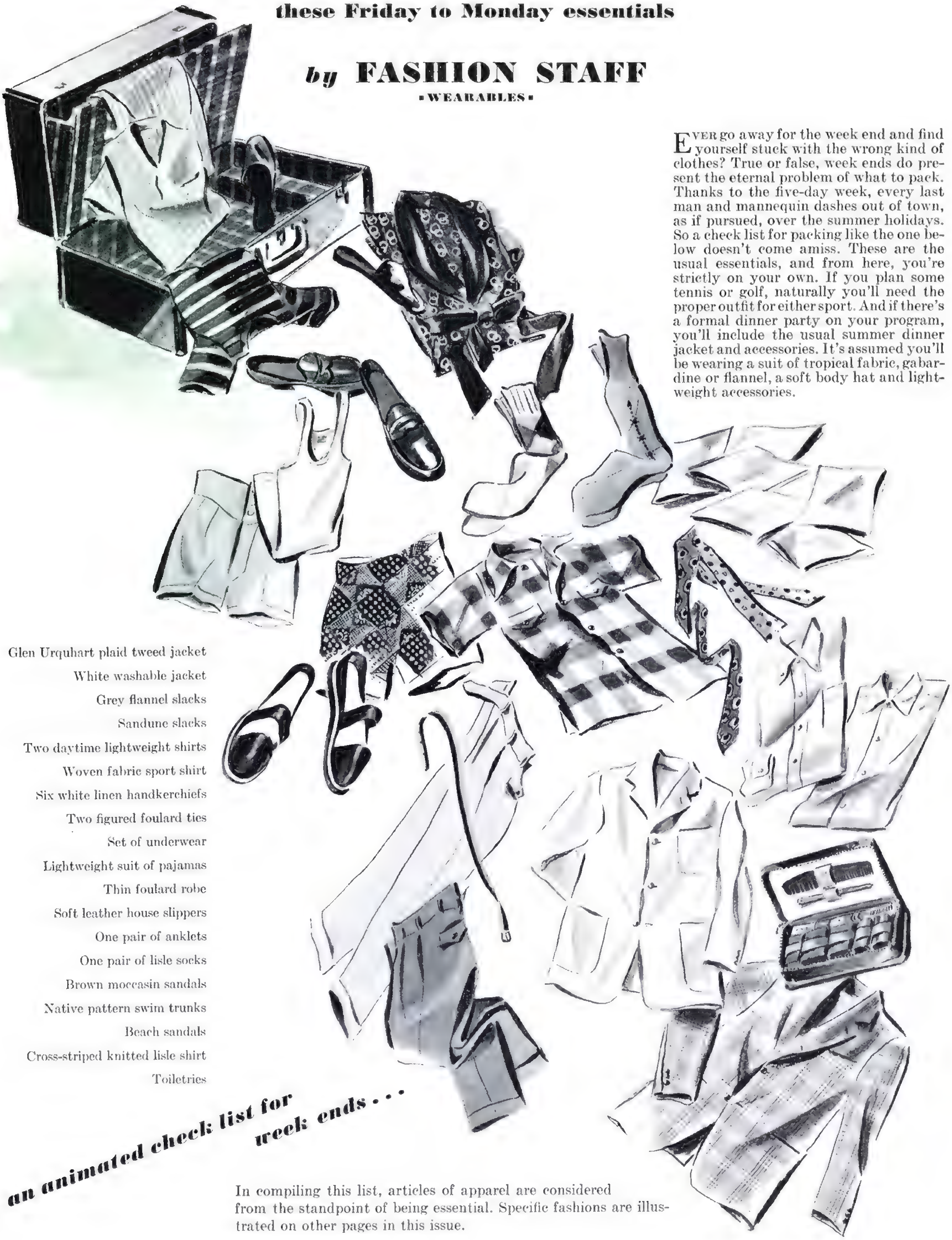


Layout for a Week-End Wardrobe

Before getting away from it all, better make sure you have packed these Friday to Monday essentials

by FASHION STAFF

WEARABLES

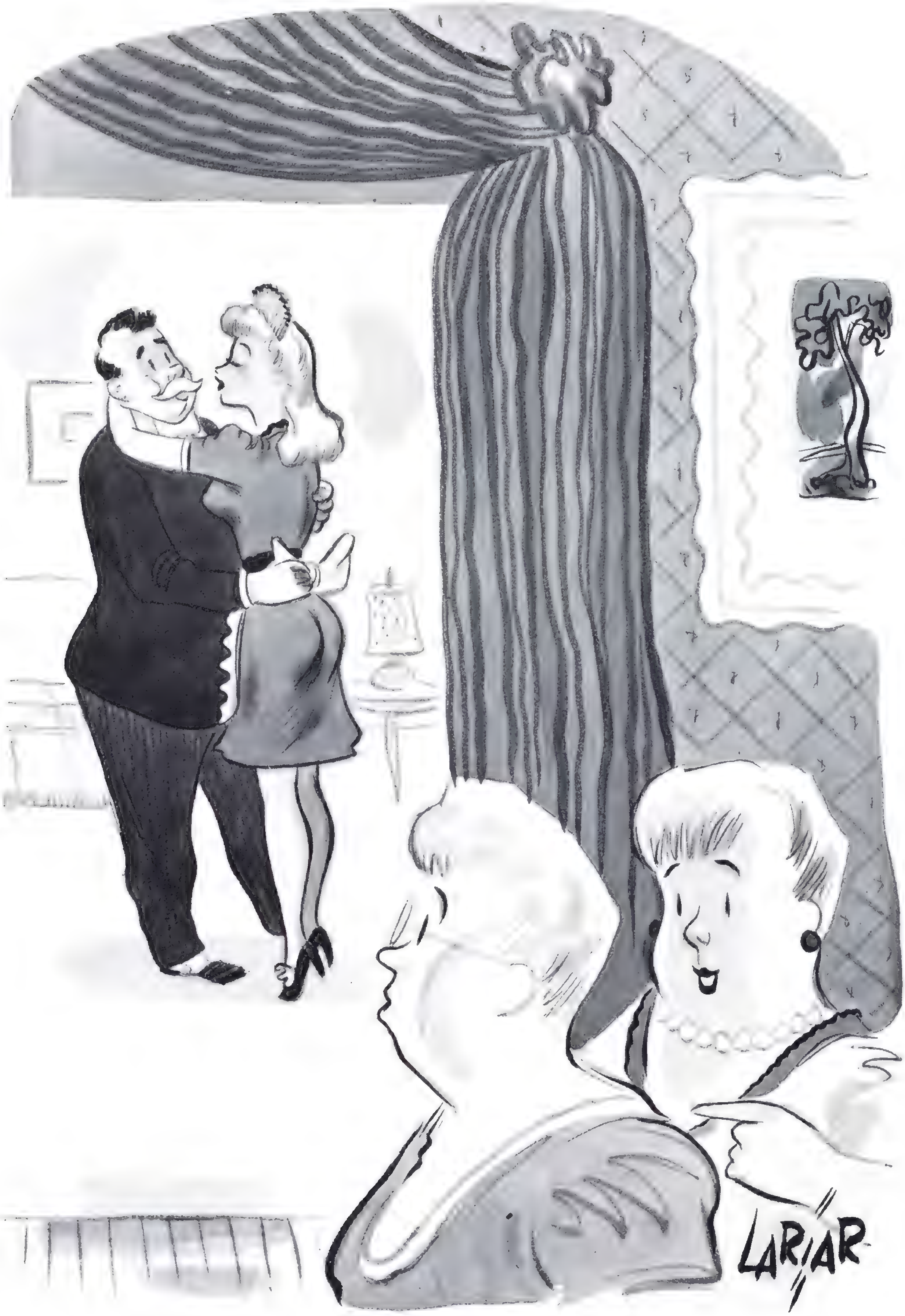


Ever go away for the week end and find yourself stuck with the wrong kind of clothes? True or false, week ends do present the eternal problem of what to pack. Thanks to the five-day week, every last man and mannequin dashes out of town, as if pursued, over the summer holidays. So a check list for packing like the one below doesn't come amiss. These are the usual essentials, and from here, you're strictly on your own. If you plan some tennis or golf, naturally you'll need the proper outfit for either sport. And if there's a formal dinner party on your program, you'll include the usual summer dinner jacket and accessories. It's assumed you'll be wearing a suit of tropical fabric, gabardine or flannel, a soft body hat and lightweight accessories.

Glen Urquhart plaid tweed jacket
White washable jacket
Grey flannel slacks
Sandune slacks
Two daytime lightweight shirts
Woven fabric sport shirt
Six white linen handkerchiefs
Two figured foulard ties
Set of underwear
Lightweight suit of pajamas
Thin foulard robe
Soft leather house slippers
One pair of anklets
One pair of lisle socks
Brown moccasin sandals
Native pattern swim trunks
Beach sandals
Cross-striped knitted lisle shirt
Toiletries

an animated check list for week ends . . .

In compiling this list, articles of apparel are considered from the standpoint of being essential. Specific fashions are illustrated on other pages in this issue.



"I hate to say anything—her boy friend was called away to Fort Dix!"

Man the Kitchenette

Stimulate lagging appetites some torrid day with the favored dish of the Hindus: hot-spiced curry

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

I AM your advisor on eating and good food as men like it but in this article I shall try to make you stop eating. I shall try my best to induce you to go on a strike as far as your meals are concerned. I take this line not out of a desire to be different and more original than the rest of the food columnists, but merely because I want to keep your stomach in shape during the hot summer months. I am resolved to prevent you from partaking of a heavy but delicious plate of *Cassoulet Toulousienne* during the heat wave and falling into eternal sleep after having finished the last morsel. I need readers to stick around; so please observe some age-old eating rules and some new ones which might lead to healthful longevity.

Not that the needs of your system change much according to the weather; you require just as much protein, carbohydrate and vitamins summer or winter. The most noticeable difference is that your appetite diminishes in the summer—enough of a reason to avoid foods which are hard to digest. However, I don't want to bore you with technicalities right at the beginning, so let me rather illustrate a sane way of eating on hot days.

Why do you suppose hot-spiced curry originated in India, a tropical country? Because the gastric juices don't function properly in hot weather, one's appetite diminishes, and in order for you to want to take any nourishment at all—I told you above that your system doesn't care a damn about the Fahrenheit as far as nutrients are concerned—the gastric juices have to be artificially stimulated. They respond readily to strongly seasoned foods, which, in fact, are so stimulating to the taste buds that they are even habit-forming to some extent. For instance, Hindu aristocrats traveling in Europe used to take along their chefs so that they should not have to be without their accustomed fare. Maharajahs, in particular, did just this, and not solely for the publicized religious reasons.

Since they were about the easiest people to meet, I, too, made the acquaintance of a few Indian maharajahs. At home, in their native states they were practically isolated in their gaudy palaces, playing a melancholy game of polo now and then under a torrid sun, eagerly waiting for guests from civilized parts of the world to turn up. When they came to Europe for a vacation they went on the loose, making friends with every Tom, Dick and Harry with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm.

That's why I also got lassoed, by the Rajah of Mandi. I was sent by a newspaper to interview him at the railroad station in Vienna. I barely could ask him a few questions when His Highness interrupted this line of conversation, and announced:

"You are coming with me in the car and you'll have luncheon with me." That was that.

Flying swiftly and silently from the station toward the Hotel Bristol in one of the Rolls-Royces—two of them were sent to France in advance of the Rajah's arrival—I was fervently hoping that all my friends, and possibly a creditor or two would see my triumphal entry. But aside from these vain and petty interests, I was really gratified to meet the prince. He was a most informal, democratic and highly educated man, and young and very handsome in the bargain. And when, in his apartment, two turbaned valets started to unpack and placed the silver-framed photographic portrait of his wife next to the ivory military brushes on the dresser, the little Rajah became even more important in my eyes. His wife was none other than the most beautiful girl of all the Indies, the daughter of the Maharajah of Kapurthala. I had never seen anyone so beautiful. It is significant that although the Ranee was left in Paris, the chef was brought along.

He was already cooking for his master downstairs in the kitchens and presently we sat down to sample his curry on this hot, and therefore appropriate, curry-eating summer day. It was long ago, but I still faintly remember that it was a fine dish. However, I distinctly remember commenting on the rice that accompanied it, because I was told that the chef's Javanese nationality was responsible for its excellence—it seems that it is in Java that they best know how to cook rice to perfection. There was a basket of assorted fresh fruit to top the main dish, and nothing else. It was a very light and still satisfying meal. To wind up my experience with this Indian potentate before I proceed to give you a good recipe for curry, I must tell you that for weeks I, as the constant companion and cicerone of the Rajah, was the envy of the town. Bets were made among my friends as to what parting present I would get—a large emerald, a rare diamond, a bejewelled scimitar, or even one of the cars. The last evening we went to a night club and I was all aflutter with expectation. After a while the Rajah whispered to me that he was bored and would like to slip away with me to still another club, leaving his staff—two native secretaries and a British major—behind. Well, His Highness carried no money on him and I had to foot all the bills. An evening out seldom cost me so much.

And all I got was an invitation to come and visit him in India, a pretty expensive affair—when I was so broke that I couldn't even take the streetcar to Schoenbrunn!

But back to culinary business quickly and

Continued on page 128

GEORGE WOLFE

The Shades of Night

Give the old Bugmeister a pint of whiskey and he'd sit there and reel off one of his lies

by GEORGE ARMSTRONG

• SATIRE •

I KNEW I shouldn't be going up to see the old liar when I was going up there. When I wrote that first nature-faker story about the three-headed chicken, it was just something for a dull Monday. Old Bugmeister told me the story and I put his name on it but everybody at the office thought I had made it up myself and the boss had me on the bulletin board next day:

Most original story of the week:

Three-Headed Chicken—Hansen—$5 bonus.

"That's quite a character you've started there—that old Bugmeister," the boss said to me. "Try to think up a couple more like that."

So I'd go up to old Bugmeister's place with a pint of rye and he'd sit there and tell me one of those lies of his, about a horse that won a race with a cork leg or about a sparrow that smelled smoke and saved a child's life by pecking at the window till the kid came out to see what all the noise was about.

I got a bonus every time I turned one in and finally I got a ten-dollar raise. It was then that the boss called me in again.

"Those Bugmeister things," he said. "Very fine. But they're all about animals. I wonder if you couldn't do something like that about human beings. Put your mind to it and see if you can't have something by Monday."

So I got a pint of rye and went up to see old Bugmeister. He was sitting on a rocking chair on his front porch with his cane between his legs. Occasionally he'd give the chair a nudge and the thing would teeter back and forth and then he'd just sit there with his feet planted on the floor.

"Rye?" he'd always say. "Well, I don't know. I don't think I'd oughta . . . A pint, eh?"

I asked him if he knew any stories about human beings instead of animals.

"Human beings?" he said, tilting his head back and taking the first swig of rye. He seemed to think of it awhile after he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and got planted firmly again.

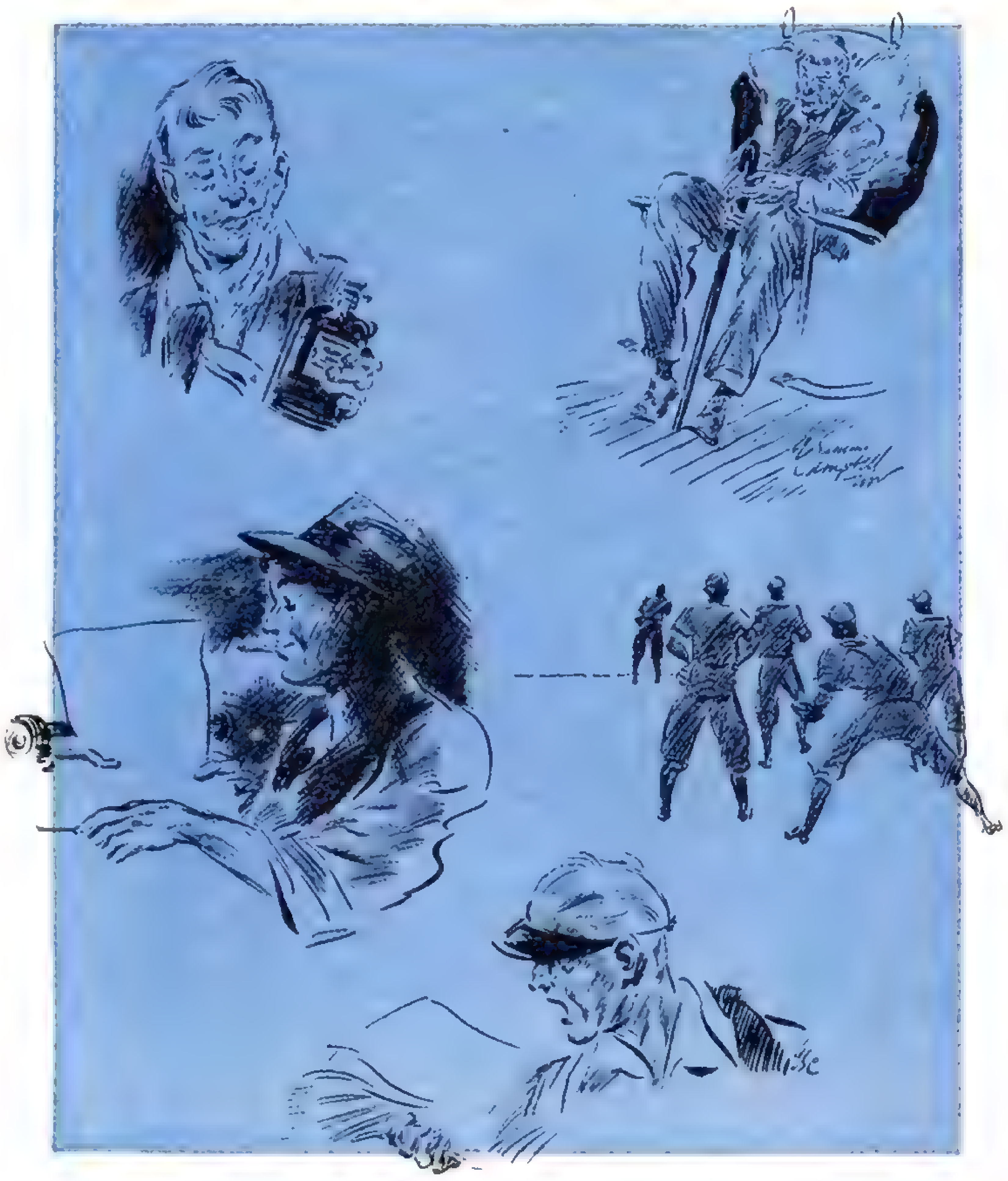
"Human beings, eh?" he mused and went into the vale of thought. Finally he looked up at me cagily. "Would you mean somebody like a ball player?"

I admitted that the definition might be stretched that far.

"Well, sir," said the old man, taking one last flying rock on the chair and then settling himself for the duration of the tale. This is what he told me:

I happen (said old Bugmeister) to have taken part in a most curious thing back in the fall of 1906. In those days, when I was younger, I was something of a sporting fellow. I managed a semi-pro team over on Long Island and occasionally did a bit of pinch-hitting. My gracious, I had a good team.

Well, sir, there was one great rival we had that year, a team called the Elmhurst Blues. My team was the Jamaica Juveniles and we played the Blues six games that year and broke even with them. By that time the people of Long Island were very excited and it was decided that we should have a play-off game to settle the championship. We tossed to see whether the game should be played in our park or theirs and we won. The game was set for October 15th, which was after the World Series and just about the right time for us.



Two days before the game we learned that the Blues had hired Buck Sweeney for the play-off. This was very bad news for us because Buck Sweeney was with the Pittsburgh Pirates and the best pitcher in the world at that particular moment. We could hire eight pitchers without getting the same as Mr. Sweeney and we were feeling pretty bad but we went right ahead getting out the handbills and posters and the rest of the advertising. It was then that Mr. Armbruster who managed the Blues came running over to see me.

"What do you mean by setting the game for eight o'clock!" he yelled at me. "You can't get a crowd out that time in the morning."

"If you will look a little closer, Mr. Armbruster," I said, "you will notice that the cards read 8 P. M. That means evening. Eight o'clock at night."

"Night!" cried Mr. Armbruster in considerable anguish. "Who ever heard of playing a game at night?"

"You are going to see something very revolutionary, Mr. Armbruster," I said. "You are going to see one of the first games in America ever played under arc lights. People will be very pleased. Furthermore, I must remind you that the home team has full charge of the arrangements for the game and we have decided to play at night."

"Well, sir, he had nothing to say in reply to that and the game came off as scheduled. There was a great crowd out and it was a pretty sight. The ladies in their gay garments, the men . . . well, anyhow. The Blues came out to practice and then our team came out and there was a great hullabaloo from everybody because my team was the Lincoln Giants. It wasn't just that my team was the Lincoln Giants but that the Lincoln Giants was a colored team. Mr. Armbruster, always a very excited man, came running over again.

"I suppose you're going to use two teams!" he yelled.

"No, sir," I replied calmly. "I'm just going to use the colored boys. You can have my promise on that."

The lights were not very good lights, although at that time of night they were better than no lights at all, and the game started. From the beginning the Elmhurst Blues are protesting that there are more than three of my men in the outfield and in this they are correct because I have eight colored boys in the outfield in black uniforms and not only can't the fans see the eight but they can't see the three. They can see the ball because it is white and they can see that it doesn't touch the ground but for the rest they can only see

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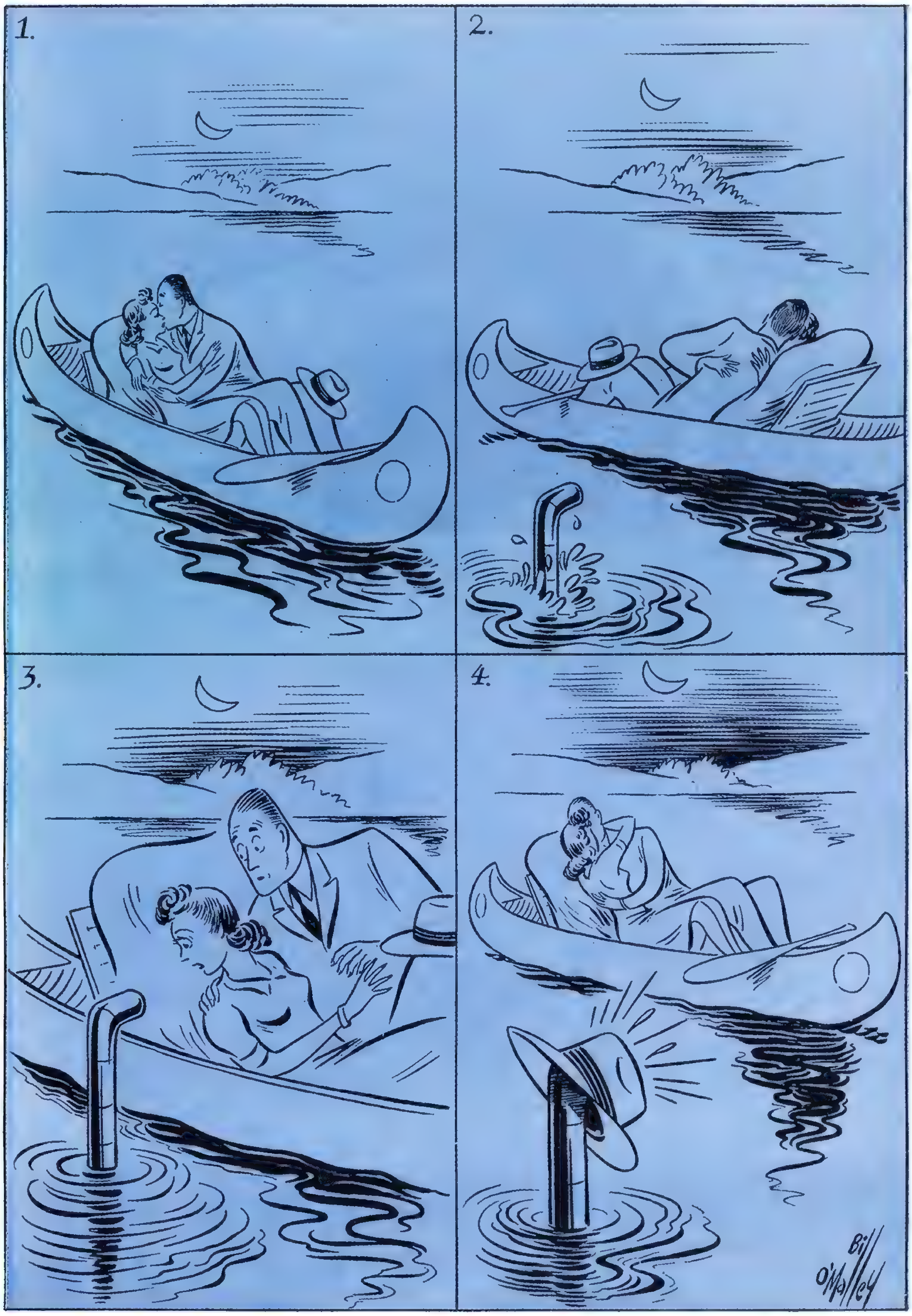
1.
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Bill O'Malley

Esquire on the Record

Star-spangled symphony in Boston, Cleveland, Washington, New York, Interlochen and Robin Hood Dell

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

In order to save myself from having to shout Music, Music, when there is no music—for the great record companies subscribe to the delusion that music lovers go deaf from the heat and therefore withhold their treasures until fall—I am preparing a dash around the country to lose myself in wind-swept harmonies. Under the stars there are no summer doldrums. That once popular phrase, "the music goes 'round and 'round," is now a reality.

From the banks of the St. Charles River in Boston to the hills above Hollywood, auditoriums, stadiums and fields that used to hold thousands of sporting fans now bulge with music lovers whose appetite for symphony and song is not content with a starvation diet from spring to winter. Seats are cheap and the amplifying horns work overtime. But the prospectuses that crowded my mail are only mildly exciting, have not caused my blood pressure to boil. They contain an ample litter of name soloists, a mere handful of name conductors. Aside from an occasional week here and a week there, the great stick wavers are hiding. Promoters rely on the attractions of over-publicized circus seals to sell the seats. Instead, they should secure first-class performances, which also sell. Witness the Berkshire Symphonic Festival.

Perhaps one or two of the conductorial dark horses that will be trotted forth will have the gift of taking hold of a band and making it play straight-off. If so, they will be miracle workers, for there are scarcely any rehearsals. And few of them have the courage or are in the position—as they are in regular winter jobs—to paraphrase Sir Thomas Beecham's reply to RCA Victor when they asked if he would consider recording Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* in four hours. "My dear fellows, he told them, "I couldn't even begin a nightmare in that time."

* * *

New York's Lewisohn Stadium concerts got off to a rousing start last month with the only appearance of Artur Rodzinski and Artur Rubinstein and a pair of dance evenings by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. They are supposed to continue until August 13 and probably will, as Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer usually brings them into port on schedule, judiciously stimulating the public's interest by alternately threatening shipwreck and dropping Hofmann, Menuhin, Lily Pons or some other celebrity overboard whenever attendance gets low.

There are many ways of proving that the atmosphere at 138th and Amsterdam is unhealthy, especially for members of the Philharmonic Symphony, and I have them all at my fingers' ends. But most convincing is what happens to their spirit before your very eyes. Men who in Carnegie Hall can play the scale decently and who now and then sit up and give, suddenly droop and slump

Continued in center of page 102

Campus Choice

When not concentrating on the curriculum, collegians "coke" and chat, usually to the accompaniment of "canned" music. Owners of these spots know that to be successful they must keep their music boxes supplied with the records requested by their rhythm-conscious customers Typical are these popular hangouts, selected at random, telling which of the current crop of records are nicking collegians for the most nickels.

"The Red and Blue Grille"
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Shanty Town; Johnny Long.	Decca 3409A
Frenesi; Artie Shaw.	Victor 26542
Help Me; Abe Lyman.	Bluebird 10887
Temptation; Artie Shaw.	Victor 27230
Yes, My Darling Daughter; Andrews Sisters.	Decca 3559
The One I Love; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 26660
I Do, Do You; Glen Gray.	Decca 3572
I'd Know You Anywhere; Crosby-Trotter.	Decca 3565
Do You Ever Think of Me; Crosby-Merry Macs.	Decca 3423
So You're the One; Dick Robertson.	Decca 3607
Chick-Ee-Chica; Bob Crosby.	Decca 3605

"The Kennel"
DRAKE UNIVERSITY
Des Moines, Iowa

You Might Have Belonged to Another; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27274
Old Fashioned Love; Eddie Howard.	Columbia 35771
The One I Love; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 26660
The Last Time I Saw Paris; Dick Jurgens.	Okeh 5962
Bugle Call Rag; Metronome All Star band.	Victor 27314
Beau Night in Hotchkiss Corners; Artie Shaw.	Victor 27315
Swing Time Up in Harlem; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27249
It All Comes Back to Me Now; Gene Krupa.	Okeh 5883
Three Ring Ragout; Will Bradley.	Columbia 35871
Tiger Rag; Alvino Rey.	Bluebird 11002

"The Coffee Shop" and "Old Trail Tavern"
ANTIOCH COLLEGE
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Blue Flame; Woody Herman.	Decca 3643A
Let's Get away from It All; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27377
Walking by the River; Una Mae Carlisle.	Bluebird 11043
Drum Boogie; Gene Krupa.	Okeh 6046
Chantez Le Bas; Artie Shaw.	Victor 2735B
You Forgot About Me; Victor Young.	Decca 3631
Handful of Stars; Artie Shaw.	Victor 26790
Begin the Beguine; Artie Shaw.	Bluebird B-7746

"Benson's Soda Fountain"
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
Auburn, Alabama

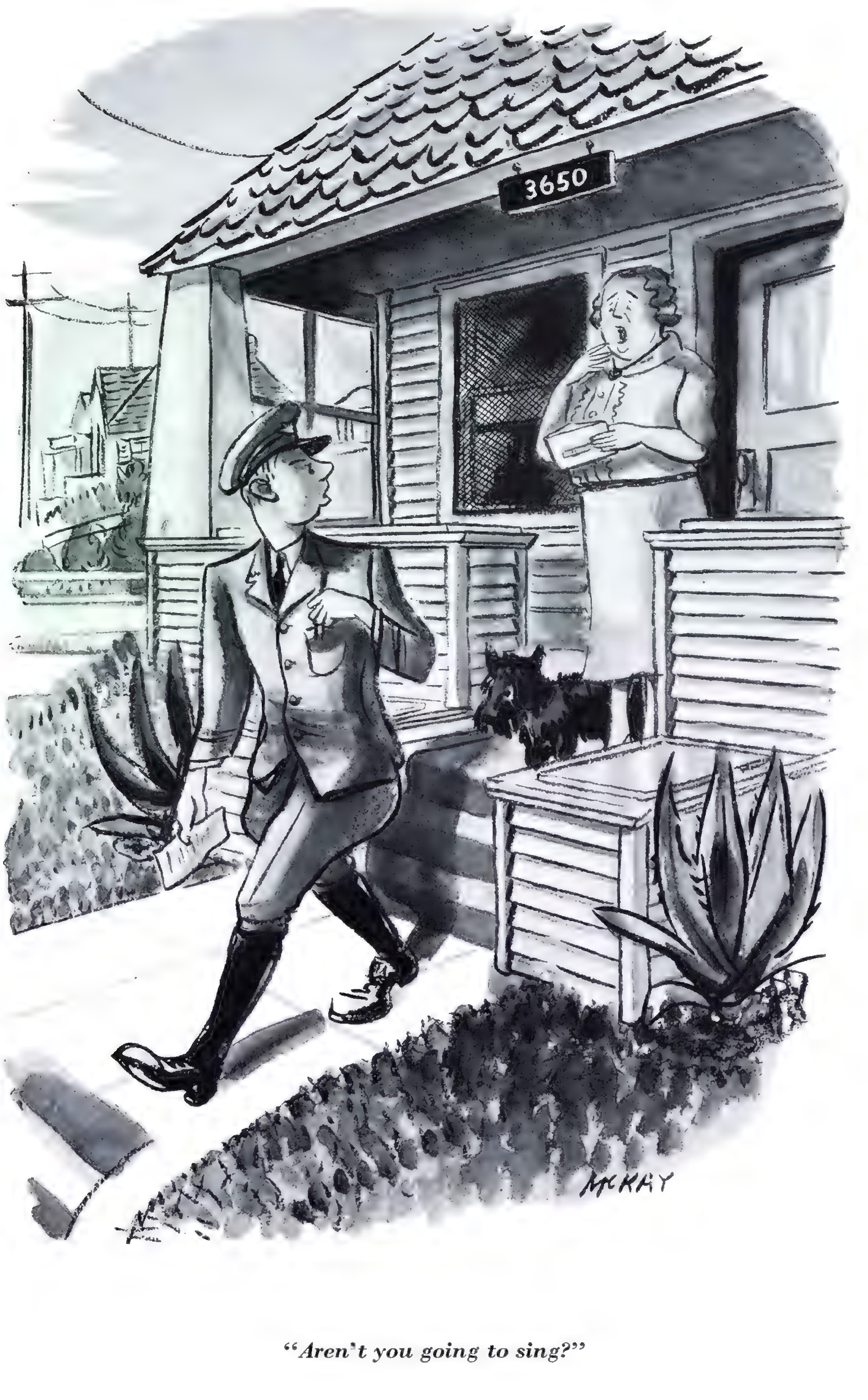
Amapola; Xavier Cugat;	Columbia 36013
New San Antonio Rose; Bing Crosby.	Decca 3590
Boa Noite; Russ Morgan.	Decca 3625
Swanee River; Tommy Tucker.	Victor 27233
Alexander the Swoose; Kay Kyser.	Columbia 36040
Dolores; Bing Crosby.	Decca 3644
Do I Worry; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27338
There Shall Be No Night; Dick Jurgens.	Okeh 5825
I Could Kiss You for That; Dolly Dawn.	Okeh 5977
Practice Makes Perfect; Al Kavelin.	Okeh 5742
You Say the Sweetest Things; Kay Kyser.	Columbia 35870

BEREA COLLEGE
Berea, Kentucky

Because of You; Larry Clinton.	Bluebird 11094
I Do, Do You; Glenn Miller.	Bluebird 11020
Amapola; Benny Goodman.	Columbia 36050
Georgia on My Mind; Orrin Tucker.	
The Wise Old Owl; Dick Robertson.	Decca 3659
Do I Worry; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27338
Keep Cool Fool; Erskine Hawkins.	Bluebird 11049
It Was Wonderful Then; Guy Lombardo.	Decca 3658
Alexander the Swoose; Kay Kyser.	Columbia 36040

"Pardoe's"
BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

My Sister and I; Bob Chester.	Bluebird 11088
Amapola; Benny Goodman.	Columbia 36050
Oh, Look at Me Now; Tommy Dorsey.	Victor 27274
Nighty-Night; Alvino Rey.	Bluebird 11041
It Was Wonderful Then; Joe Reichman.	Victor 27378
Do I Worry; Ink Spots.	Decca 3432
Little Miss Irish; Sammy Kaye.	Victor 27328
Perfidia; Jimmy Dorsey.	Decca 3198



"Aren't you going to sing?"

Guy: Ghoul of the Ghostly West

Comparing what the artist actually saw of the West with the humor and dramatic distortion in his pictures

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When the early spring mud of East Hampton, Connecticut, churned up against the fenders and forced his serviceable rattletrap to a stall within full view of his cottage home, James Guy stepped out to survey a situation that was as cheerless as the landscape. At the moment there was not a speck of room in his mind for the Far West, from which he had just returned, or for the art through which he would express himself on that theme. His problems were more immediate, more urgent.

He had to beat a path to his own door, even though no mousetrap awaited him, and bring wife and child over the threshold. There were things to unpack, a fire to light, water to draw, food to cook, and so forth, operations of the kind that called upon the not-too-deeply-buried pioneer qualities in both Mr. and Mrs. Guy. Like their great-grandparents before them, they were fighting weather, and with means not much more modern than they had had. The Eastern seaboard had been most intemperate that March of 1940. The West had been more Spring-like in the middle of February than the East was toward the end of March. There had been frost and floods. Their water pipes had been frozen solid. For weeks they were mud-bound, even the normally resourceful U.S. mailman couldn't reach their post-box until about the middle of April. The car remained stuck in the mud until about that time, too, when Guy set it free and in motion, for the purpose of bringing in the needed groceries and other supplies from the town of East Hampton, several miles away.

During this time, while the Guys were trying to make life tolerable and waiting for weather to relax its pressure, there was very little talk about that Western trip. It represented neither discovery nor exploration; it represented so many miles traveled—something like 5,700 to the point of origin—so many relatives visited, so many hours of skiing, so many feet of moving picture film run off, so many days out of painting and away from familiar sights and routine for the purposes of arduous picnicking. They had traveled so far West as Wyoming; they had seen the golden and the droughty West, the abandoned and the ghostlike West, but neither Mr. Guy nor his wife is a sociologist, or an economist, or a geologist, and they took no notes, except for the moving picture film, which was a prideful record rather of their little girl Nancy than a document of landscape and people.

But James Guy is a surrealist painter, and a surrealist is one who permits the unconscious to have its say upon his canvas. That is, although each small unit of the canvas may be composed of a realistic element or detail, the manner in which these details are juxtaposed and combined reveals the operations of the unconscious mind, to decipher which the spectator has to call upon powers of analysis beyond the aesthetic. It was not until a month after their return that the artist painted a picture. It was a water color in which he revealed that he had been thinking of nothing but the Wild West—and of his baby daughter. One of the pictorial units showed a baby all alone in a ghost town, holding a snake. (Perhaps the Freudians would like to make something out of that.) Then again James Guy put the West out of mind, or, rather, put on the lid, which would be removed at his convenience.

The Guys reverse the customary procedure of artist families who divide the year between city and country. They live in the country from spring through the fall; they camp in the city in winter time. In December, 1940, the Guys packed up the old car and found a small flat on the top floor of an old Greenwich Village walk-up, a building that may be a heap of rubble by the time this gets into print, for it has been condemned as unsafe for continued human habitation. In these winter quarters Guy began painting toward an exhibition early the following year. He did an imaginative oil, *The Last Outlaw*. Then it came to him that it might be a bright idea to paint a series of gouaches on the basis of his western trip. He painted twelve, ten of which were exhibited under the title of *Fun in Ghost Town*, and of these six are herewith reproduced, enough to communicate the flavor and quality of the series. The four unreproduced are *Face on the Bar Room Floor*, *The Gun Duel*, *The Face in the Window* and *The Professor*. The relationship of the West as the artist saw and experienced it and the West as he painted it, with humor, imagination, irony, comic and dramatic distortion and with borrowings of memory of the movies, gives so interesting an object lesson in the operation of an artist's mind, in the manner in which he plays upon his experience that it may be worthwhile to tell the story in detail of Guy's western trip. It may be worthwhile to tell the story if only to indicate with what little capital, in the way of objective experience, an artist may set up shop, so to speak.

James Guy had never been West before, except when, as a boy, he had cruised through the Great Lakes and turned back for home at Detroit. He had been born at Middletown, Connecticut, eight miles from his present home, and until he came to New York to make his way in art, he had lived in Middletown and New Haven principally, with two brief excursions, within the same year, to Massachusetts and Florida. He is, in effect, a New Englander with a radical's social conscience, a Puritan in revolt, the maturing phase of a typical small town boy whose

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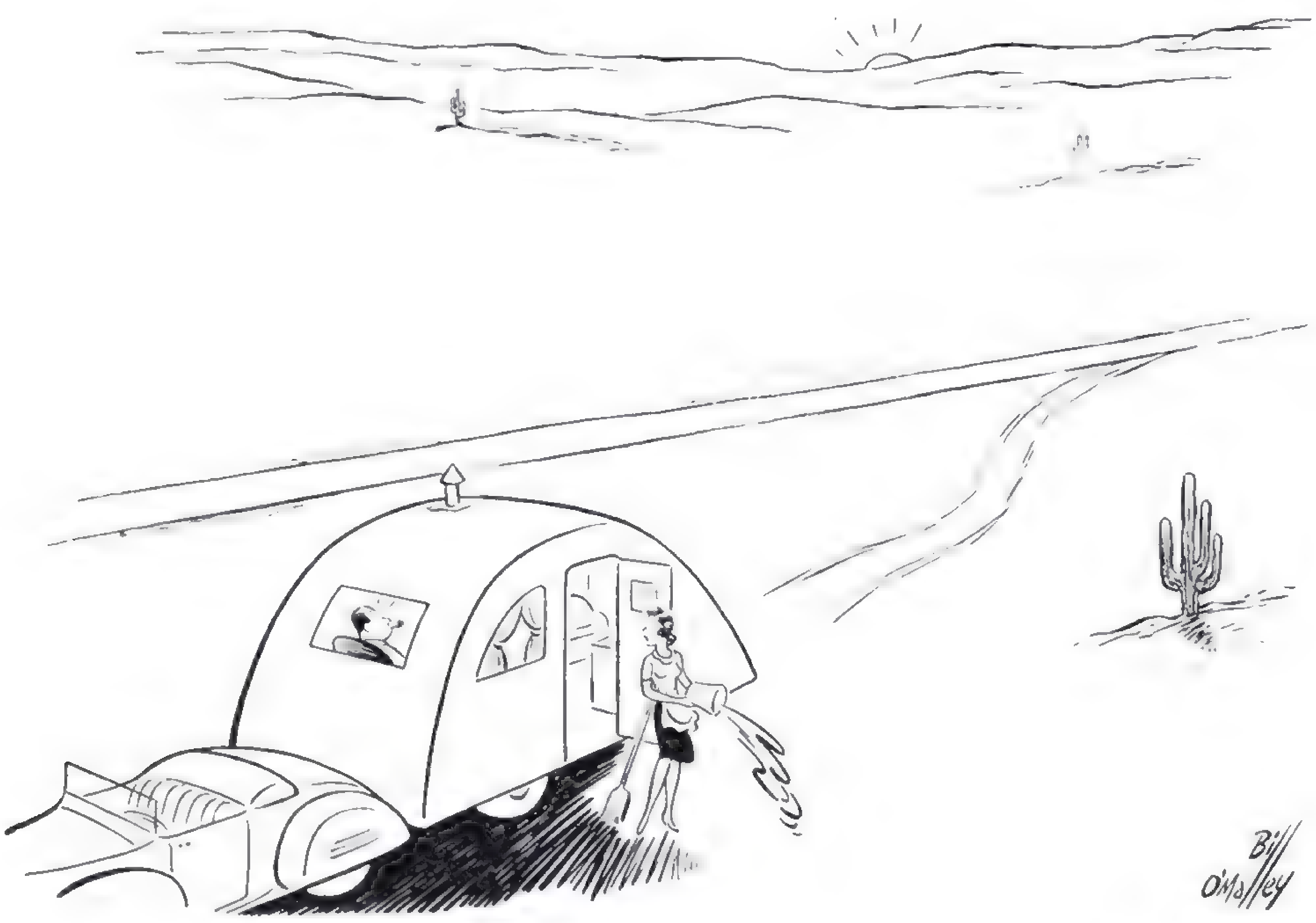
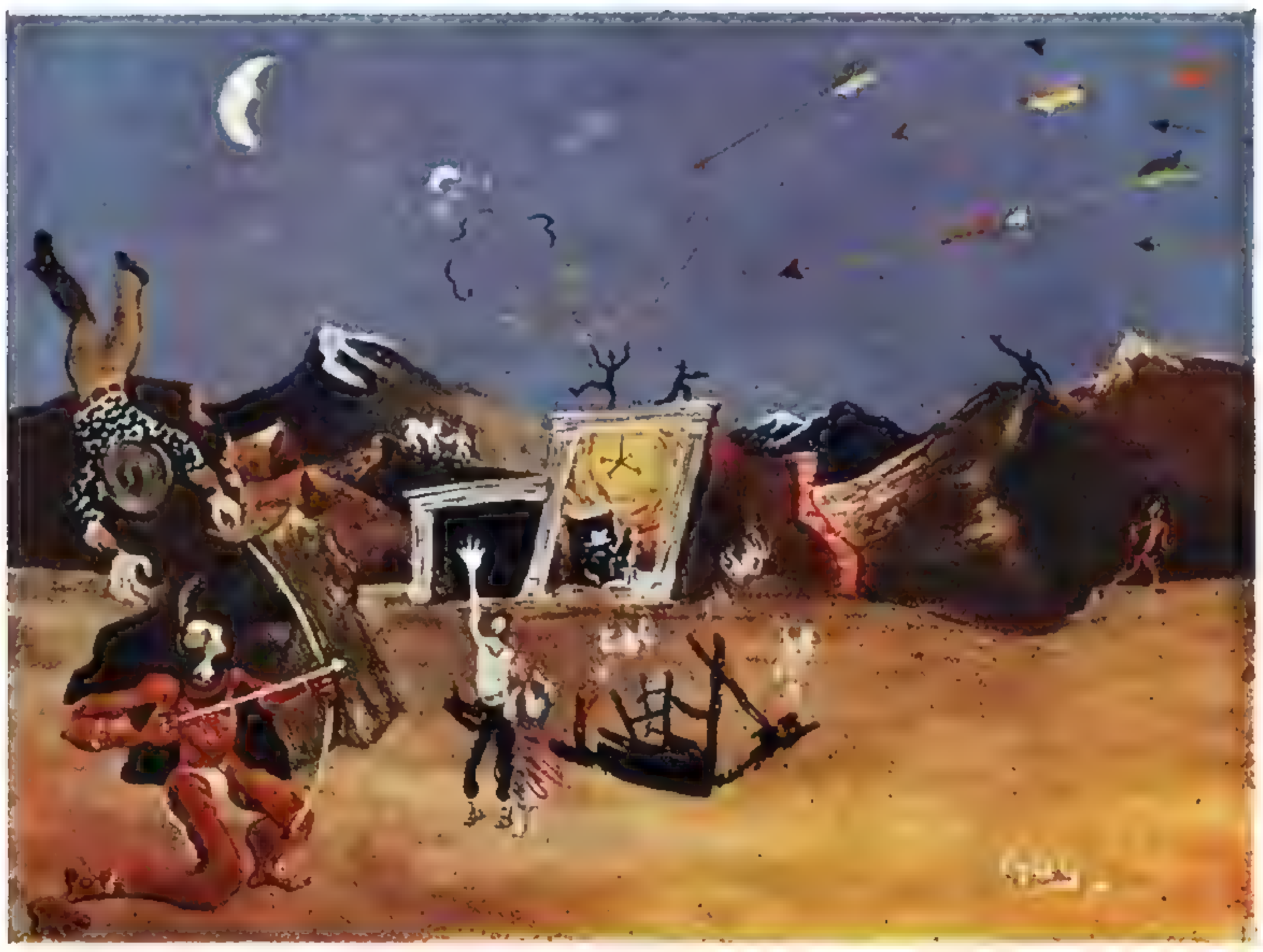


"I've got some things to do around the house—why don't you run along out and enjoy yourself tonight, Henry?"

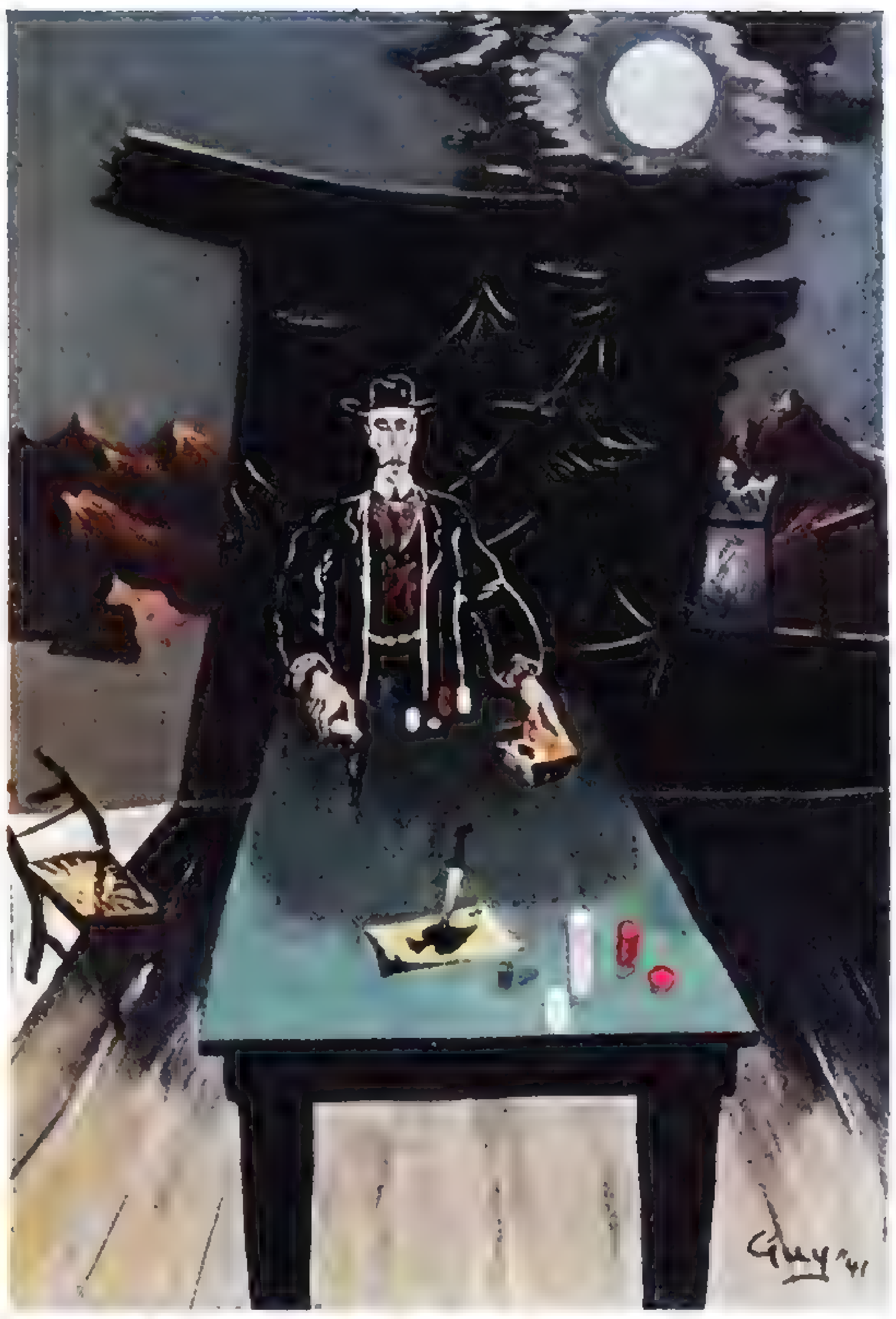


COWBOYS AND INDIANS

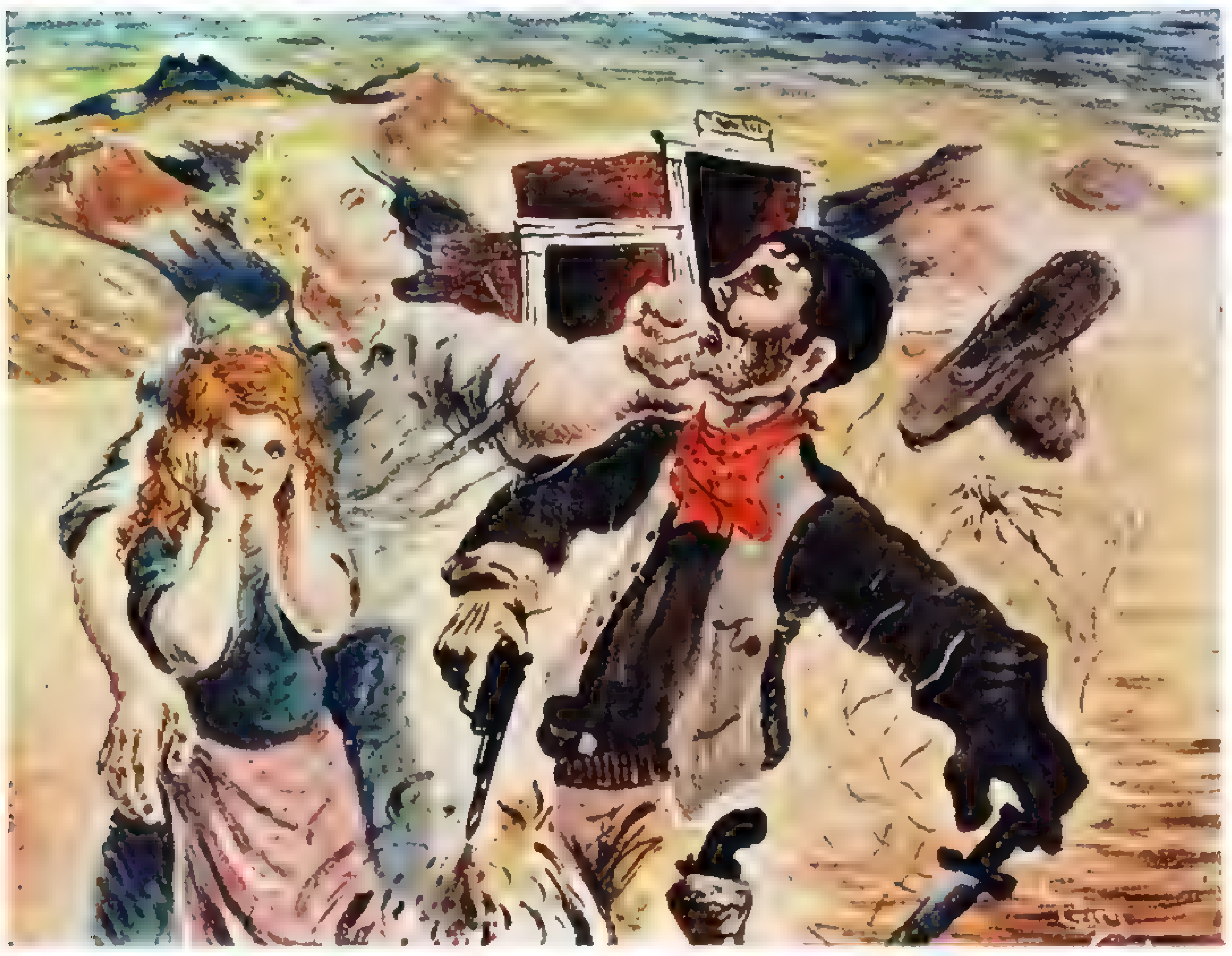
Fun in Ghost Town

A GROUP OF PAINTINGS

by JAMES GUY



THE OLD FARO DEALER



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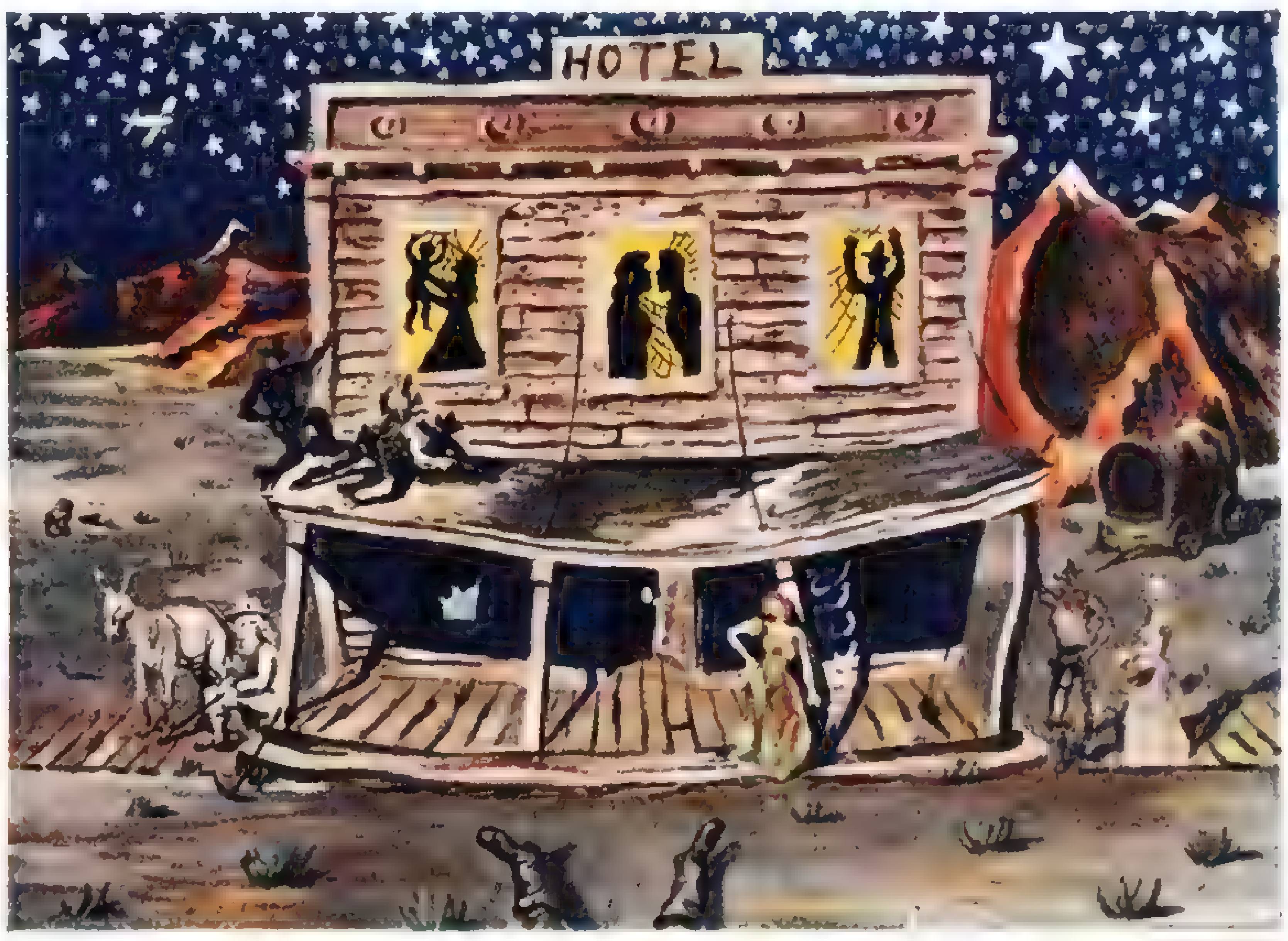
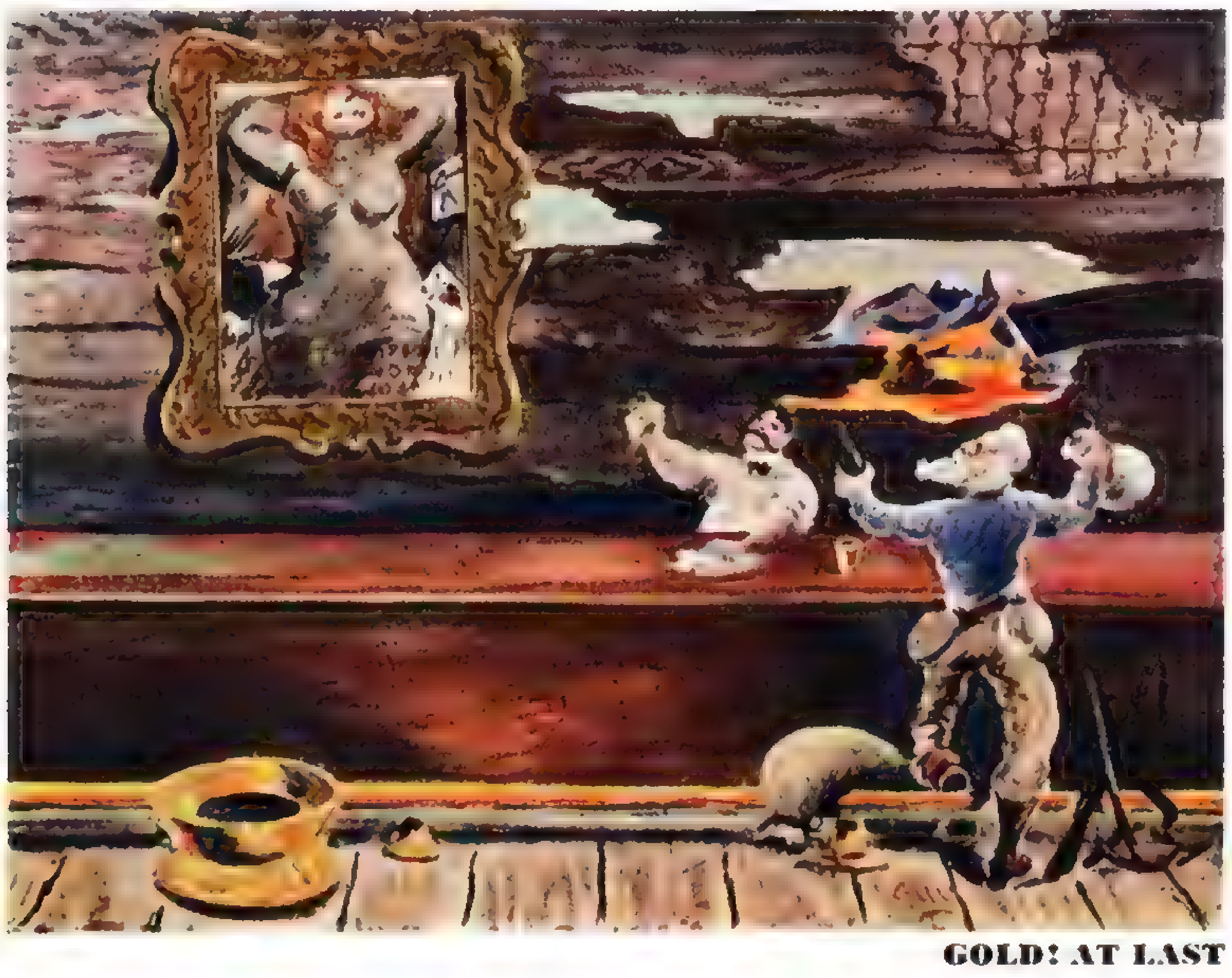
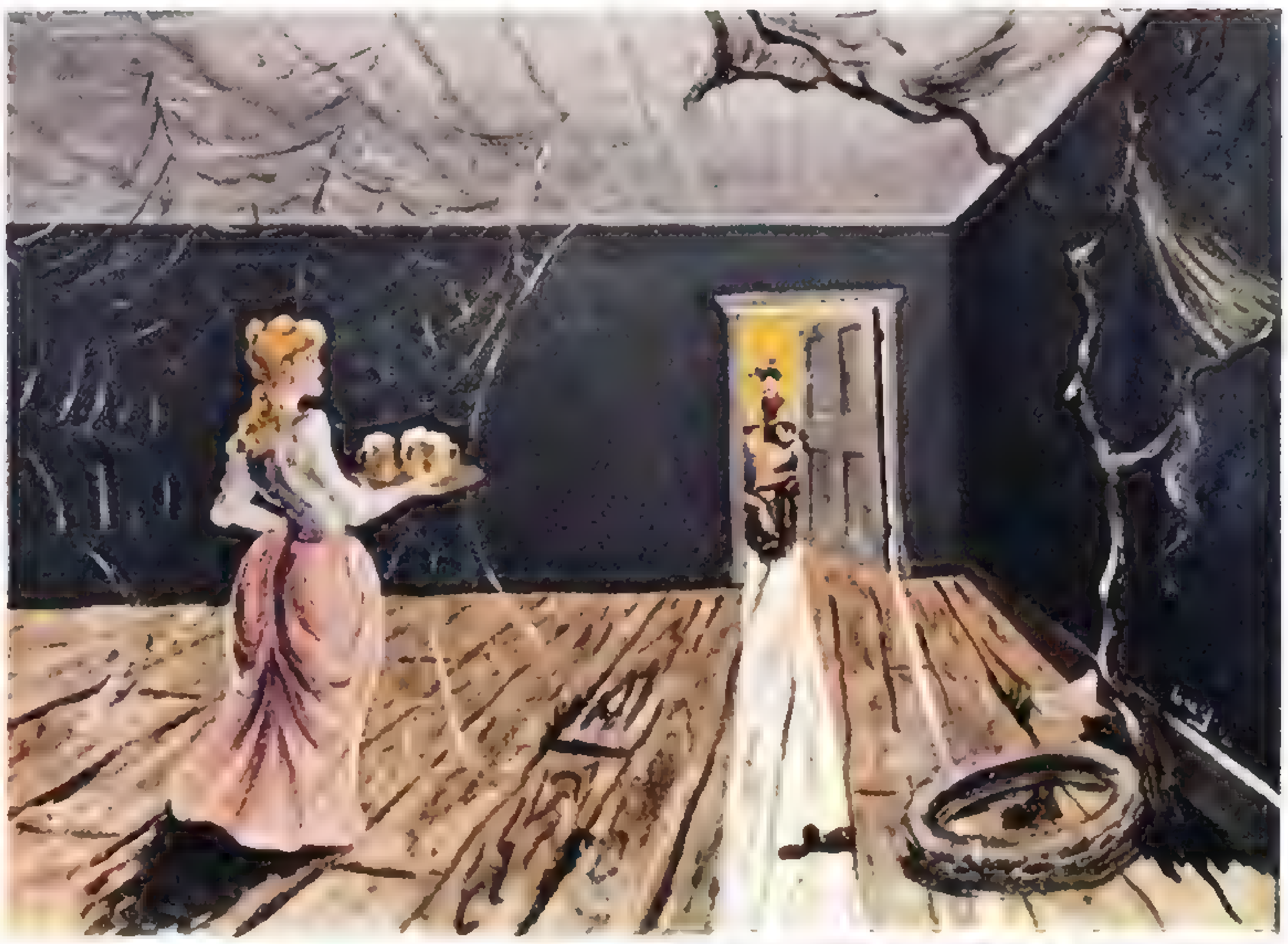


HOTEL

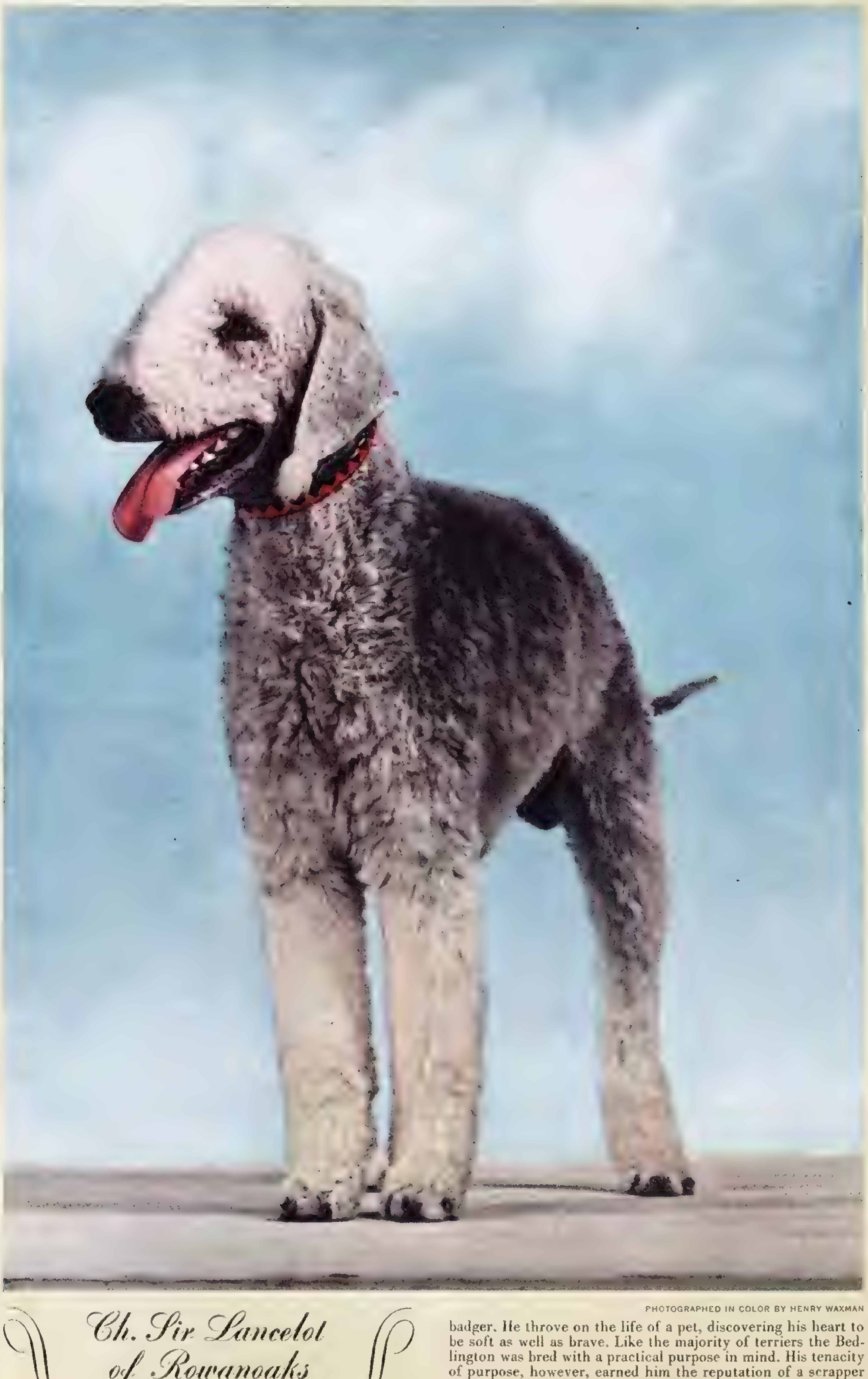


GOLD! AT LAST



THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

Four of these paintings were reproduced by courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57th St., New York City, Gold! At Last *and* The Old Faro Dealer, *courtesy of their respective owners, Mildred Bailey and Arnold F. Boris.*



PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

Ch. Sir Lancelot of Rowanoaks

OWNED BY COL. P. V. G. MITCHELL

Bedlington—lion in lamb's clothing. In 1877 The National Bedlington Club of England adopted the "Cinderella Dog" and transplanted him from the arena to the show bench. And from that vantage point he met the "best people," who, charmed by his unique appearance invited him into their drawing rooms. The former fighter caught on to the social amenities with the same lightning agility he had shown in drawing-the-badger. He throve on the life of a pet, discovering his heart to be soft as well as brave. Like the majority of terriers the Bedlington was bred with a practical purpose in mind. His tenacity of purpose, however, earned him the reputation of a scrapper and there were those who took advantage of his natural gameness—sometimes matching him with fighting dogs and often, less happily, with rats. Despite his exposure to so seamy a side of life, this fundamentally pleasant terrier responded to his opportunity for enjoying the "nicer things" and today finds him popular in this country. Not many breeds can claim a virtue which is his—he does not shed his coat! He is a hardy dog and should weigh about twenty-four pounds. His quaint looks afford an ever-ready "conversation piece."—CHASE HERENDEEN

Etiquette for Shipwrecks

Yachtsmen, those sticklers for form aboard ship, are strangely devoid of courtesy to rescuers

by LEONARD DANKMAR WYLE

• ARTICLE •

Last evening a shining, hundred-foot yacht went aground on a rocky reef near my home. As soon as I saw her there and heard her whistle for help, my wife and I went out in our twenty-five footer, *The Islander*, and for an hour tried our best to haul the ship from her unnatural perch.

A local commercial boatman saw us and came to help. So his motor boat and mine tugged and pulled to beat the falling tide.

Twice, while trying to tow off the yacht, my boat ran aground. Had I kicked a propeller or bent a shaft in his behalf, would the owner of the yacht have been solicitous about me? Would he have exerted himself to help me in turn? Would he have asked to repair the damage that I had incurred because of him? If you think so, you don't know your yachtsmen.

This one followed the pattern we have come to know so well. When last seen, he and his guests were cutting us dead as they were being ferried chattily to shore—not in the commercial boat, for he would thus have been able to repay the boatman—but in a nattier speedboat that had stood by throughout the maneuvers, making no effort at towing, but quick to take up the more social amenities.

The occupants of the yacht on the rock had not paid the commercial boat man and they had not waited to see if we had been damaged, but they were no worse than average. For some strange and wonderful code wills it that yachtsmen who are sticklers for the last drachm of etiquette aboard ship are devoid of civility to their rescuers in a crisis. They would promptly discharge a sailor who disembarked over the starboard side, but they couldn't be expected to help the man who came willingly and freely to their rescue. They'd never countenance a steward with a spotted jacket, but they'd rigorously ignore the damage they had done to the gear of an assisting fisherman.

In spite of our past experience we go out willingly enough at each call for help, but, invariably, when we come back from the trip, our milk of human kindness has been churned to butter.

There is the case of the *Lassie* for instance. It shinnied up a rock near the one of our recent experience, hit it at well nigh high tide at three o'clock of an afternoon. What a din, what a commotion from the *Lassie!* But it was quite apparent that she couldn't be pulled off until the next high tide—you guessed it—at three-thirty A.M.

The captain of the *Lassie* rounded up as many boatmen as he could find—the local motor boats that taxi around the nearby islands, the lobstermen and other fishermen. He made all manner of promises—whiskey and cash predominating. The taxi-boats named a fee. The fishermen said that they would help because of common decency—with a drink or two thrown in. Though it was after our bedtime, we went along to see the fun.

The boats reached the *Lassie* about half past two, to prepare in the dark for the moment when she could be floated. The taxi-boatmen were jingled, to use the local phrase, and we could see them in the dim light as they alternately tripped and choked each other in their rival efforts at making ready.

The oldest boatman first took charge and gave orders in a thick voice. "You tie here. I'll tie there. When I shay go, we'll all start together. One. Two. Three. Go!" There was a great roaring commotion. The boatman had raced his motor full speed but he had neglected to put his engine in gear. The motor had been spinning hard but not to pull the boat.

Once more he gave the signal. The propellers all churned together. "She's off!" cried the jingled one triumphantly. "We did it. She's off!" But it was all in the mind, for the *Lassie* was as firm aground as ever.

Now it was the turn of the captain of the *Lassie* to tell how it should have been done. He ordered the boats to head in other directions. Two to the north, two northeast, two east. The ropes crossed back and forth like spider webs. "She'll come off now," said the captain as he gave the signal. But all that came off was the deck house of one of the fishing boats. A tightening rope had snapped against it, cutting away clean the whole upper portion. The captain glanced down at the havoc he had caused. "So sorry," he said airily.

The fishermen took over then, reassorting the ropes and the positions of the boats. When they gave the signal it was really the time to pull. The *Lassie* came afloat.

It seemed to us that this was the moment for some sort of celebration, the promised drinks and the pay-off. But apparently the captain was not of this mind. With a flourish, he took a knife from his pocket and cut away all ropes that did not belong to him. A wave of his hand and the *Lassie* proceeded full speed down the Sound.

One of the fishermen had lost a length of new one-inch hawser, a valuable part of his equipment. He and the owner of the boat with the vanished deck house wrote to ask that something be done about their loss. The owner of the *Lassie* never troubled to answer. The jingled taximan finally received his fee, but he had sent his bill regularly for eighteen months to get that.

II

The case of the *Manana* was less orthodox and potentially it was terrible. I was awakened on a black two A.M. by a shouting and a ringing of bells. I rushed to the door of my house and saw out over the water the path

Continued on page 108

"And now I'm going to give you something you never get on the U. S. S. Colorado—some good old-fashioned fudge"

Her Heart Belongs

Father and Son call on Mary Martin, "The little girl who rode to Paramount on a song"

by DONALD HOUGH

ARTICLE

My son is seventeen and he has a lot of phonograph records and he sits in his room and plays them when he should be outdoors getting some sunshine or fresh air or whatever it is his mother is always talking about.

His name is Sherwood.

One day he said, "Dad, why can't I meet one of these movie stars you are always meeting!"

"Some day when you grow up," I said.

"Grow up!" he said, with disgust.

"Who would you want to meet?" I said.

He looked entranced. "Mary Martin," he said eagerly.

I looked at him with disapproval. "You mean that strip-tease babe?" I said.

"My Heart Belongs To Daddy," he said; and he began to moan some sort of tune, calf-like and awful.

"Stop that!" I shouted. He stopped. "If you'd be satisfied to meet some nice girl, somebody your own age," I said, "maybe I could arrange it. Joan Leslie, Susanna Foster, Ann Gillis, somebody like that."

My wife said, "I think it would be nice for Sherwood to meet Shirley Temple."

"Listen," Sherwood said, "I'm sorry I brought up the subject. Please excuse it. Forget it. Just leave me alone and forget it."

"Then make a choice yourself," I said.

"Mary Martin," he said belligerently, glaring at me.

"We've covered that subject," I said.

"Do you know her?" he asked me pleasantly.

"Sherwood," my wife said, "stop pestering your father. He has a lot of things on his mind."

"Mind," Sherwood said. "Listen," he demanded of his mother, "how does he know so much about her if he doesn't even know her? Is he psychic, or what?"

"All I know is," I said, "that I don't like strip-tease babes and I don't like ladies who groan into microphones."

"You like Dorothy Lamour," he said.

"That's different," I said.

"Why?"

"Never mind!"

"You also like—"

"That'll do!" I said. I rose from the table with dignity and went to my work.

In the afternoon I called up George Brown at Paramount. I said, "George, I've another story for Esquire coming up. Who've you got that would be any good?"

"The best there are," he said loudly.

"Oh," I said, "you're different from the other studios, is that it? You got the best, eh? Could you spare a name?"

"Look," he said with enthusiasm, "I got somebody in mind absolutely tops for what you want. Perfect for Esquire. This little girl rode to fame and fortune and Paramount on a single song. She was right here in Hollywood, singing in night spots, but couldn't break into the movies. Then she went to New York and did a strip, and sang *My Heart*—"

"All right," I said; "I give up. Set the date."

"Don't you want to know who it is?"

"I know," I said bitterly. I had an idea. "Do you suppose it would be all right for me to bring my kid? He's seventeen."

"Sure. Why not?"

"Well, these strip-tease—"

"Don't be a damned ass," George said. "How about lunch tomorrow at the Brown Derby?"

"Fine," I said. I told Sherwood about it. He said he was in love.

* * *

"Squirming around in your seat won't bring her here any faster," I told Sherwood. We were at the Derby. Miss Martin had called up to say she'd be a little late.

He looked at me disgustedly. "I wasn't squirming around," he said levelly, and assumed an attitude of nonchalance. He yawned, took out a cigarette, tapped it leisurely on his thumb nail, and lit it with a flourish of his lighter.

"It's too bad she had to be late," George said.

Sherwood exhaled some smoke and looked at the ceiling. "Just like all women," he said.

"Let's have a cocktail," George said. He called a waiter. "Would you like a coke?" he asked Sherwood.

Sherwood flicked the ash of his cigarette into the ash tray, a distance of some ten inches, as the crow flies. "I'll have a weak cocktail," he said resolutely.

"No," I said.

"Listen," he said, "at the school dances, we often—Dad, you don't understand. Things are different now than when you—"

"Two cocktails and a coke," I told George.

The waiter went and got the drinks and brought them back, together with Mary Martin.

"I looked in the bar first," she explained. She was lovely. We were sitting in one of those semicircular booths, or seats, or whatever they are called, and in the re-shuffle I found myself with Miss Martin on my right and Sherwood on my left. This was a mistake. Sherwood spent the next hour bumping his chin or his nose on my shoulder, side-swiping me as he shifted from the view across my chest to the view across my back.

I was doing a little looking at the lady myself. I have from time to time been impressed with the fact that so few of the movie actresses in Hollywood look like movie actresses in Hollywood. Most of them look like nice plain girls who have just come in from cutting the front lawn. Miss Martin was the final

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"—and this is my granddaughter, Colonel—Martha Sue, by Robert Warwick out of Winnie May"

MARY MARTIN
Hurrell Photograph

RITA HAYWORTH
Hurrell Photograph

Week-End Revivalism

Continued from page 67

gone by our palates kowtowed to imported brands of this liqueurish liquor as the best imaginable, thereby proving how limited our imagination was—for I have lately tried some American examples which beat anything from overseas. One of these revealed a lavishness of flavor and an impressiveness of collar that left me gasping for more.

Lime worshippers Rickey their gin (Dry or Sloe), employing one-half of this green keeny, which they first squeeze and then toss into the glass as a picturesque keynote nestling amid ice cubes and a jigger of gin; no shaking or preparatory work necessary—merely give it the rod. Many a countryside has taken on added charm in this fashion.

Where rounds of golf have been nobly trudged or tennis balls smitten to a frazzle so that the pores of milord's hide have functioned freely, it is desirable that, ere the breezes catch him, contact be made with a handy specific such as Gin and Tonic. This is an old trick in the Old World and Tropics; if we Americans have been dilatory in adopting it there's nothing half-hearted about our present demonstrations of affection for it.

West Indies moodsters don't care whether they are in a cabaña or a cabin in the mountains so long as they have straw access to a Rum Collins: juice of one lime, one teaspoonful sugar, two ounces Rum, shaken with ice, poured unstrained and filled up with sparkling. A deluxe version utilizes a tablespoonful of Falernum (special flavored sweetener) in place of sugar. This interpretation has a Barbados background but its scope has since expanded fanwise, extending to all types of Rum, from pale delicate Cuban and Porto Rican to buxom-bodied Jamaican and New England brunette. You specify your pet species and swig as you please. If you care to, you may even frond this opus with mint.

The Daiquiri, throned in the hearts of many as a hoister-upper, whether it be contrived in the easy-going cocktail glass edition or begloried into a saucer Champagne glass laden with chilled flotsam of finely pounded ice, is susceptible of interesting extra fillips of flavor. Some insist that they form a more perfect union by adding a dash of White Maraschino liqueur; others interpolate a squirt of Triple Sec. Still others pink the whole situation up with grenadine, in which case we are out of the Daiquiri category entirely but by no means in the bleak wilderness if bright eyes have anything to say about it. A particular cult even make beige Daiquiris with Jamaica. As for that old Jamaican extravaganza the Planters' Punch (juice of ½ lime, one teaspoonful sugar, one jigger Rum, shaken in shaved ice, which goes unstrained into glass; fizz to brim, adding coupla shots Angostura if wished; fruit décor ad lib; flurry of nutmeg). I have known it to make the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence seem like a million, with bass leaping all about the houseboat to chisel a whiff of the aroma.

Next month: the follow-up to the popular article *Paradise for a Dollar a Day*, with facts and figures of where and how to find other heavens for escapists.

The crispness of a Martini isn't to be sneered at either when the feed bag is about to be donned in some not so rusty rustic retreat. Indeed, end-of-the-week woodsmen galore are wont to assert that this unimprovable cocktail is the one link with the city which they hold onto. So it was, you might say, lése-majesté of me to tamper with its recipe, which I did one warm week end, musing among my bottles. The volunteer jury who passed upon it rendered a favorable verdict, especially the linger longer aftertaste, but maybe they were just thirsty. Here 'tis:

CHINA CLIPPER COCKTAIL

Conspicuous passenger:
 1 Chinese golden lime
(These kumquats, preserved in syrup and put up in earthenware jars are obtainable at any Chinese shop or restaurant.)
2/3 Gin (yellow Dry Gin jibes best with the color scheme)
1/6 Dry Vermouth
1/6 Grapefruit juice
2 shots Orange Bitters
1 or 2 drops of the syrup of the kumquat

The liquid ingredients are stirred in a mixing glass with ice cubes and poured onto Miss Golden Lime, already in her glass cabin. Pleasant takeoff!

(Note to bartenders: This recipe is yours without even asking. But do I get one on the maison when I happen in?)

American aptitude and versatility in mixology are equally at home in the realm of wines. The fact that a particular wine is swell "as is" doesn't deter us from commandeering that same sweldom for combination purposes.

So when the occasion calls for coolth of a refreshing sort, we take our favorite American wine and give it the syphon in a fist-filling glass, ballasted with ice cubes. Or if preference dictates, add juice of a demi-lemon (sugar optional), thus staging a Wine Collins. Me, I use white wine, but that doesn't stop other equally earnest quenchmen from insisting that red is the shrewder bet. When I point out that the white is lighter bodied and hence more summery, they retort, "Thanks for the advice, we'll stick to our lusty Burgundy and crafty Claret." In rebuttal I have devised a little number called:

THE SUNSET LIMITED

2 jiggers American Muscatel
Juice of half a lemon
Ice cubes
2 dashes Angostura
Couple of squirts of seltzer
Fill glass with American Chablis
Stir lightly—mint sprig trimming, if available.

Since Muscatel is of the "fortified" group (meaning that like Sherry, Port, and Angelica it is backboned with brandy), the above Sunset cannot be accused of lack of glow. There is effulgence, too, of a polite sort alurk in that California favorite, the Bamboo Cocktail, whose assembly line-up runs one jigger of Sherry, one jigger Dry Vermouth (both now ably produced in this country), two dashes Angostura (the extension of whose century-old heavy-secret manufacture to certain West Indian islands of Uncle Sam's has won them the name of Embittered Virgins), stirred with ice and strained into stem glass bonused with green olive or pickled onionette. But the quick catcher-on nowadays, especially where mountains are White, Green, Blue, Rocky, or Great Smoky, is one in which the ancient friendship of Sherry & Bitters is celebrated with the full trappings of an Old Fashioned—the lump of sugar, thrice shot with Angostura and muddled till dissolved; twist of lemon epidermis, double jigger Sherry, ice cube or two; maraschino cherry, orange slice, glass baton; and serve pronto before the melting of the ice undermines authority.

Fruit of the hen figures cheerily in the perennially apropos Port Flip over which country clubbers cast an appreciative lip. Its formula, as your great grandsire could have told you, calls for the contents of two eggs cracked on the rim of a shaker, two teaspoons sugar, one cup of Port, much, much cracked ice; shaken dementedly. Pour into two Delmonico glasses or fair sized goblets. Freckle with nutmeg.

On the blonde side, there's Golden Frappé constructed with one cup of White Port (in case you aren't acquainted with this wine type, now's the time!), one cup of orange juice, two tablespoons lemon juice, two tablespoons sugar; stir till sugar is dissolved, then pour over finely crushed ice in a quartet of tallish tumblers. And how beautifully those bullfrogs are singing this evening. Like parched nightingales.

Cordials, which the shallow-minded classify as winter drinks, are capable of quite a large and impressive al fresco repertoire. It would take pages and pages of this magazine to begin to describe their warm weather combinations and permutations with the aid of ice, citrus juices, etc. But it would be unfair to flavor cravers to skip mention of at least Iced Crême de Café (rich coffee liqueur, one jigger thereof, in glass of shaved ice, filled up with fizz and topped with sweet cream). And Iced Crême de Cacao (voluptuous chocolate liqueur with vanilla aura, similarly coolerized). And short-strawed fragrant verdant Menthe Frappé (Crême de Menthe liqueur shaved-iced in a cocktail glass). And Apricot Delight (1 part each of orange and lemon juices, 2 parts Apricot Brandy, ice-shaken and strained). And Pernod Highball (famous legal version of Absinthe, now made in America, fizzed and cubed). And cetera.

And breathes there a week-ender with soul so dead as not to respond to, "Could I interest you in a Brandy and Soda?"

Interested? Positively engrossed!—though if he's one of these newfanglers he may request that it be switched to a Brandy Collins. But minor variations aren't vital; the main thing is the present availability of really worthwhile American brandy such as old-timers hardly dared hope for.

And what would be the purpose of summer without beer? True, the conventional dream of the pipe-line from the brewery becomes far-fetched because of the many miles. But cans and bottles know no distance, and even barrels roll out over all roads. It's gotten so that when the old oaken bucket is yanked up by the well-sweep on that Friday-to-Monday farm in Vermont, the awaited cargo is a batch of tins of the foaming, well-temperatured and no mistake. Similarly, mountain brooks and forest tarns are put to thermal tasks, along with the old ice-house. And when that epic soft-ball affray between the Clambake and Marching Club and the Mellowed-in-the-Woodsmen takes place, need I say third base is graced with a keg at which doughty clouters pause and refresh themselves on their way home?

Come to think of it, there's also a popular liquid called whiskey—Bourbon, Rye, Blends, and Scotch. In fact, this is Bourbon's busy season, due to the historic Mint Julep, cradled in the South, with every state of the Union acting as wet nurse since.

Many are the "only correct" modes of preparing it—to crush or not to crush, that is the argument—yet I've never heard of a failure. The fresh aroma of the mint, coupled with the alluring bouquet of good whiskey, makes for a right perfect week end, suh, without any other form of exercise—not even fanning yourself. ###

Airplanes on the Ceiling

Continued from page 54

nautical engineer, and an Early Bird who built and flew his first plane in 1908.

When the top engine cut out, the bottom fly pulled the plane into a sharp climb which sometimes wound up in a loop, after which it would usually spin down out of control. Frequently, the top engine would cut in again before the top of the loop was reached, and level flight would be resumed. They tried warping the tail surfaces, even tried installation of little cellophane flipper tabs, and finally had to ask Shaw. He studied the aeronautics of the problem and prescribed negative incidence in the engine mounting.

They mounted both engines with a little downward thrust and that gave good results. For a good climbing turn, they also pointed both flies slightly to the left or right.

This particular model, with the upstairs and downstairs engines on the centerline, did some funny flying and a novel bit of wall walking. Once the flies barged straight into a wall, landed and proceeded to walk up the wall in single file with the plane sticking straight out behind.

Horsman also developed an effective launching method. Holding the plane fuselage between the thumb and forefinger, he blows softly on the tail surfaces of the flies. This excites them and starts their wings in operation. A slight forward push results in a veritable catapult launching.

There seems to be no way of pre-determining the relative power of flies. Schwab and Elgin, trying for better performance, built a much smaller ship with two and one half inches wing span, and much lighter than their first models. They selected a smaller fly, one that seemed to have considerable life. The combination turned out to be a pursuit job of superior performance, climbing faster, gliding slower and making a record flight of three minutes duration.

This record flight ended on the ceiling and almost settled, once and for all, an argument which is as old as flight.

How did the fly land on the ceiling? Did he make a half roll while flying along parallel to the ceiling, or did he go into a loop and land upside down on top of the loop? Schwab and Elgin reported that he "flipped and landed," but, pressed for details, were not just sure what technique he used. Had they made more accurate scientific observations, they would have settled endless arguments that pilots have waged on the subject.

Aerobatic pilots scrap over this point when they have nothing more important to do. Even their keen eyes are unable to see just how the fly lands on the ceiling, so each one decides how he would land if he were a fly, and joins the argument. The two schools of thought hold to the roll and loop theories, but even such a scientific airman as Jimmy Doolittle admits "I don't know."

R. L. "Pete" Brooks, prominent sportsman pilot, now having the time of his life teaching acrobatics at the Embry-Riddle Flying School in Miami, didn't know either, but he tried to hedge on the question.

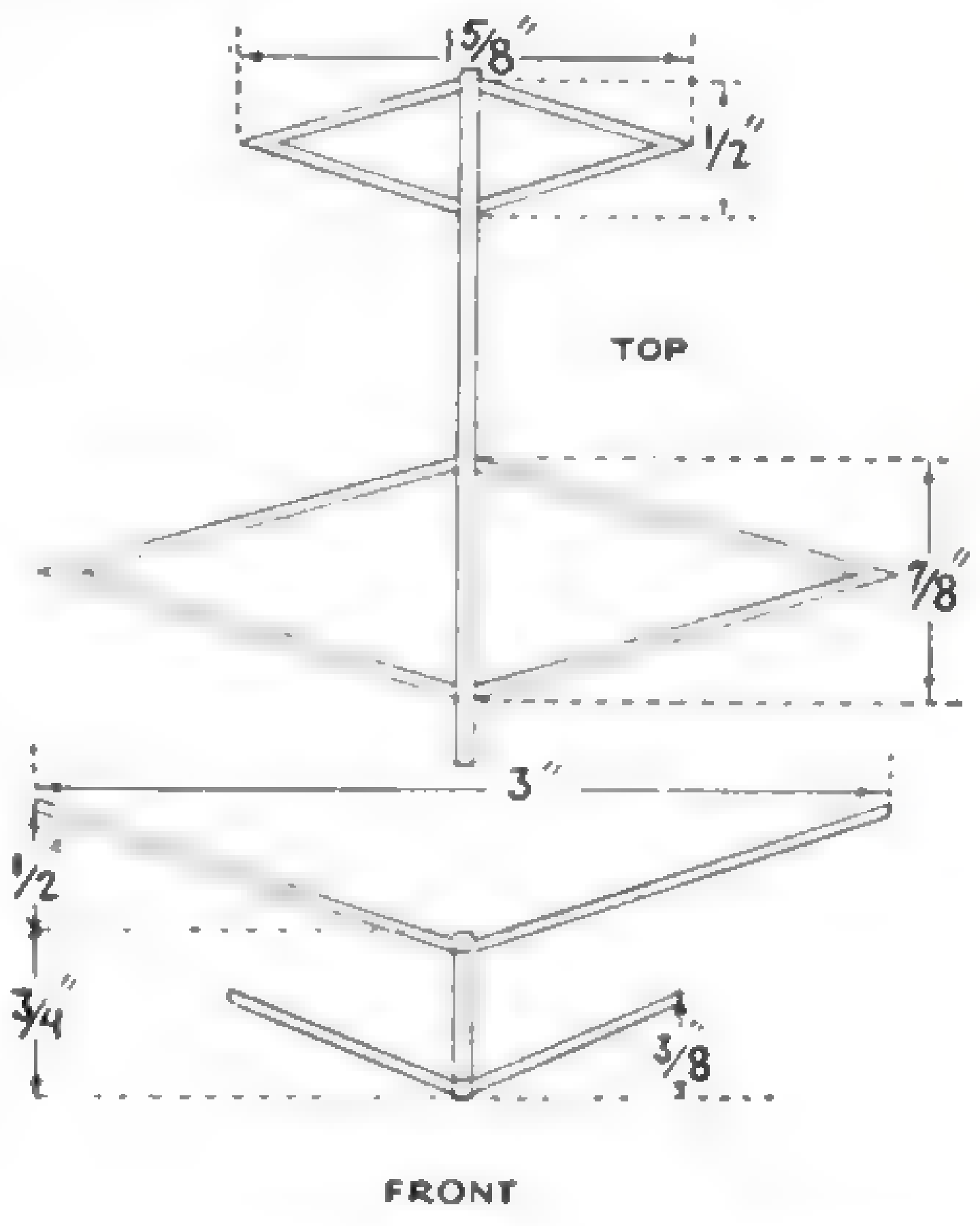
"That depends," he said, "on the wind direction."

"No," he was reminded, "This refers to indoor flying, inside a room, where there is no movement of the air."

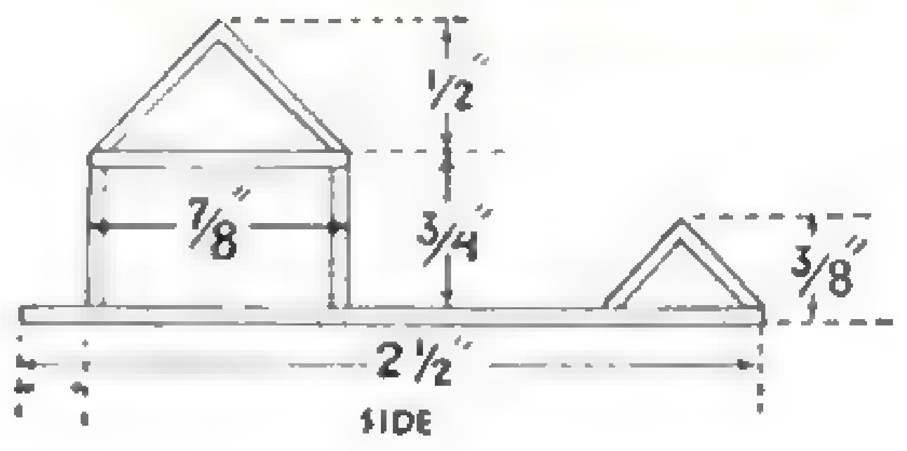
"Ah, no," objected Brooks. "There's a draft all over the country today."

And there's where the question rests. A real accomplishment in research awaits some scientific investigator.

The only outdoor flight Schwab and Elgin tried ended quickly. The fly took off and held a straight course into infinity, disappearing from sight with their carefully built plane in less than ten seconds. The planes are too small and too diaphanous to follow with the eye.



Monoplane model



Work drawings exactly half size

Construction of the little planes is simplicity itself. All one needs is a bottle of microfilm, obtainable from model airplane supply houses, and also from most hobby shops, some tiny pieces of soft balsa, and a very small bottle of model airplane cement. It's very delicate work, though, and newcomers are advised to go into training before building the first plane. Take the wife's tiny wrist watch entirely apart and put it back together again several times, or get out one of your mother's old switches and count the hairs. Do anything delicate like this until you are able to handle the fragile pieces of these fly-weight planes.

Better still, if Junior is building model airplanes, just sit and watch him do it. If you want a supply of planes for a house-flying party, give the drawings and specifications to a young model builder on contract.

Microfilm is sold as a liquid. It can best be manufactured in the bath tub, where, in the past, you may remember, another exciting product was made. The commercial brands are furnished with complete and detailed instruction for its manufacture and application.

Simple plans for tractor and pusher monoplanes and for a tractor, bimotored biplane, are given herewith, half size. Beyond these simplest designs the really earnest insect flier can exercise limitless ingenuity.

Pin the plans to a soft white pine board, and over them, place a transparent waxed paper. From your board of 1/64 of an inch thick soft balsa, cut strips 1/64 of an inch wide. Lay these along the lines of the plan, forming the shape by sticking pins at intervals. At the joints, apply a small drop of airplane cement and allow to dry. In the larger wings, two or more spacing ribs should be glued in place. When completed and dry, strip the structure from the waxed paper with a thin razor blade.

Slightly wet one side of the wing and tail surface framework and lay it on the microfilm sheet, using a hot wire as a knife to cut the microfilm away, according to instructions accompanying the microfilm. Using a fine razor blade, cut the wing frame in the center where it is to be applied to the fuselage, and bend the two halves upward to form the dihedral. A drop of cement at these cuts will hold the wing at the proper angle until it is applied to the fuselage with another small drop of cement. Be very accurate in aligning the wing and tail surfaces and see that neither is warped. Warp can usually be corrected by twisting the wing and holding it until it stays in position.

To catch flies, an insect net is best. Make it of very light gauze with a 9-inch throat. There are also commercial fly traps available made of screen. If you like the blue-bottle or blowfly engine, these can be raised by laying a piece of meat in the sun for a day or two and then covering it with a screen cage. Keep the ground in the cage slightly moist and in a short time, you'll have a hive of buzzing, colorful beauties.

You can buy fly pupae by the pint from Dr. Alfred Weed of New York, who retails them for various scientific uses. He mails you the pupae and in three days you have a few million potential engines.

To test-glide the model, use a small block of balsa or a dead fly as the weight, placing it forward or backward along the fuselage until a good glide results. Mark the spot, and apply the live engine, using a small drop of cement between the rear of the fly's fuselage and the airplane stick-fuselage.

Handling the fly is a major problem. Almost all fingers are too big and awkward. Make a small pincer out of two strips of soft balsa wood, placing a block near the jaws so that you will not squeeze the fly too hard. By gripping the wings to the body and applying the cement to the plane fuselage, the fly can be held in position without movement until the cement has dried. On the tractor type model, the fly's rear should be near the forward end of the fuselage, and he should straddle the fuselage when applied as a tandem or pusher engine between the wings. Be sure that no cement touches his wings, and that all his legs are free. Otherwise, he is grounded. Pointed to the left or right from the center line of thrust, he describes a gentle climbing turn, which gives the best performance.

If the fly is too lively to handle, put him in the refrigerator for about two minutes, or until he has quit flying and trying to escape. He can then be handled conveniently and mounted on the fuselage with greater accuracy. Restore him to room temperature by breathing on him or letting him buzz without flying, and his normal activity will be restored to him.

Now, for power flight tests. Using the Horsman method, launch the plane gently. If it climbs too fast and stalls, warp the front end of the fuselage downward, using small tweezers. If it dives, warp the engine upward. The better the climb, the more the chances are of long flights, because the glide will be longer, and there will be more time for the engine to cut in before landing.

A very interesting and complex flight control system is built into the nervous system of the fly. It is automatic. As his feet leave the ground, his wings start working. They cease as his feet make contact with the ground. Likewise, if he should thoughtlessly fall through the air without moving his wings, air pressure from below separates two segments of his body and this too automatically starts his wings in motion. In a glide on a model, however, he escapes this vertical descent and sits quietly until he is ready for more flying.

But why stop at flies? Entomologists of the Department of

Agriculture in Washington, asked about the availability of larger, more powerful and more interesting insect engines, trotted out a considerable list of prospects. First, there are many kinds of flies, none valuable, with varying flight characteristics.

One of the first considerations with insect engines is the temperature of the airport where they are to be operated. Some beetles, for example, have to sit still and rev up their wings until they build up to 30 degrees centigrade before they have the power to take off. The housefly gets under way quickly in a warm room, but slows down perceptibly with a dropping temperature.

Perhaps the fastest practicable insect is Tabanus, the Horse Fly, sometimes called the Green Head. He has power, speed, is big, black and racy looking and makes an excellent engine. In flight, he hits like a fullback, and he tops 18 miles an hour in speed. He reaches a length of more than an inch, and can handle a plane of 6 to 7 inches wingspan. Tabanus can be caught in the woods, around livestock and around stables. He has two pointed stickers for biting and blood-sucking, but he can be handled safely.

Although it was late in the season of last year, the Brothers Horsman apprehended a Tabanus and kept him alive and well fed until they had built a plane for him. Mr. Shaw, reading his slipstick, estimated that this Tabanus could handle a monoplane of 6¾ inch span of conventional design, and the Horsmans built such a plane and installed Tabanus in the engine room.

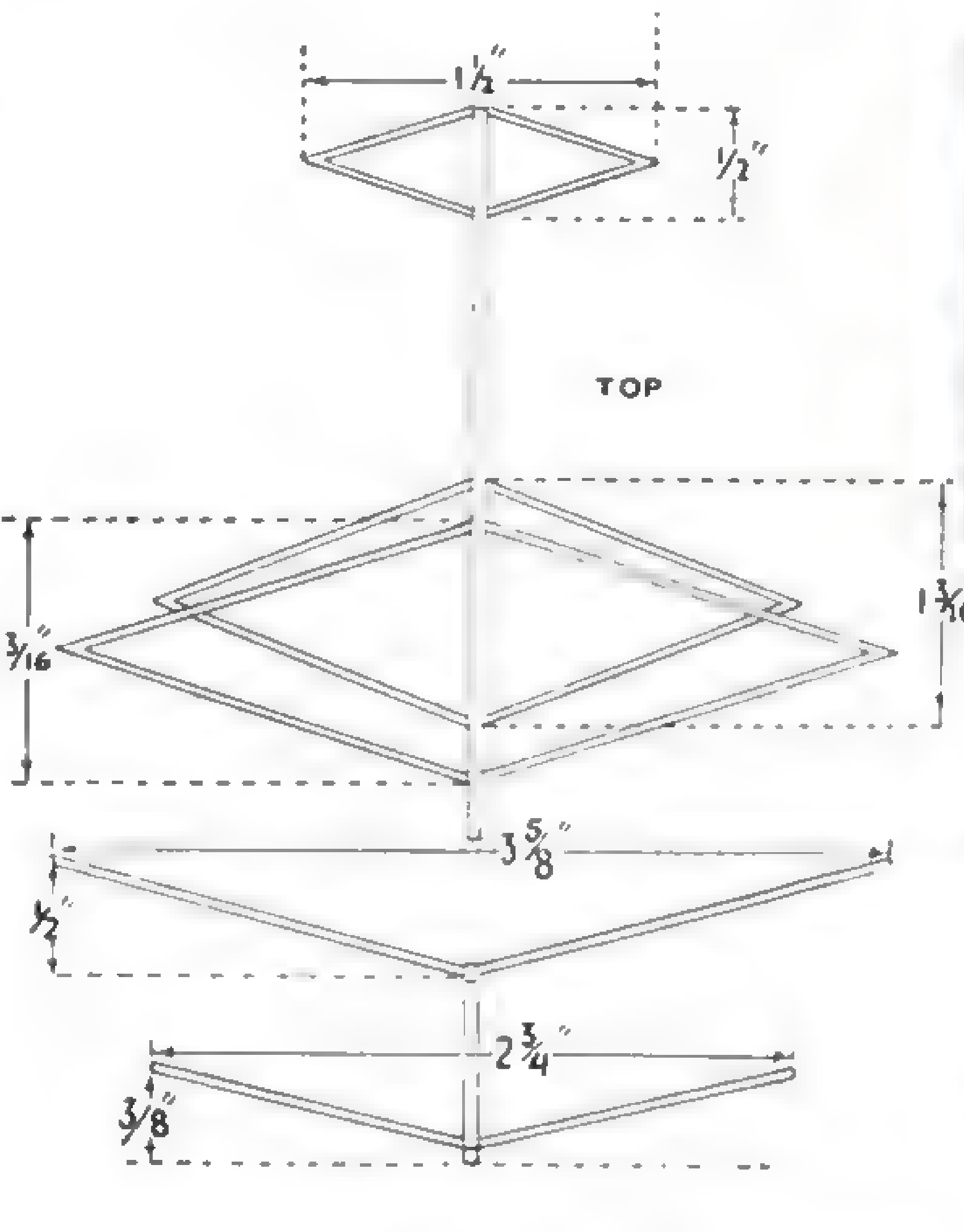
Evidently, big outdoors flier that he is, accustomed to the adventurous life of the barnyard, he felt cramped and confused inside. This claustrophobia eventually caused his untimely death. He made several short flights about the living room, and on the last flight appeared to pick up revs and straighten out for what he apparently planned as a record flight.

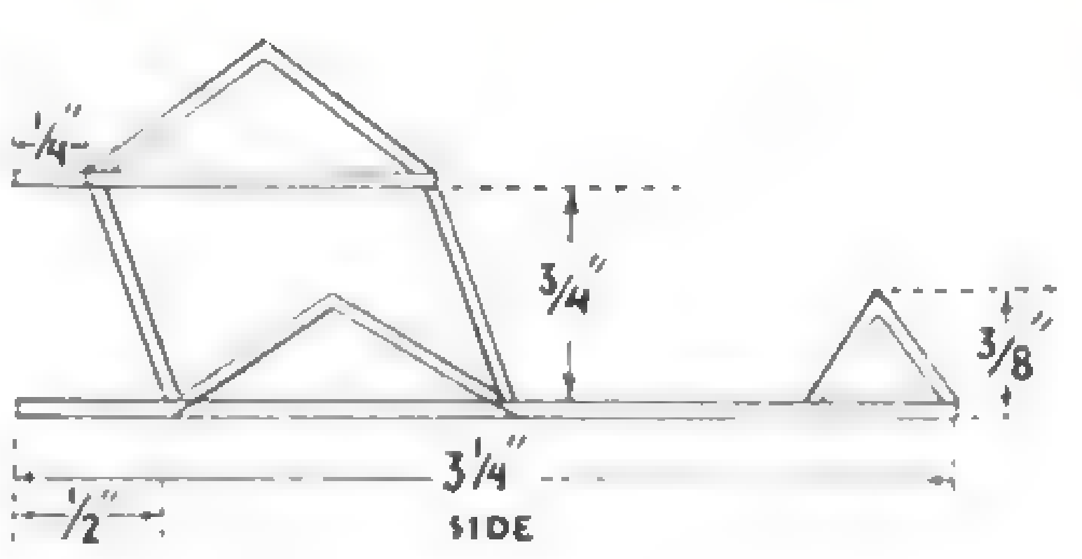
He headed straight for a light space in the overcast which happened to be a window pane, and he ploughed into it at full throttle. The shock of contact head-on, plus the weight of the plane behind him, proved fatal. He spun in, lay for a while on the window sill buzzing and flapping his wings and then conked out cold. Thereafter, he was useful only for photographic purposes.

Tabanus comes in great swarms in Flordia. According to entomologists, they put on "dances" in the open spaces at the edge of swamps just before sunup. They come out in clouds and swarms and buzz until the sun rises, going round and round in formation. Some observers insist they fly upside down during these dances, and at a height of 12 to 25 feet, which makes it difficult for them to be caught with nets. Therefore, the entomologists shoot them, using a .22 rifle cartridge loaded with grains of dust.

Similar to Tabanus and more available to the average householder, is the Blue Bottle, or Blow-Fly, familiar to all as the buzzing, bumping, shiny fly that inhabits cool basements and garages. Not only does he have considerable flying power, but he adds the effect of noise. One discouraging aspect of the Blue Bottle is however, that he is either crazy or just doesn't give a damn about window panes. He will fly smack into them full tilt with a thud that can be heard far away. Unlike Tabanus, he survives such beatings, but it is wise to mount him far forward so he can take the brunt of such landing, rather than the plane. Aside from this blind-mule technique, Blue Bottle makes an interesting power plant.

For best performance in long distance flights, perhaps outdoors, all the entomologists recommended Odonata, the dragon fly. He has endurance, speed, and he can hover, fly forward, backward and sidewise. Imagine what happens here! Odonata's wings beat 22 to 28 times a second, and his speed has been estimated at 14 miles an hour. A plane would probably slow him down to about 10 miles an hour, just right for a cross-country gallop after him if he should run away with your plane.





Work drawings exactly half size

Biplane model

Of his total weight, 24 per cent is flying muscle, and he has nine muscles to each wing. There are many varieties and they can easily be caught with a net around ponds and swampy places. Be careful, however, in attaching him to the plane. He breathes through that long abdomen of his, and he should be attached to the fuselage at the heavy part of his thorax between the legs.

He has an average wing area of .01415 square inches and a very low wing loading of .0298 pounds per square inch.

Among the flies however, the Botfly is the super-super powerplant. You may never get one of these unless you organize a big game hunt, but if you do—and if you believe the estimates of Dr. C. H. T. Townsend—you will have an insect engine capable of flying 815 miles an hour. Dr. Townsend made this estimate with his eyes and ears while sitting on a rocky mountain top in the White Mountains in 1926, and his figures have been bobbing up in strange places ever since. Through sound measurements of the "z-z-zip" of the fly as he went by and through visual observations, Dr. Townsend arrived at the phenomenal speed estimate. Dr. Irving Langmuir, light expert for General Electric, picked up this figure and proceeded to deflate the Botfly's reputation down to a "probable 25 miles an hour." Dr. Townsend stood by his guns however, pointed out what he called errors in Dr. Langmuir's theory, and concluded that the Botfly "can scarcely fail to reach 650 to 750 miles an hour." Dr. Langmuir revealed that he had whirled a lead pellet the size of a Botfly at the end of a string at known speeds. At 25 miles an hour the pellet was just visible. Above that speed it was a faint streak, and above 64 miles an hour, completely invisible.

Somewhere in between these estimates lies the speed of this fly, and everybody acknowledges that he is very fast. He lays his eggs in the nostrils of the deer, and that requires considerable speed in itself. Even at 25 miles an hour, he is scarcely a satisfactory parlor performer, but with all his power, he might be harnessed to an oversize plane and operated outdoors. Once, anyhow.

He likes to buzz around bare, hot rocks in high altitudes, which explains Dr. Townsend's presence in the mountains. Sometimes on cool days, he may be found quiescent and more easily caught.

Out of the lowly tomato and tobacco worms comes a very promising insect engine, the Sphinx Moth. These range in size from half an inch to two inches wingspan, and while they are not easy to find and catch, the scientists and Engineer Shaw agree that construction of a model to fit their capabilities, would reward any builder. They are usually found around flowers in the dusk, hovering much like the humming bird. All varieties are very strong fliers, making 72 to 90 wingbeats a second, and with relatively low wing loading of .2140 pounds per square foot. They, also, can fly forward, backward and hover; and the larger ones should be able to handle a plane of 10 or 12 inches wingspan.

By placing a screen over a tomato plant or tobacco plant, these moths could be produced in captivity.

Many another insect can be used for power. The butterfly and the grasshopper are out because of their erratic flight. The lightning bug suggests some novel experiments in night flying, but he has too little power. Most of the sphingids, or beetles, are out, because of their heavy wing loading. These coleoptera, incidentally, come closest to the true airplane structure as we know it today. They extend their hard "case" wings as fixed wings and propel themselves with other wings. They are easier to handle but not so interesting as old reliable Musca.

That leaves bees, yellow jackets, hornets and bumblebees. You can skip the yellow jacket and the hornet if you are timorous, but there are possibilities with the bees. Bombus, the bumble bee, has an arresting name, and his wings turn up 130 to 200 beats a second. His wing loading is pretty heavy however and his power-weight ratio is small. The entomologists say that the male bumblebee cannot sting, but none of them would guarantee a method of sex determination. If you find one you are sure is a male, proceed without fear.

The honey bee is certainly a possibility. Not the worker, and not the queen—only the drone, because only the drone cannot sting. He is larger, a good flier, available in considerable numbers and can always be found at certain points, simplifying the matter of supply.

His wings beat 190 times a second. He weighs .000156 pounds, and has a wing area of .000396 square feet, which gives him a wing loading of .3939, three times that of the fly. But he can fly faster and carry a bigger load.

There are several ways of identifying the drone bee, some safe, some exciting and some positively dangerous. First, the drone is larger. Comparison by eye will pick him out, but you must be close enough to the workers and the queen to make the comparison. This is dangerous. Then too, you might use scales. Drones average 5,000 to the pound, and you might enjoy the excitement of collecting a pound of bees. If you find 5,245 bees in your pound, you will know—if you have not already suspected the fact—that not all of them are drones. Bee men know them instantly by sight and can pick them out of a crawling, seething hive with great assurance. Perhaps this is the simplest method. Stand 100 feet or more away and observe the operations of a friendly bee keeper.

Remember, however, that the

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Airplanes on the Ceiling

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drone has developed loafing to its optimum perfection—he doesn't even feed himself. Unless the worker feeds him, he dies, a convenient purge method annually used by the worker to improve bee living conditions. So, if you're going to use a drone engine, use him quickly, or supply him with a service crew of workers to keep him tuned up.

The drone is a fairly good flier. Because he doesn't produce, bee experts have neglected to get accurate performance figures on him, but they have gone into the life and mechanism of the worker with their usual scientific, if indecent, thoroughness. We can estimate the drone's performance by reciting those of the worker.

A bee can lift 100 per cent to 120 per cent of his own weight, and the worker weighs 90 milligrams. He flies about eight miles an hour, and in about two hours of flying, eats up his own weight in food. Frequently a bee, ranging too far in gathering the flower pollen which he turns into honey, arrives empty at the hive, having eaten up all he gathered. This inefficient insect must then load up with honey from the hive in order to fly out again to his raw material supply and load up for the trip back. This might go on forever, and it poses a problem for the man who produces honey. What is needed is a bee that can fly farther, carry a heavier load and be more economical of fuel. Then the production of honey would increase at once.

Miss Annie Betts, now Editor of *Bee World*, and Mr. A. Hansson are debating the bee's flying and load carrying characteristics and general efficiency in comparison with man's flying machine. Hansson says a plane requires 1.78 calories of fuel to fly one kilogram of plane one kilometer. The bee, however, uses 18.7 calories of fuel to fly one kilogram of bee one kilometer. Thus, says Hansson, man's a better flier than a bee.

Miss Betts, however, who spent three years in aeronautical research before taking up with the hives, thinks Mr. Hansson has not read his slide rule accurately. She says the bee turns out .42 horsepower per kilogram of weight, and that this compares more than favorably with our airplane efficiency figures.

Miss Betts points out that the action of the bee's wings is quite similar to that of the airplane propeller, and suggest that if man could produce ersatz chitin, the material out of which bees' wings are made, it would be an excellent covering for airplane wings.

Having obtained your drone motor and hurried home with him, while he is still alive, he should be attached to the plane in the same manner as the fly. If you have confidence in the bee man, you will find that no psychological inhibition delays you. Mr. Shaw suggests a monoplane of about 8 inches wingspan.

On second thought, we quote Sam Goldwyn. "Disregard the above." "Include bees out." Leave the bees to the bee-keepers to play with at their annual conventions. They have fun racing drones, daubing them with distinguishing colors, releasing them at a distance from the hive and betting on the first to arrive at the hive. Let them take up model-bee-flying. It will be safer for all.

This science of Insectonautics is in its infancy. Only the most casual estimates have been made on the power, speed and maneuverability of flies and other insects. Only the honey bee has been studied in detail because he is a producer. All other insects fritter away their short lives biting people and animals, and scattering disease, and become useful only as occasional morsels for bigger and more important life mechanisms.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will not object if you kill a few flies, and most people will rejoice if you slaughter a million. ⌗

Do You Know Enough to Bet?

Continued from page 35

mutuel tickets are to be sold on horse A to win, $6,000 on horse B, $4,000 on horse C and $2,000 on horse D. The "take" of track and state is ten per cent; breakage is to the dime. If horse D wins what mutuel will he pay?

37. What is meant by an unsound horse?

38. Which age-class wins much the highest percentage of races programmed for horses of three and up, the three, four, five, six or seven-year-olds?

39. Why, on an average, are fillies and mares poor bets against colts, horses and geldings?

40. If A, carrying 118 pounds, was beaten half a length by B under 106, and if C, under 112, beat A under 113 by five lengths, should B under 112 beat C under 114 at the distance? Why?

ANSWERS

1. The scale of weights, or weight for age scale, is a tabulation adopted in each racing jurisdiction specifying for each distance and each month in the racing year what weights should be carried by horses of two, three, four and five or up when entered to race together.

2. The purpose of the scale of weights is that younger animals may receive from older certain concessions of weight to compensate for their relative immaturity.

3. A claiming race is one where each horse must be entered at a fixed valuation, stipulated in the conditions of the race, at which he may be claimed and thereafter owned either by one who also starts an animal in the race or by one who has started a horse in another race at the same meeting.

An allowance race is one where an entrant receives an allowance of weight off a specified base weight for previous failure to win a race or races of certain value within a stipulated time.

A handicap is a race where the weights to be carried by each entrant are fixed by the track's handicapper, the lightest on the worst, the heaviest on the best of the field, as he estimates them, in an effort to equalize the race and to bring all over the finish-line together in a dead heat.

A stake race or sweepstakes is a race where the competing owners have put up a substantial proportion of the money run for by way of nomination, entry, declaration and starting fees. The base weight to be carried, and any penalties for earlier wins, are stipulated in the conditions to which the owners subscribe.

A graded handicap is one with weights allotted by the track's handicapper and open to animals of a particular grade only, as A, B, C or D, as classified previously by the handicapper.

4. A sprint, in the United States, is a race at any distance short of a mile.

5. A route, in the United States, is any race at a distance of a mile or more.

6. A plater is a horse of inferior quality to the extent that he must be run in claiming races at a valuation if he is to pay his way in purses won.

7. Thirty-three hundred.

8. One minute, twelve seconds.

9. A handicap horse is one of sufficient quality to pay his way in purses won when entered most commonly in handicaps.

10. To compensate for her physical inferiority.

11. (a) Very fast.
(b) Slow.
(c) Fast.

12. January 1, 1942.

13. An apprentice or novice jockey whose mount receives an allowance of five pounds off the weight he would otherwise carry.

14. Sixty.

15. "E" means the work was done easily; "b" breezing; "h" handily; and "d" driving.

16. The horse was in post position four, broke third, at the quarter was running first, at the half second, at the head of the stretch was second, one length off the leader, and at the finish was third, two lengths off the winner.

17. Santa Anita; Bay Meadows; Arlington Park; Hialeah; Belmont.

18. Bowie, in Maryland.

19. A high class horse is one with proved ability to win consistently in the best races when pitted against the very best horses of his age or period.

20. One minute, one second and four-fifths.

21. B. He seemed better than A because beaten narrowly when closing under practically level weights, whereas today he is getting five pounds, a fairly substantial weight-advantage.

22. A bleeder is a horse subject to hemorrhages from the nostrils. Such an occurrence prevents a horse's running because he cannot breathe through his mouth.

23. Five and a half furlongs; two miles; a mile and a quarter; three furlongs; six furlongs.

24. The work in one minute thirteen seconds done handily, because nearly as fast as the other time run to under a drive.

25. Forty yards.

26. Strictly in the light of the age scale. Note down how much each horse is under or over scale weight for the distance in the particular month and then compare the situation of each.

27. When he is over six years.

28. Because it is a demonstrated fact that none of these people can show a profit through flat play on all of their choices over a prolonged period. If all of their selections as a class show losses, so also almost inevitably will any player's own selections from among their selections.

29. Because selectors' best bets very rarely show a profit through flat play over a prolonged period. Usually they are apparent standout horses that go at very short prices, and enough of them lose to throw the operation into the red.

30. Yes.

31. $3.35.

32. B's own time in his last start was about 1.12 2/5, or one-fifth faster than A's when racing greatly superior company. B is dropped down in class; A is stepped up; and B should win easily.

33. If there is in the race some horse other than A and B of early speed comparable with A's that probably will carry the latter along in the early stages and thus practically insure that he quit.

34. The sharp turns favor early speed front-runners that can get the rail position; the long stretch favors stretch runners. With each type favored to an extent it is difficult to know which to prefer.

35. Positively not.

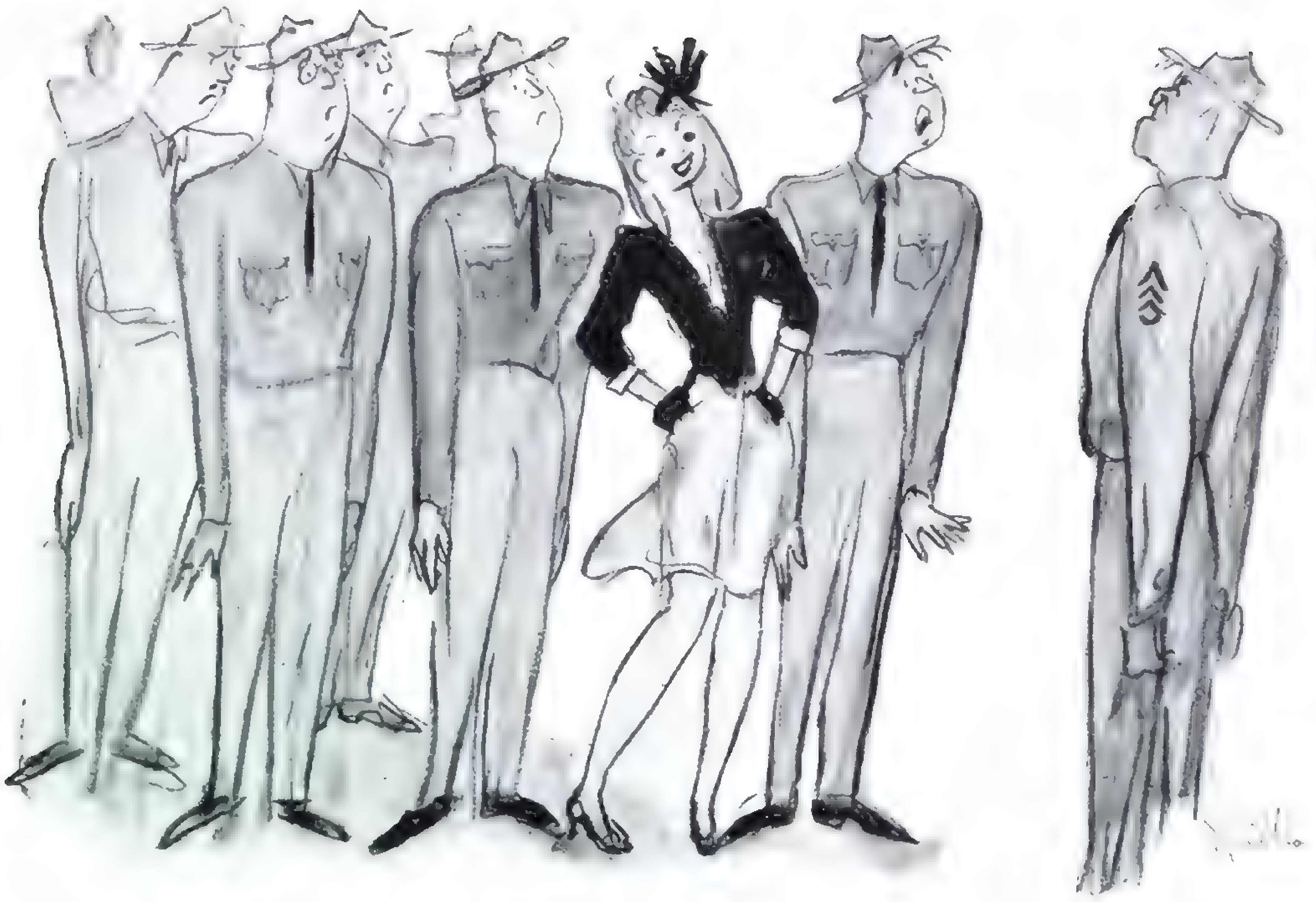
36. $19.80.

37. A horse with some definite physical disability, as a bleeder, one with tendon or hoof trouble, or one that is wind-broken.

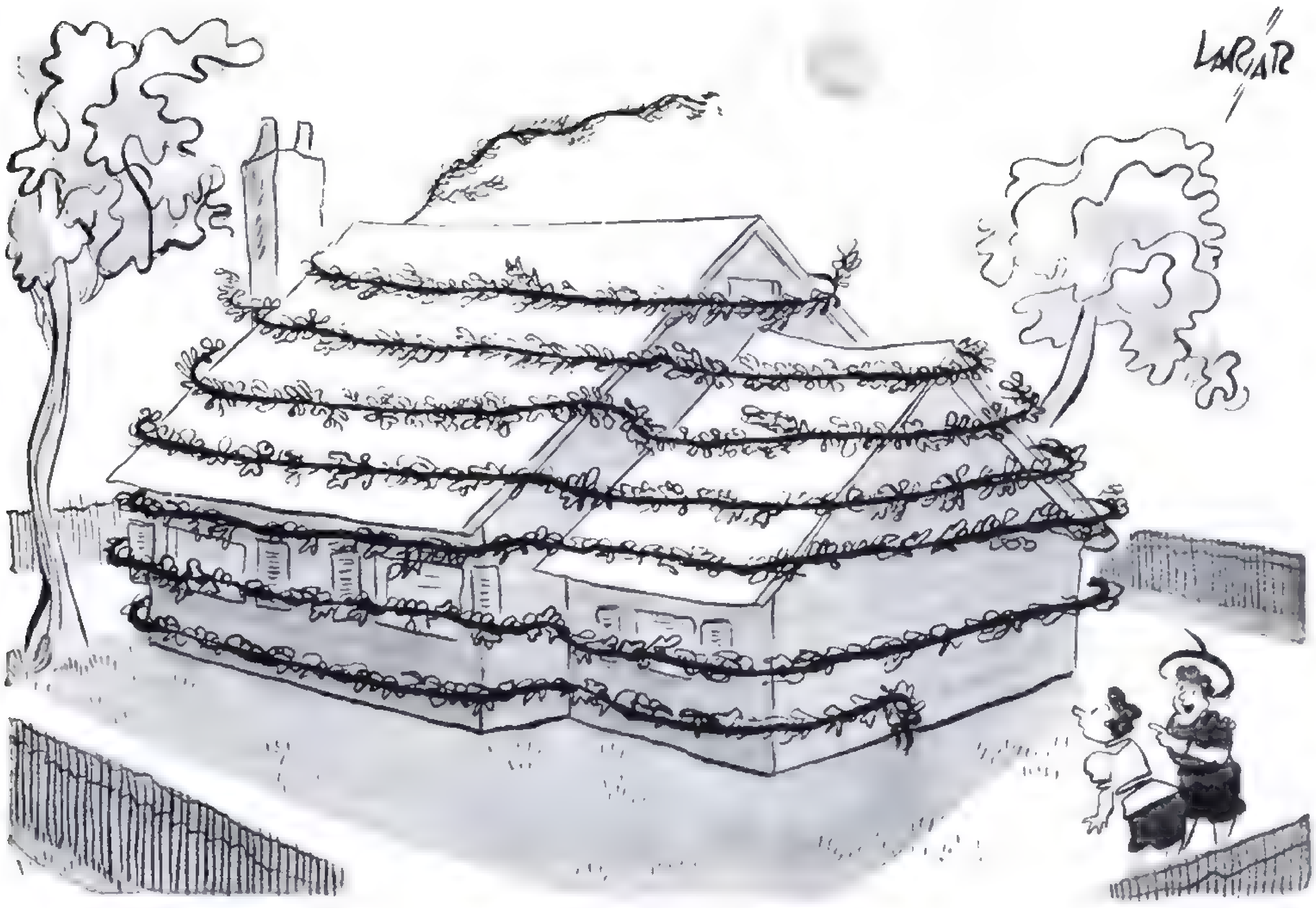
38. Four-year-olds.

39. Because, on an average, female horses are of lighter build than males, also are more erratic and inconsistent in racing.

40. C beat A easily at about level weights; A gave B twelve pounds and was beaten only a half length. Therefore it is apparent that C should beat B. ⌗



"Y'mean we can't even have a mascot!"



"It keeps following the sun!"

Quest for Jungle Favor

Continued from page 37

jungle, everything looked different—does still.

"You recall that Kipling speaks somewhere of the thing called Jungle Favor? There's a lot more than poetic fancy to that phrase; every big game hunter knows it. Jungle favor went with me for many a charmed year, but now it's gone; the wheel slipped into reverse, you might say. I've got to get it back, Thorpe, don't you see?—and there's only one way to do it, by walking the thing up and out and the bally pig with it. . . . Why, you couldn't keep me away from Babi with my nervous system in a state like this—"

He broke off abruptly, a singularly softened, boyish look on his big weathered face, something of an appeal to help him down a dragon, and a concern lest he had lost the regard of a friend. I could appreciate a thing like that after fifteen years of jungle life, appreciate still more the difficulty of telling it.

"You're a braver man than I am, Deane," I said with a chuckle, laying a hand on his knee.

"And why is that?" dryly.

"For telling it out like that. That takes real nerve."

"Thanks." The craggy face resumed its usual frosty composure. "Of course, I shan't ever bring *this thing up again*," he apologized. The moment marked one of the best in our long association.

At dawn next morning we were rolling out of town in Amidon's big car. In the back seat with the guns and Amidon's dog, Nels, was Ahmad, a small, brown Malay hunter, long tried and trusted on the trail, who had been Amidon's *shikari* on many a big game hunt.

Two hours of slow going over execrable jungle roads; then we left the car and our march inland began. Inured as I was to the jungle I was overwhelmed at the lush fecundity of the region. In this district, dead under the Equator, where the rainfall was ninety inches per year, the tree growth was prodigious; mighty banyan thickets two hundred feet in diameter, all one tree, with a forest of thick, serpentine roots dropping down from the limbs to the spongy soil; jack-fruit and durian trees, filling the hot air with the sickly odor emanating from their ripe, baggy fruit; tall, white teaks and enormous tapangs with gray trunks rising like cement columns over a hundred feet to the first branch, with buttressed roots clutching the earth like spiders' legs against the force of typhoons. And below, a riot of ferns and flowering vines, begonias, vandas, dendrobiums and scorpion orchids, that one could not drive a bullet into, and through which the trail ran like a tunnel driven through solid green. The air in there was like a hothouse and we shed streams of perspiration.

The midday hours progressed, a sustained pressure of heat that seemed draining the very pith from our bodies. But Amidon, I noted, had become more alive than he had been all day. His was the fine sportsmanship of the shut mouth and the philosophic endurance. He seemed to relish even the discomforts of the hunting trail as few men I have ever known. Spoor was everywhere, but Ahmad passed on without a show of interest, for there was no sign as yet of the cloven tracks for which we sought.

The jungle became denser if anything, wilder and more formidable than anything I had yet known. Somewhere in the dank, swampy mango bush ahead, Ahmad intimated, was the haunt of Babi Badmash and his mob.

It was two o'clock when the Malay stopped and pointed to a line of hoofed marks in the dank soil.

"Pig!" pronounced Amidon, intimating the sharp dew-claw marks behind each cloven print. "Jolly well might be Babi and his band. Try the dog on them, Ahmad."

Nels came up and was put to the track. He sniffed it a moment or two and his tail drooped to half mast.

"Scared," said Amidon. "If it was only ordinary bush pig he'd be after them in short order. It's Babi beyond a doubt. Look!" He pointed to a few big tracks that told of a very giant among wild boars, long of leg, with the speed of a horse, for the cloven marks were far apart, cut deep into the rooty earth.

I had hunted blue boar in India and wart hog in Africa, but I knew that these were nothing compared to this creature. Babi would be as formidable as a wild buffalo bull and ten times as quick on his feet. And a more unfavorable spot for getting into a nasty corner with him could not have been conceived. Would any rifle, I wondered, have stopping power enough to prevent him killing in his charge?

One thing seemed certain now, Nels was going to be no help to us. He was a big dog, a Great Dane-Mastiff mixture and a courageous beast as I knew. Yet again and again we tried to spur him on with encouragement, even blows, to no avail. We would have to hunt Babi on his own terms.

"Well, let's get on with it," Amidon exclaimed. "The blighters have gone deeper into the swamp. You have to take wild boar as they come, y'know. Not every day you can walk them up."

We set off again along that sinister line of tracks, Amidon moving at his painful limp, gazing ahead into the jungle as one would look for a storm, yet with something of fierce elation in it. For another half hour nothing was said and we gave ourselves over to the fortune of the day. That fortune augured nothing good, I felt. After fifteen years in the bush a chap's senses become sublimated; he begins to read the subtle speech of places and conditions and I did not care for what I read that day. There was never a birdsong, I remember, in all that march and the only life we saw was a gray hamadryad cobra, fourteen feet long, that whipped aside from the trail, moving silently but with the speed of a running horse.

Pig signs became more numerous. We found enormous rootings, ripped and gouged in the black soil by tusks that must have been a good ten inches long. At such places the piggy smell hung like a fetor in the hot air.

The slow march became etched upon my mind like few things I have lived through. That mango swamp was whittling down my morale. Jungle Favor—it certainly did not go with us that day. I could feel trepidation spreading like a foreign growth within me.

The mangos were beginning to give way to ferns and bamboo when there came a flurry of grunts and a high squeal of rage in the shadows ahead; then a crash in the thickets, a flying shower of mud and water. Thump and rattle of many hoofs; then silence. But ahead in the dense cane we knew something bulked huge, silent and sinister, watching us, a beast whose tactics were utterly unpredictable, capable of carrying lead two hundred yards with power enough left to toss and trample a man to shreds.

I stopped, peering ahead. The sounds were no more than thirty yards away. It would take Babi about three seconds to cover that distance. Over to the right, Amidon was likewise peering. The vines rustled. Amidon's Rigby bellowed deafeningly and his shout came out of a cloud of thin blue smoke: "Coming your way, Thorpe!"

Babi had raised a scream like a locomotive, filling the forest with pain and panic. I glimpsed a nest of long white tusks tossing up and down in the shadows, a bristling nightmare of a head, little red eyes burning like wicks of fury in a setting of bristles, evil roached back sloping to the low hind quarters. My repeating rifle ripped out a spiteful stream of sound.

A terrific upheaval down among the ferns; a threshing and a thudding. I had wounded the brute in the shoulder hump. The great head swung as on a swivel, a pivoting side-charge quicker than eye could follow and he was boring murderously through the fern toward Amidon.

"Can't see him," I yelled. "Your brute!"

Through the thickets I glimpsed Amidon, bent slightly forward as if in the teeth of a wind. Then the roar of his rifle again.

Babi was spinning round now, bawling like a wounded rhino. We moved slowly forward waiting another opening. Suddenly the boar rocked up and round, his red redoubtable eyes aflame, charging Amidon, his nearest enemy. Another bullet dropped him momentarily to his knees, ripping the earth that tripped him, blood trickling from his jaws, for that last shot had got him in the lung.

Too close now for another shot. Amidon flung himself sidewise, escaping death but not entirely missing the lifting sideswipe of the tusked head. He was down, Ahmad and I leaping forward, breathing hoarsely from the fierce play of life and death before us, but the abrupt finish was something none of us counted on.

Babi jinked about to bore in once more when a baying roar sounded from behind me—good old Nels forgetting fear and all else at the sight of his master down. He passed me like the wind never faltering before his leap at the champing head of the terror.

It was done with the ease of a magician completing his favorite trick of the evening. The dog was caught in mid-air and spitted by a lifting sweep of the boar's head, tossed ten feet like a bundle of rags. Almost before he landed Babi was on him again, goring.

It was just there that my last shot began to take effect. He left off suddenly, snorting blood from his snout, reeling in a queer circle and next instant rushed off straight into the shadows of the swamp and out of sight. Twice before he disappeared I saw him collide blindly with a tree bole, recover and rush on.

Then I was lifting Amidon to his feet while Ahmad effected Nels' release with the butt of his gun. Amidon's face was bloodless. He swayed dizzily a moment then limped over to the body of his dog.

"Good old Nels. Got there after all, didn't you? . . . He forgot me that time—to take you . . . Bit of a show there for a moment, eh, Thorpe?" he said turning to me. "But we scuppered him in time."

The grim fatality—and the idiocy—of the affair swept over me just there. Then the hot rage of reaction took hold of me.

"Yes," I said. "I fancy you're satisfied now. Let's be getting out of this while there's still light."

Amidon had suddenly gripped my arm. "Look here, man, we can't drop it now," he cried. "You saw how the blighter barged into the trees, didn't you? Mortally hit, not a doubt of it. I want that head, Thorpe. Come on, we'll run onto the bally pig within a mile." He motioned to Ahmad and they plunged away on the fresh trail.

I followed reluctantly. I wanted more than anything else, to get out of that sinister bush before night descended. But there was no arguing against Amidon's obsession.

For a time we expected each minute to come upon Babi where he had fallen a final time, but the crazy zig-zag trail went on and on, leading gradually toward higher ground. After a time the blood signs grew scarcer, the trail less erratic. I cursed the brute, for I had hoped his wound was a fatal one. No telling where the trail might lead us now.

Followed an hour of ungodly ploughing through cane and tall lalang grass, our puttees soaked with mire, our tempers dangerous as frozen dynamite. Then Ahmad halted abruptly, his brown arm thrust past Amidon's shoulder, pointing silently to a *maidan*, or natural clearing in the higher bush beyond. We pressed aside the hanging vines to gaze.

Lying in the center of the *maidan*, no more than a hundred yards away, bathed in the slanting light of the sinking sun, we saw the entire wild pig band. Babi himself lay collapsed upon his whitish underparts, legs asprawl, the hind ones stiffened out like the littlest pigling lying beside its mother. He was sorely wounded, still bleeding; a pair of the leading boars and two or three old sows stood solemnly around him and a tense concern was manifest over the condition of their leader. We could hear grunted signals passing between them.

There was a snap beside me—Amidon releasing his safety catch. His face was grim and set. He was taking careful aim when the tableau which I would not have missed for any price began to enact before us, a thing which all the multiple vistas of future years would not obliterate.

In the thickets on the far side of the *maidan* the round cruel mask of a tiger had suddenly appeared. In the slanting rays of the sun the beast's eyes burned green like incandescent emeralds and he seemed painted there, every spidery black line on his flat face standing out in silhouette against the orange. He had been drawn to the spot by the smell of blood.

Instantly the cluster of wild pig in the *maidan* dissolved like the fragments of an explosion. Only Babi and two old leading boars remained. Then as the tiger stepped forth into the open, the other boars broke and fled and only Babi remained, risen to his feet, little eyes gleaming like garnets as he faced the jungle tyrant.

The tiger was a full grown male, a good eleven feet long and would have tipped the scales at six hundred pounds. Moreover he was of that grim Sumatran breed which for its weight and size is the most terrible killer known—acknowledged lord of the Maikal jungle. Babi weighed almost as much as the tiger, but he was wounded, and even had this not been so, no one would have conceded the old babirussa a chance against the strength of the striped killer. However, against the blood-mad rage of the tiger Babi interposed the cold, calculating fury of all the pigs.

For a few seconds the pair hung at pause, Babi balanced like a boxer on his lean stiff legs, jaws champing; the tiger with ringed tail lashing, black whiskers quivering in a soundless snarl. Like a flash of tawny lightning the cat was in, not in the soaring leap of the fiction writers, but with a fiendish rush on three legs, the fourth raised to deliver the full-armed blow with which a tiger kills. Had that blow landed squarely it would have torn the life out of even the steel and whalebone body of the babirussa. But Babi had jinked with the agility of a goat; his head lifted and swung at the same time, leaving a long crimson streak on the orange-copper of the tiger's side.

Husking out deep, saw-like coughs of pain and fury, the tiger sprang backward, then in again like a spent shell and Babi, squealing with rage, met him squarely, coming within an inch of winning the struggle then and there. His dagger-like tusks snapped up and sank like skewers in the great cat's neck, just missing the throat. But only for an instant. Then the tiger was magically free in a rearing liquid lift that dropped him squarely atop Babi's sloping back where he clung like a giant leech, struggling to break the boar's neck by wrenching back the tusked head, at the same time inflicting horrible havoc with his roweling hind claws.

What passes for a wild boar's neck, however, is unyielding as so much concrete and almost as impregnable. And with his tremendous weight Babi could no more be pinned down than a battering ram. Yet before he finally broke free he was ripped and slashed in a dozen places and one of the tiger's raking blows lifted a long flap of skin and tore loose a mass of quivering flesh which hung down the pig's side. Undaunted, he swung in like a thunderbolt again, with a heave of the head that flung the striped one high in the air, roaring out his pain.

I glanced at Amidon. He had crept forward about ten feet, but beyond that he made no move. The opportunity for which he had connived so long was his, yet his rifle lay forgotten beside him. Doubtless the sportsman in him rebelled at taking such a moment when his enemy was overwhelmed by odds to down him.

Blood gushed from the gaping wounds of both fighters now, a crimson tide that raced with life and death. And the fury of each had been fanned to a white heat in which fear and danger—life itself—meant nothing in comparison to the death of his adversary. But there was this difference to be seen; where the tiger was beside himself with fury, never for an instant did Babi allow the red rage of battle to dim the calculated coolness with which a wild boar always fights.

It was a mere matter of minutes after that, though it seemed to drag into hours. Each circled the other warily now. Like a striking snake the tiger was in again, delivering another of his staggering strokes and Babi side-stepped with a ripping uppercut and twist of tusks and up the tiger's ribs broad bands of blood appeared. Stripes hurled himself again, landing a blow on the boar's left tusk, ripping it out clean, sending it hurtling to the ground with a chunk of red, bloody flesh adhering to its roots. Blood spurted but Babi drove in again, unchecked.

Red and torn and hardly recognizable, that frothing fury of a beast bit the bullet, coming in, coming in, carrying death again and again to his opponent. Ramping, champing and screaming out his rage, he couldn't be downed, and the tiger was breaking under it!

The three of us watching had risen to our feet now as men do at the end of a battle in the squared circle. It was terrific—magnificent; we were filled to the throats with it. Amidon's face was tense as a hunting hawk's. No possible sympathy could attach to the tiger, who was a menace to man and animal alike, and I knew that his emotion was now all on the side of the boar. That personal score of his had gone glimmering in the face of that deathless courage of Babi's and the significance of a creature with no compromise in all its being. Unable to withstand prolonged suffering, the tiger became suddenly demented, staking everything on a final frenzied clinch and Babi, swapping ends on his stiff legs just as the cat landed, brought the rapier points of his eviscerating tusks into play along the whole soft underside of the tiger's body, from groin to brisket. With a fiendish outcry the body of the big cat buckled and broke, sagging to earth, and next instant Babi was trampling it, ripping the striped body after the terrible fashion of his kind, till it resembled nothing that had ever lived or breathed.

It was two or three minutes before the old boar left off and took note of us for the first time. There we stood—out in the open now—a bit foolish, a bit ungainly, as men are apt to look at such a time. Here was the game for which we had trekked so far, yet not one of us made a move. It was as if the mockery of all such things had suddenly come home to us.

Babi stood bone-still, facing us defiantly, his gaunt and bleeding head unlowered, every bristle on it erect. We were enemies, doubtless looking for further fight. Well, there was still a battle left in him. His little eyes were cocked, calculating the next attack.

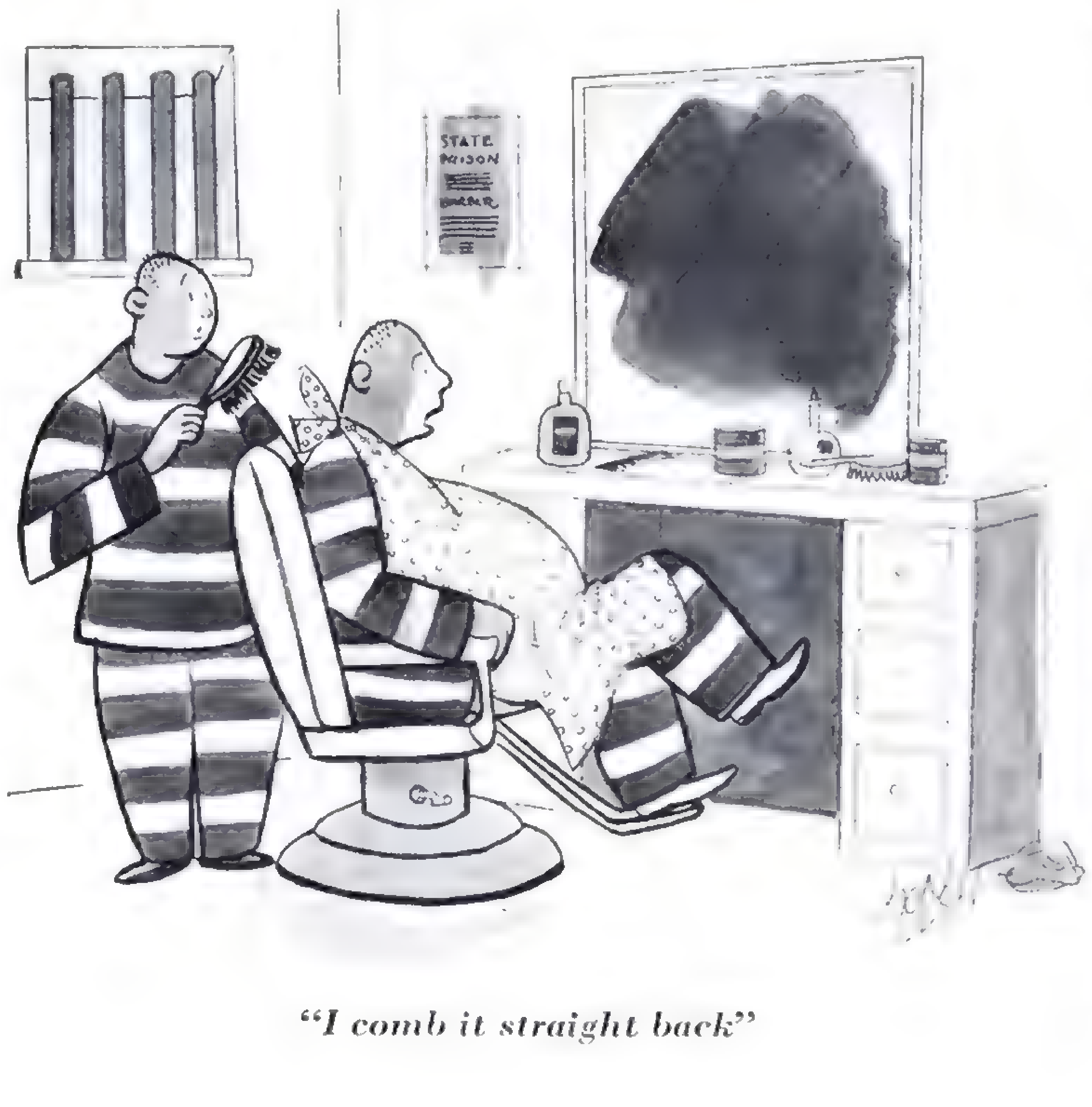
Ahmad the faithful, Ahmad the practical, broke the refined and clarified silence of the moment by handing Amidon the heaviest rifle. And Amidon refused it with a shake of the head.

"Then you will not kill Babi, Sar?" Ahmad asked, incredulous but deferent.

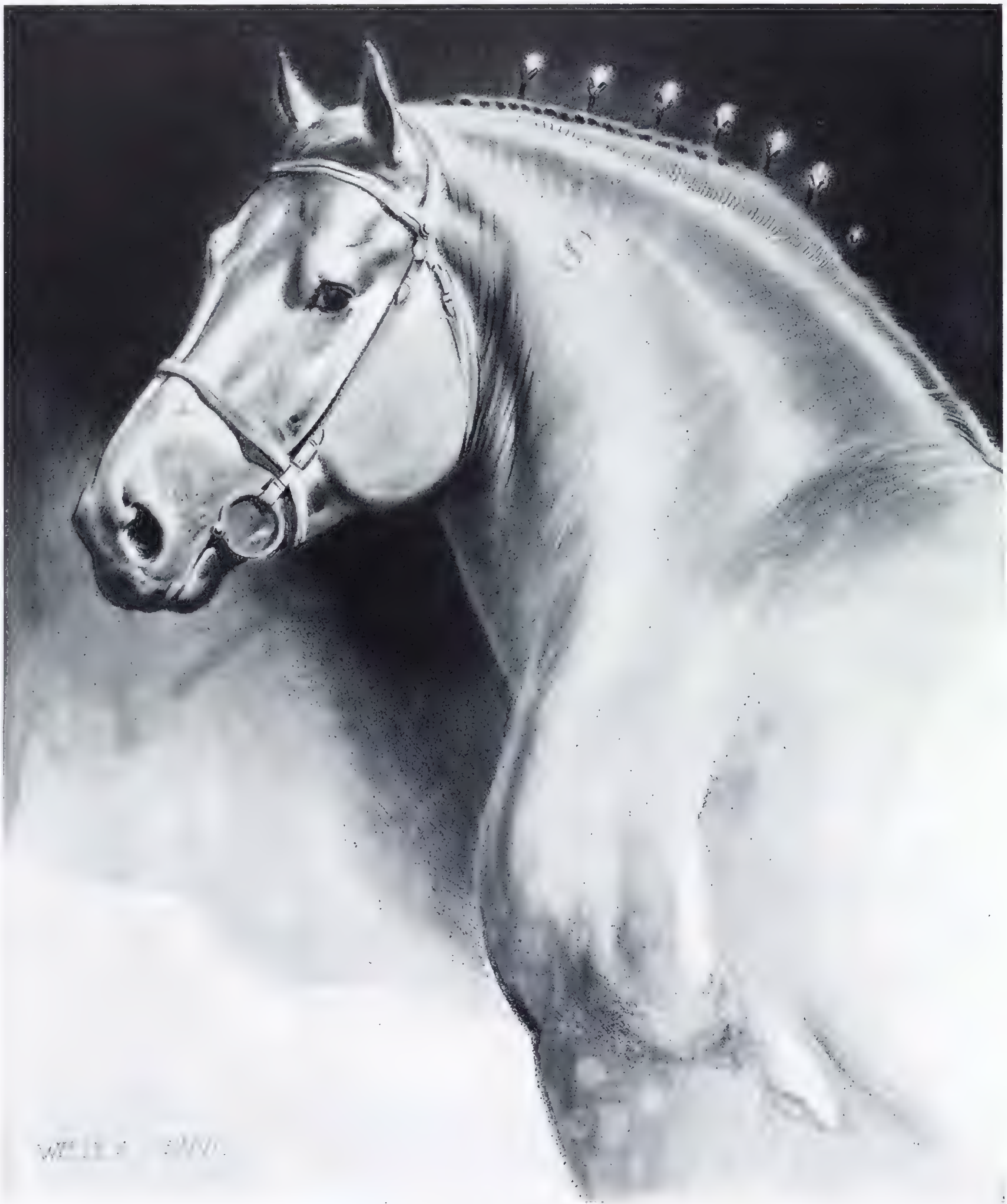
"No," said Amidon smilingly. "I shall not kill Babi now. But you have done well, Ahmad, and the promised reward shall be yours."

Ahmad felt there must be some splendid good English joke back of it all, so he brought up his mirthless Malay version of a white man's laugh to cover the occasion.

We camped at dark in a high, dry spot in a grove of tapangs and you may laugh if you like, but the night and the jungle were transformed for us. There were bird songs with the sunset, the first we had heard that trip. A minah sang at the edge of camp and nearby the *te-te-goh*, shy Malayan "bird-of-the-two-twilights," sounded its lovely vesper song. We were neither poets nor mystics, yet we were aware of many subtle things, dim realizations, vague promptings of the deeper folds of being too often coated over throughout a man's entire life. We talked of them long about the camp fire. That prolonged grudge hunt of Amidon's for the head of Babi had been an evil thing; but now a sick man had been cured and we could feel those unseen powers of perversity against which we had pitted ourselves, drawing back in grave defeat at the dropping of the gage of hate and fear. ‡‡



"I comb it straight back"



NO. 4 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Marceau

Marceau is the finest Percheron in the country. He was Grand Champion at every show he entered this past season, including the International at Chicago, the National Percheron Show, the American Royal, and five state fairs. He was also adjudged the best imported animal of either sex at the National Percheron Show in both 1939 and 1940. He was Grand Champion at the Golden Gate Exposition and all state fairs where he was shown in 1939. Marceau is seven years old, weighs 2,150 pounds, is grey-colored except for his left hind foot which is white. (Percheron grade horses grow whiter as they grow older.) Marceau is owned by Ralph L. Smith of Kansas City, Mo., who imported him from France in 1937.

Cheers and Jeers

Continued from page 21

him as Walsh, the great pitcher of the White Sox, were prone to be charitable and overlook the mistake. In the fifth inning, another close decision that was profitable for the visiting club caused a murmur of discontent. Later, when Chicago tied up the game, all seemed rosy, but in the ninth inning another close decision against the Sox by Walsh proved the deciding factor in the game, giving the visitors the victory. Three close plays against the Sox were too much. Those unfavorable decisions by Walsh, the umpire, had caused the fans to forget all about Walsh, the great pitcher. Now he was merely an umpire and, in the minds of a majority of the 20,000 present, possibly all of them, he wasn't a very good one. As he walked off the field at the close of the game, the hero of a few hours previous was treated to a volley of jeers, such as he had never heard in all his career as a player. It was a new and novel experience for Walsh and one that was not altogether pleasing.

Walsh had broken in as an umpire rather late in the season. His debut was just the beginning of unpleasant happenings, as very often falls to the lot of the poor umpire. In the heat of action, his player friends forgot the old days, his former teammates knew him as just an umpire, not Ed Walsh the pitcher who had pitched them to a pennant and World Series. It was apparent that Walsh didn't like the going. It was new, different and unpleasant. After a particularly tough game near the close of the season, I found him in a none too happy mood when I entered our dressing room. As a player, for years, he had been showered with applause, and this thing of being the target for abuse was making no hit with him.

"Do you really like to umpire a ball game, Billy?" was Walsh's greeting.

"Like everything else, it has its good and bad days," I replied, trying my best to allay Walsh's feelings of bitterness.

"That isn't answering my question," he continued: "What I want to know is, do you really like it?"

"No doubt there are more congenial occupations," I answered, still trying my best to dodge the issue, "but the pay is good, and, as Tim Hurst always said, 'you can't beat the hours, three to five'."

"I think it's a helluva' business," said Walsh. "How can any guy like a business that is all jeers and no cheers? I have had my fill of it. I want to remember the cheers of the fans." Shortly afterwards Walsh retired from umpiring to be a scout for the White Sox, the Club on which he had won his great fame as a pitcher. I shall always remember those words of Ed Walsh, "umpiring is all jeers and no cheers."

There is no other business in all the world like baseball. The fickle fan is a severe taskmaster. The player must consistently deliver to escape the growl of the wolves. It is peculiar, the sense of satisfaction fandom gets out of telling the athlete or the umpire what he thinks of any and all things that fail to please him. In every profession, efficiency is most desirable, but I feel sure that if the perfect umpire ever became an integral part of baseball, the game would lose much of its tang for the average fan. It is surprising what a keen delight the fans get out of blaming the umpire for the failure of the home team to win. Unquestionably, the umpire is baseball's greatest alibi for the fan and player. As the fan leaves the ball park after a defeat, it is an easy matter to figure what a difference it would have made if certain close decisions given against them, by the blind umpires, had been favorable to the home team. Likewise, the player often uses the umpire to cover his shortcomings in the field, or at bat.

A great many ball players declare they are immune to what the fans think of their efforts; that they don't hear the things that are said to them; that even when they do hear the jeers, they slide off their hide without making any impression because they are casehardened by years of contact, immune to all such thrusts. I never took much stock in any such contention on the part of the player. For twenty-two years I umpired in the American League, and I can truthfully say that I heard most of the jeers that came my way and that I didn't enjoy them. I recall with far greater pleasure a few of the cheering welcomes I received, since cheers are almost unknown to an umpire. Any umpire is perfectly satisfied with silence, willing to forget cheers as well as jeers, if the fans will simply overlook his presence by giving him no consideration either way. Speaking of cheers for an umpire I will never forget a most amusing incident in which another Big League umpire and I figured. The incident goes back many years, but is still fresh in my memory.

In those days, the annual baseball clash between West Point and Annapolis was a big feature of the college sport calendar of the two service institutions. A request had been made from the Commandants of the two academies that a couple of Big League umpires be detailed to work the game. President Johnson, of the American League, assigned me as one of the arbitrators. I was umpiring in Washington and it was only an hour's ride to Annapolis, Maryland, where the game was being played that year. Charley Rigler was the umpire selected as the National League's representative.

Just as Rigler and I left the Annapolis bench to start the game there was a roar of applause and, as I took a hasty glance in the direction of the grandstand, it seemed to me that most of the 10,000 spectators present had risen to their feet. As we continued on our way to the plate to confer with the two captains, relative to the batteries for the game, as well as the ground rules, the applause increased rather than abated.

"This is the league to umpire in," remarked Rigler, who has a keen sense of humor in his makeup. "Can you imagine getting a reception like this at a Big League game?" Not quite satisfied that the applause was for us, I answered:

"Possibly that is because they are not familiar with our umpiring. We had better not get too chesty over the reception. About the fifth inning maybe the cheers will be turned into jeers."

It happened that Rigler and I had one of our very good days and, despite the keen rivalry between the two teams, not a decision was questioned. As we walked off the field with the players, another wave of applause greeted our ears. The illusion was later dispelled when we read the Sunday morning papers. It seems President Roosevelt entered the grandstand just as we walked on the field to start the game and also departed as the last man was retired. The cheers were for "Teddy," not for Rigler and Evans.

Star ball players react to the crowd differently. Ty Cobb, perhaps the greatest ball player of all time—took the cheers complacently, but rebelled at the jeers. Because he was temperamental, because he was a fighter, because he was daring, no gamble at the bat or in the field being too big for him, Cobb was never popular with opposing players. On the base lines he brooked no interference. If some fielder were in his way trying to impede his progress, Cobb gave no thought to himself or his opponent—he cut him down. Many an infielder of other days has spike wounds to show as a result of some daring slide by Cobb in an attempt to reach his objective. Cobb was always in the headlines and the comment was not always favorable. The opinion of fandom is often molded by this or that baseball writer. Unfavorable comment about Cobb, naturally, caused a legion of fans to hate him. That is the way of the star, for little or no attention is paid to the mediocre player. Few players in all the history of baseball have received more applause than Cobb and likewise, few, if any, have been jeered as much as the former great Detroit star. Cobb showed no great enthusiasm over applause, rather he accepted it as a part of the game, doffing his cap in a rather nonchalant manner to acknowledge his appreciation. Jeers, on the other hand, made him fighting mad and very often he put his feelings into execution. Baseball history contains many interesting fistic episodes in which Cobb took to task his tormentor and, in most cases, the records show that he won the decision, very often by a knock-out. On a number of occasions he didn't wait for the conclusion of the game to go into action, but in the midst of the contest suddenly deserted the ball field for the grandstand, or bleachers, and set upon the individual who he believed was responsible for the criticism that was being heaped upon him. Cobb asked no quarter from anyone. A player of great determination, he seldom admitted defeat in baseball or in a fistic encounter.

They tell a story on Cobb which I am inclined to believe is true. When Cobb got into an argument with fan or player, or even umpire, he was willing to settle the argument with his fists rather than words. When I say umpire, I speak from experience, for once upon a time he and I had a difference of opinion and it was agreed that we should settle our difference in private under the grandstand. It happened after a game in Washington and was of short duration, but I regret to state that I do not believe I merited as much as a draw. But to get back to my story. There was on the Detroit Club, a player with whom Cobb could not agree. On three different occasions, Cobb sought to prove his physical superiority over the player in question and each time lost the decision. But never once did he admit his opponent was a better man. A fourth meeting, maybe more, was prevented by the release of the player from the Detroit Club.

Babe Ruth, generally considered Cobb's closest rival for the honor of being classed as the greatest player of all time (some give him that rating), reacted to cheers and jeers in a manner opposite to Cobb. The "Babe," like every other player, liked his cheers. With a wave of the hands, a smile that played across his rotund features, a doffing of the cap and other little mannerisms peculiar to Ruth, mannerisms that no other player in the game has, he acknowledged to fandom that he thoroughly appreciated the applause showered on him, as he cleared the sacks with a tremendous drive, or saved the game with a sensational catch. While Ruth's emotions were no different from those of any other star, he had a way of throwing aside the jeers that were hurled at him, that made such a hit with his detractors, they later found themselves applauding the "Babe." I know that he didn't like criticism in the form of jeers. Who does? But I know that the Babe could conceal his feelings about as well as any player with whom I have come in contact during the thirty years I have been connected with Major League baseball. Often, when I was sure the Babe must have been burning up with indignation, I have seen him do his copyrighted smiling act and doff his cap many times as the fans

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Cheers and Jeers

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hooted and jeered, particularly if he struck out with men on the bases. Late one summer I discussed with Ruth this phase of the game to which all players are subjected. When I asked him what was his biggest thrill in baseball, he surprised me with his reply and, strangely, it is in keeping with the point that I am trying to make about Ruth—his graceful way of accepting the bitter and the sweet as meted out by baseball fandom.

"You have only to go back to the World Series of 1932 to get my biggest thrill," said Babe. "For some reason, the Chicago players tried to get my goat. I really don't know why, other than they figured they might handicap my batting by taking my mind off my work, listening to the abuse that was showered on me from the Cub bench every time I stepped to the home plate. I can't tell you just what they said, for I'm afraid you would be shocked. I learned much about my family history, none of which was complimentary, as the Cub players on the bench fired barrage after barrage of tobasco language. I smiled, but it was the 'bunk' and I handed out a few remarks in return. However, a batter trying to hit the offering of some star pitcher can't give as much time to his 'razzers' as did the Cub bench warmers to me. Never in all my life did I want to make a home run as much as in that third game of the Series, the first game played in Chicago. We had won the two games played in New York. As I stepped to the plate about the middle of the game, with the score still very close, I couldn't keep from expressing my feelings. It happened that the Chicago rooters had taken their cue from the actions of the players on the Cub bench, because they were toasting me to a dark brown, through the medium of a lot of hot words, few of which can be found in the dictionary. Pointing to the most distant place in Wrigley field, by means of pantomime, I let it be known that it was my intention to hit one of the pitches to that very point. My actions made no hit with the fans or Chicago players. After each called ball or strike, by the use of my fingers I kept track of the count and let the fans in on it. Then I made it apparent that the next ball was the one I intended to drive to the remotest spot in the Cub park. The pitch was just to my liking. I timed it perfectly and the moment the ball left my bat I knew it was on the way to the spot I had selected. That is just where it landed. I am told that that swat broke the back of the Cubs and really ended the Series. That home run was by far the biggest thrill of my career. Just as great a thrill as the actual hitting of the home run, was the swell reception tendered me by the hostile Chicago fans as I jogged around the bases and crossed the plate. It seemed as if every fan in the park cheered me, when only a few innings back, I would have sworn every person in the park was jeering me."

I can well imagine Ruth's emotions on that occasion. It is a feat to hit a home run at any time in a Big League game. But when a player tells you, in a World Series, where he is going to hit the home run, and when he is going to hit it and then makes good, that is something else again. Yet, back of that great reception from a hostile crowd, pulling for Chicago to win a game in the Series, was the feeling that fandom held for the great Babe Ruth. That feeling was actuated by the graceful manner in which Ruth had, earlier in the game, accepted the jeers as well as the cheers. Over a period of twenty years as a Big League star, Ruth had always been that way. Just another tribute to Ruth's greatness and his popularity with his baseball public.

In all my experience I know of only one player who accepted cheers and jeers in exactly the same manner, completely ignoring fandom. That player was Bob Meusel, for many years one of the outstanding players of the New York Yankees. Few players ever had more natural ability than did Bob Meusel. He had the stuff to become a second Ty Cobb had he possessed the proper temperament. Meusel, however, was an indifferent cuss, content to be a good player rather than a big star. He is the only player in all the history of baseball, who never once doffed his cap to the crowd in acknowledgment of applause. He ran to the bench just as if nothing had happened; acted no differently than he had many times when jeers instead of cheers greeted his arrival at the bench after the close of the inning. His was a strange attitude toward the men and women who paid the way. I once asked him why he was so nonchalant about everything connected with the game and his reply was typical of the man.

"A ball player gets paid for doing the best he can. I always try to give my best, although I have often been accused of loafing because of my careless style. Baseball fandom is too fickle for me to fall for it. They cheer you for eight innings, only to jeer you to the echo in the ninth should you make a costly error that loses the game. Nothing satisfies me quite as much as my pay check. You can't pay off on cheers and, after all, jeers don't matter—both are equally fleeting. I accept both in silence."

But all ball players are not Ty Cobb's, Babe Ruth's or Bob Meusel's. Most players thrive on cheers and starve on jeers. In that respect most players are a bit unfair, since they feel that the good plays should be cheered, but that bad plays should be overlooked rather than jeered. Of course that is only human. Yet there is nothing that will send some slipping veteran star to the minors faster than the jeers of the populace that once had mostly cheers for him. Incidentally, don't believe any ball player who tells you that jeers mean nothing in his life, for after all, the ball player lives in a world of his own. As a rule, he is more temperamental than a chorus girl and cheers to him are the next best offering to his semimonthly pay check. But like cheers, jeers will always be a part of the national pastime and the smart player would do well to follow the gospel of Babe Ruth accept both with a kindly, tolerant smile. #

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 84

in their chairs the minute they reach Morningside Heights. Their tone becomes common, careless, devitalized—as different as possible from the tone we admired when they used to play under Toscanini. The police should do something about it.

Nevertheless, from war to war, these concerts have had a place in New York's summer nights, along with those of the Goldman Band. They were born in 1918 as an experiment in light music to entertain the soldiers and sailors from nearby camps who thronged the city. The reminder is a grim one. They began with *The Star-Spangled Banner* as they do now, but there was then no Brahms, no Wagner. German music was banned.

This summer soldiers from the armed forces are being admitted free on Saturday and Sunday nights. It is still not too late to hope that some smart lad among them will bring his rifle and improve his marksmanship rating by occasionally picking off the barbarians who persist in yelling to their neighbors. I, for one, would welcome a detachment of antiaircraft guns capable of frightening off the transcontinental planes which take my rapt attention from Miss Pons's F *in alt.*

* * *

In Boston's Symphony Hall, the "Pops," where "music" rates equal billing with "refreshments" and "smoking," have been a knockout success. Much of their repertory is available on Victor discs. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Symphony men have now moved to the new Hatch Memorial shed on the river's banks and are devoting July to twenty-four free (and solo-less) Esplanade concerts.

Benny Goodman will make his debut as a symphony conductor July 31 in Robin Hood Dell, a shady glade in the middle of Philadelphia's Fairmont Park. John Barrymore acts as narrator there July 17. And, if it weren't for the mosquitoes, Samuel R. Rosenbaum, the Dell's president, would invite Ann Corio to do a striptease. He's the guy who brought a live menagerie to the Dell for *Aïda* and somehow let an elephant get loose . . . and he reinstated a cannon in Tschaikowsky's "1812" Overture which started a front page controversy as to whether a musician's union member would have to be hired to fire the cannon or whether it could be done by a representative of the militia.

* * *

Summertime music in Washington has always been a problem. Government workers clamor for more "Sunset Symphonies" on the banks of the Potomac below the Lincoln Memorial, but Uncle Sam hasn't found a way to pay the deficit. On the long curving flight of steps that descend to the river, they sit and listen to the orchestra playing from a barge anchored a little way out in the channel. Motorists pause on the bridges that flank the site, canoes rest nearby and hundreds, some in bathing suits, lie on the grass as far back as the Memorial.

I went there last summer at one minute before eight, intending to have the usual twenty minutes or so over the evening paper before business began. To my amazement Hans Kindler appeared on the stroke of the hour as if he had been sent out on the barge by electric signal from Arlington. This is the sort of thing I have been resolving to do all my life without having succeeded in any single instance; and I shall henceforth regard Kindler as I have in the past—not only as one of the pleasantest, most sympathetic, and most original of conductors, but also as a man of superior character. These concerts as well as his winter series deserve support. They are short, they are cheap, and they are fresh and enjoyable. The programs are light and varied enough for governmental digestion.

If the experiment fails, it will only prove that Congress and our District of Columbia Commissioners haven't enough sense to know a good thing when they hear it. Washington has no factory owners, no business tycoons; Uncle Sam, therefore, must be the angel. That our national capital has any symphony at all is due to Hans Kindler. It's time we appreciated it.

* * *

Cleveland features "young and interesting" soloists—certainly an innovation—in its Public Auditorium. Popular music and a "pop" concert menu outdraw the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera. The hall is decorated with gay beach umbrellas and hedges of trees and, with the right girl, you can imagine it's moonlight.

James Petrillo writes he has no budget as yet for the Musician's Union concerts in Chicago's Grant Park; but Ravinia, on the North Shore, is enjoying music-making by Sir Thomas Beecham, Pierre Monteux, Nicolai Malko, Carlos Chavez, and Georg Szell (who has roused enthusiasm wherever he's appeared).

Summer in St. Louis began early with the world première of *New Orleans*, a Romberg operetta with a book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, and the schedule includes for the week of

July 28—*The Merry Widow*
August 4—*Bitter Sweet*
August 11—*The Desert Song*
August 18—*The Red Mill*
August 25—*Balalaika*

Operetta is done most pleasantly in Forest Park in a magnificent natural bowl on a stage whose proscenium arch is the intertwining branches of two huge elm trees, both heavily insured. The half-million dollar season grew out of a series of pageants. Though termed "municipal opera," the city has no financial interest in it and no operas are given. The orchestra is composed of men from the St. Louis Symphony, the ninety-two dancing boys and girls are local, and there are stars who can put it over.

When I was there last, one of the more comely members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, then doing a summer stint, greatly distinguished herself by singing a duet with a baby. Her intentions were to sing *You Are the One* (or whatever it is) in *The Chocolate Soldier* as a solo; but the baby joined in about the middle of the introduction and continued *sempre crescendo e piu lamentevole* until one line before the end, when it collapsed, leaving milady, like Orpheus, mistress of the situation.

Interlochen, in Michigan, not content with a National High School Orchestra that plays better than many so-called symphonies, now has a college division plus Paul Whiteman to give jazz the place it deserves in the life of young America. There's magic in music there, all right. Chautauqua, in New York, continues a full program of recitals and concerts through August. Albert Stoessel conducts, Mischa Mischakoff is concert-meister, and you can be taught, lectured at, and amused any hour of the day.

Hollywood is lucky to have Bruno Walter for four of its concerts, Rodzinski for others, and is filling in with grand opera and soloists.

Wind and weather which cause deficits elsewhere, are of no consequence in the land of the sun. In the last twenty years only one out of 588 Bowl concerts have had to be postponed on account of the weather. Some should have been postponed for other reasons, however. On those occasions I always ask for a seat near the bushes where I can amuse myself by listening to the crickets.

* * *

On the whole, though our summer concerts have improved absolutely, they have lost relatively, owing to the fact that standards of orchestral playing have improved even more. It is true that twenty years ago we were listening to brass bands and that then Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms never ventured out-of-doors. Twenty years ago Josef Stransky and Walter Damrosch were conducting New York's leading orchestra and the glories evoked by Toscanini, Stokowski and Kousesevitzky were not dreamed of.

Summer soloists, if anything, have held their place. The instrumental ones have improved, the vocalists dropped off. As their numbers invariably get pulled about, those with instruments seem to hold out better. However that may be merely my imagination. In any case the art of singing has declined. Only week before last I heard a renowned soprano shovel out Verdi and drawl down the scale like a woman who will not come down the stairs sensibly because she wants to show off her diamonds. But of that, more another time.

As to records, if you want to know what not to buy, have a look at the current releases. Each time I see them I go back to my library and select an old and well-loved album. #

BEST SELLERS

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

Permanent

The Star Spangled Banner; America; Lucy Monroe—National Symphony conducted by Charles O'Connell. Victor 17815

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Victor M-765

Parsifal—Act II Duet (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior—Victor Symphony conducted by Edwin McArthur. Victor M-755

Concerto No. 2, in B-Flat Major for Piano and Orchestra (Brahms); Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor M-740

Lily Pons in Classic Airs; Lily Pons. Victor M-756

Sinfonia Concertante in E-Flat Major (Mozart); Tabuteau-Portnoy-Schoenbach-Jones with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Victor M-760

Transient

Let's Get Away from It All—Parts I and II; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27377

Worried Mind; A Broken Melody; Wayne King. Victor 27373

I Cover the Waterfront; Marinela; Artie Shaw. Victor 27362

The Wise Old Owl; Toy Piano Minuet; Joe Reichman. Victor 27360

Where the Mountains Meet the Moon;Perspicacity; The FourKing Sisters with The Rhythm "Reys". Bluebird 11099

G'by Now; Music Makers; Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird 11114

The Wise Old Owl; Two Hearts that Pass in the Night; Teddy Powell. Bluebird 11089

Nighty-Night; My Prodigal; Alvino Rey. Bluebird 11041

Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.

Eroica (Beethoven); Bruno Walter conducting N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony. Columbia M-449

Musical Comedy Favorites; André Kostelanetz. Columbia M-430

First Rhapsody for Clarinet (Debussy); Benny Goodman and N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony under John Barbirolli. Columbia 11517-D

Gilbert and Sullivan Patter Songs; Nelson Eddy. Columbia M-440

The Bacchanale—from *Tannhauser* (Wagner); Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Columbia X-193

Peer Gynt Suite (Grieg); Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic. Columbia X-180

Scheherazade Suite (Rimsky-Korsakoff); Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Symphony. Columbia M-398

Lenore Overture No. 3 (Beethoven); Dmitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony. Columbia X-173

Alexander the Swoose; Why Cry Baby; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36040

Music Makers; Montevideo; Harry James. Columbia 35932

A Rendezvous in Rio; Intermezzo; Xavier Cugat. Columbia 36041

Amapola; Intermezzo; Benny Goodman. Columbia 36050

Let's Get Away from It All; Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina; Gene Krupa. Okeh 6130

Daddy's Lullaby; Maria Elena; Lawrence Welk. Okeh 5939

Intermezzo; Simpatica; Charlie Spivak. Okeh 6120

My Sister and I; Pardon Me for Falling in Love; Dick Jurgens. Okeh 6094

I'll Be Back in a Year; Old Mississippi Moon; The Prairie Ramblers. Okeh 06053

New Soldier's Farewell; Down at the Roadside Inn; Al Dexter. Okeh 96127

The Music Shop, Springfield, Ill.

Permanent

The Blue Danube Waltz (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Victor 15425

Music of Victor Herbert; André Kostelanetz. Columbia M-415

The Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Victor D.M. 265

Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); Ignace Paderewski. Victor M-349

Concerto in A Minor (Schumann); Myra Hess and Orchestra. Victor D. M. 473

Transient

Java Jive; Ink Spots. Decca 3432

Aloha Oe; Bing Crosby. Decca 880

Little Brown Jug; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10826

Let's Dance; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35302

Star Dust; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27233

Hawaiian War Chant; Del Courtney. Okeh 5354

Intermezzo; Wayne King. Victor 26659

Marie; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 25523

The Music Box Shop, Syracuse, N. Y

Piano Concerto No. 2 (Brahms); Horowitz-Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor M-740

Violin Concerto (Beethoven); Jascha Heifetz-Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor M-705

Symphony No. 3 (Tschaikowsky); Kindler and the National Symphony. Victor M-747

Peer Gynt Suites—1 and 2 (Grieg); Kolar and the Detroit Symphony. Decca Album 169

Gaité Parisienne (Offenbach); Efrem Kurtz and the London Philharmonic. Columbia X-115

Oh, Look At Me Now; You Might Have Belonged to Another; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27274

Celery Stalks at Midnight; Down the Road a Piece; Will Bradley. Columbia 35707

Benny Rides Again; The Man I Love; Benny Goodman. Columbia 55001

John Silver; Parade of the Milk Bottle Caps; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3334

I Surrender Dear; I Can't Believe that I'm in Love with You; Coleman Hawkins. Commodore 1506

G. Schirmer's, 3 East 43rd St., New York, N. Y.

Symphony No. 3 (Beethoven); Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic Symphony of New York. Columbia Set M-449

White Cliffs of Dover (Alice Duer Miller); Lynn Fontanne—Musical setting Frank Black, Arthur Lang and Orch. Victor Set M-775

En Bateau (Debussy); *Chanson Dans La Nuit* (Carlos Salzedo); Casper Reardon Harp Solo. Schirmer Record 5507

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony. Victor Set M-265

Chica Chica Boom Chic; Bambale; Carmen Miranda. Decca 23210

Jenny; My Ship; Gertrude Lawrence. Victor 27330

The Things I Love; Talking to the Wind; Barry Wood. Victor 27369

The Last Time I Saw Paris; Adieu Beaux Rêves; Mili Monti. Coronet 3501

Amapola; Intermezzo; Benny Goodman. Columbia 36050

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 74

lessness that can only be taken for contempt—continue to insult and belittle those we are pleased to refer to as "our neighbors." And we have yet to co-ordinate our economic and political policies as Herr Hitler has.

"Your president came down here," a prominent Buenos Aires publisher told me, "smiled and called us *Mios amigos.* Old man Hull puttered around in the Alvear Palace. Everybody grew to like and trust him. Then we tried to negotiate a trade treaty. Your Congress refused to ratify it, claimed our beef, which the English have been eating for decades, diseased. Who runs your country, anyway?"

Our army is filled with obstructionists—honest men, but unimaginative men conditioned by training and long years of inactivity not to act. Not only are they without initiative and ready adaptability, they discourage, impede, check, and resent any attempt to modify established procedure. Their order is one of yesterday, not of tomorrow.

Take the all-important matter of our army's *esprit de corps*—the problem of its entertainment. Any selective service, administered as ours has been, gathers together an exact cross-section of the population: men having the widest *possible variation in interests and* tastes, but having the same entertainment desires, essentially, as our ordinary citizens.

It seems reasonable to expect that officers in charge of morale, knowing this, would have anticipated the demand and prepared a well-integrated program of sports, movies, music, and shows. Not at all. In one year they have not provided entertainment for a million and a half men that is of scarcely fly-speck proportions. In spite of the fact that professionals were and are willing to donate their services, that dance bands want to play for the soldiers, results to date have been nil.

In the beginning, staff officers charged with the problem sat in Washington twiddling their thumbs, pigeonholing every suggestion, afraid of making a mistake if they acted. "The necessity for in-the-flesh entertainment will manifest itself within six months or a year if in fact it does exist . . ." they stalled. "In 1917-18, you know, we had little real entertainment until the war was over and the soldiers were waiting to be demobilized . . ."

Finally, the eminently sane principle was established that the army itself would supervise all welfare work *on* military reservations . . . that the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the National Catholic Community Service, Jewish Welfare Council, *et al.*, would not, as in the last war, be allowed to maintain their own establishments and duplicate each others' services. The government was willing to finance the entire project and the money was ready. But well-meaning citizens objected, arguing that in a democratic country private agencies should have a hand in it. Hence, the current campaign for $10,500,000 by the United Service Organizations, an Amalgamation of the above agencies, who were given charge of *off*-reservation recreation.

In the meantime, theaters were built in many camps which resembled nothing more than the Sunday School rooms of early American memory. With no wings and only front entrances to the stage, they could be used only for movies. And no law could be found in the army regulations for knocking a door in the rear.

What do you know about Australia? You'll know a lot more after you read *Behind the Aussies Lies Australia*, a comprehensive article in the September issue of Esquire (out August 15th).

Service clubs were erected for dances with no provision for ladies' rest rooms. After a catastrophe or two, the dances had to be moved to near-by communities. The army found itself without sufficient reserve officers capable of initiating entertainment and caring for the needs of its new recruits. The regulations, again, didn't provide for hiring or commissioning experts.

The big-wigs decided, however, to elevate the morale division to a full-fledged unit reporting to the Chief of Staff, and to get quickly an Advisory Committee on Recreation and Welfare. Robert E. Sherwood became head of this Committee's sub-committee on Entertainment. For more than six months all suggestions were turned over to it and in that period it brought forth, after intensive labor sending out detailed questionnaires, precisely nothing.

The existence of the committee was vague. It was next to impossible to find out where its headquarters were, who was on it, or what it was intended to do. At Sherwood's home he was said to be at his office, and at his office he was said to be out. *Variety* concluded, with justice, that whatever was being done toward putting live star shows into the camps was apparently taking place in somebody's office-in-hat.

Promotionally-minded newspapers started the ball rolling, but there was no one to direct volunteer efforts or to utilize the latent energy of citizens who wanted to see something done. Such organizations as *The Friends of New York State Sailors and Soldiers, Inc.* got heated up and lost their enthusiasm because no one would tell them what to do. They ran up against a soft wall, got lost in the war of committees. Only after they had reincorporated as *The Citizens' Committee of the Army and Navy* and formed a sub-committee, headed by Vinton Freedley, did the Army recognize them. Now, they are charged with all in-the-flesh entertainment for the camps.

In between times, strip-teasers forwarded their photos by the thousands to indignant post commanders and that veteran front-pager, Leopold Stokowski, tinkered with regimental bands. He was, he said, studying the effect of music on the men, adjusting its beat to the rhythm of their breathing, and trying to revamp present-day bands for use with tanks in streamlined warfare.

For months Tommy and Charlie were given nothing to do to make them forget the blonde behind the soda fountain at the corner of Main and Sixth Streets back home. On days off, they could go to the nearest wide spot in the pavement and stand on the curbstone. It was hopeless to try to get near a juke-box or to find a place in Ollie's Luncheonetter, Marie's place or any joints that mushroomed up around camps.

Staying in their bunks, Tommy and Charlie have little to do but swap yarns. They have seen all the movies months before. The cinema was strictly the Army's party and it imagined, apparently, it could get by with Hollywood's left-overs plus a few institutional advertising shorts. A subsidiary report of the Army's Motion Picture Service contains these sentences about *Diesel: The Modern Power*, one of the more exciting instructional shorts:

> Animated diagrams of two types of engines side by side illustrate the commentator's statement that the two stroke cycle engine develops almost twice as much power as a four stroke cycle engine of the same size . . . Some of the social implications of the Diesel engine are dealt with in the final sequence. Lightweight, Diesel-driven, streamlined trains establish new speed records between Denver and Chicago and between Los Angeles and New York. General Motors establishes a factory to manufacture locomotives for streamliners. There are views inside this factory. Automobile stylists design both exteriors and interiors of streamlined trains. General Motors announces the building of a plant to manufacture Diesels for smaller installations. . . . etc., etc.

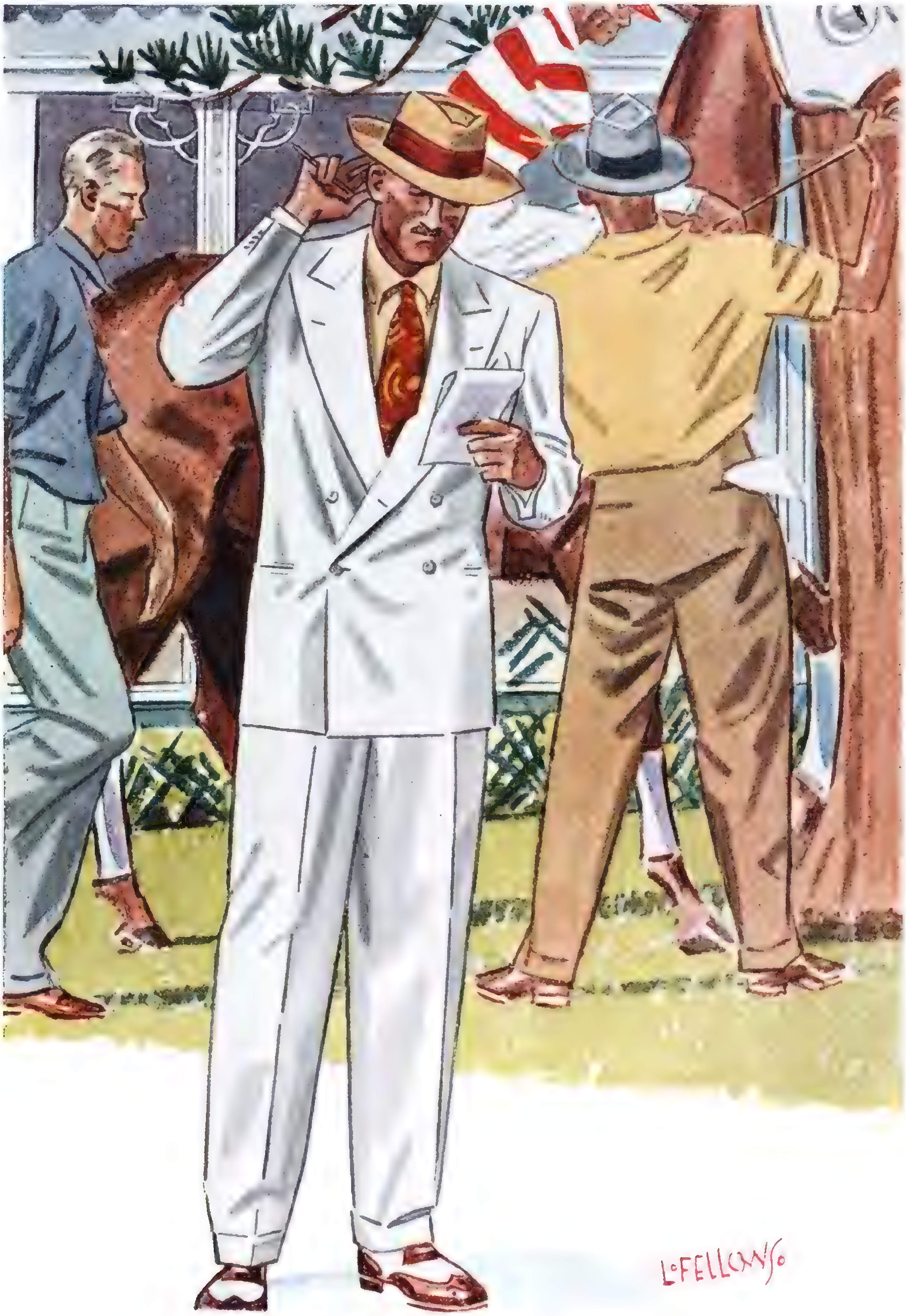
Tommy and Charlie also find their sex urges frustrated. In many sections of the country forward-looking citizens debated behind closed doors whether to steer them toward professionals or whether to give courses in sex hygiene and let the matter go at that. While most communities refused point-blank to admit the existence of prostitution and provide a licensing system, and while Co-Ordinator McNutt complained to the Daughters of the American Revolution that our best families would not allow their daughters to attend dances for soldiers, Tommy and Charlie were left to explore for themselves. The Army, as before, contented itself with the purely negative function of preventing disease.

Herr Hitler, faced with a similar problem, took care of it with characteristic efficiency. To supply healthy relaxation, renew vitality, and maintain an active, aggressive morale among his armed forces, he ordered them to construct camps near-by for girls. Suddenly, with that same degree of surprise and bravado with which he usually acts, he ordered every German fraulein between eighteen and twenty-two to spend eight months in the service of the state. It mattered not whether her father was head of the Krupp factory or the village butcher.

Day after day a thousand boys and a thousand girls were let out together and, when nature took its course, the children, if the girl's parents did not wish to raise them, were turned over to one of the new *Hermann Goering Homes for Children.* There they are being taught during infancy English, Spanish, or Japanese in preparation for Der Tag. Herr Hitler also selected certain exceptional blonde specimens and kept them on "stud" farms, more quickly to populate the world with superior beings. Illegitimacy, naturally, has become the taboo of decadent people. THE LEADER IS THE FATHER OF YOUR CHILDREN and EVERY GERMAN CHILD BELONGS TO THE STATE are popular Nazi slogans.

Do not misunderstand. I am not arguing that because Herr Hitler succeeds with such measures, they are therefore good. Nor do I suggest that we adopt them.

It is necessary, however, that we do not continue to stick our heads in the sand . . . that we look at the world as it is. Any contact with our youth gives hope for the future. They need our leadership that their efforts will not be in vain . . . that they may make the America of tomorrow a better place in which to live. #



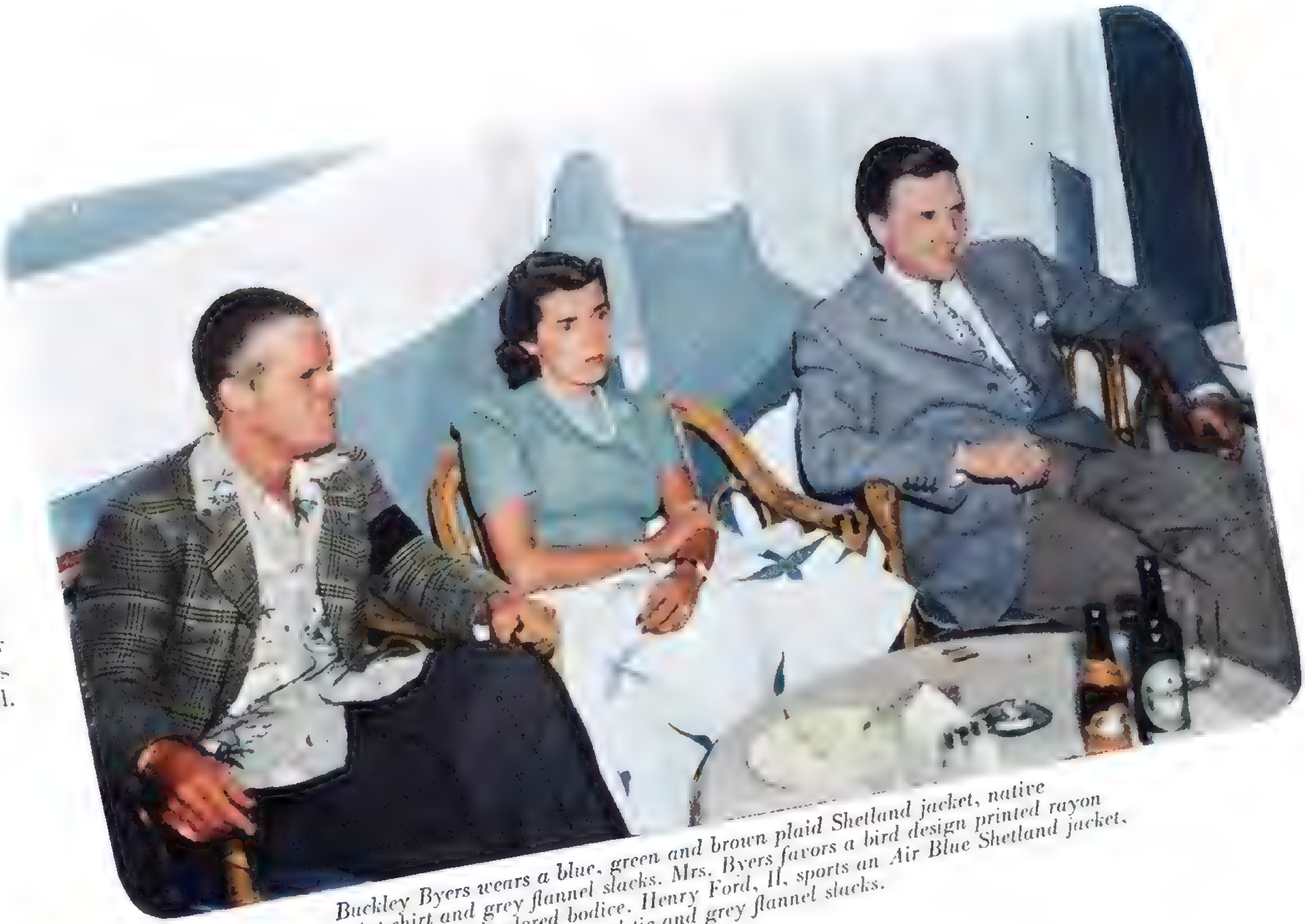
white is right

This follower of thoroughbreds at Saratoga is working on the last race of the day and has yet to appear at a pay-off window. But he picked a winner in his all-white suit. It's fashionable not only for this racing center, but for any resort. The white suit is correct in Palm Beach, tropical worsted, rayon blend, gabardine, linen, or any other summer weight fabric. These fabrics not only look cool, but are cool! His jacket is the Windsor double breasted with only two sets of buttons and the lapels rolling to the bottom button. Companionate accessories are the ivory shirt and the large patterned printed foulard tie. His natural shade Baku hat with maroon silk puggree is among the lightest weight summer headpieces. White buckskin shoes with brown calf strapping add a footnote of contrast. In conclusion, the white suit rates among the musts of a well-balanced summer wardrobe.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

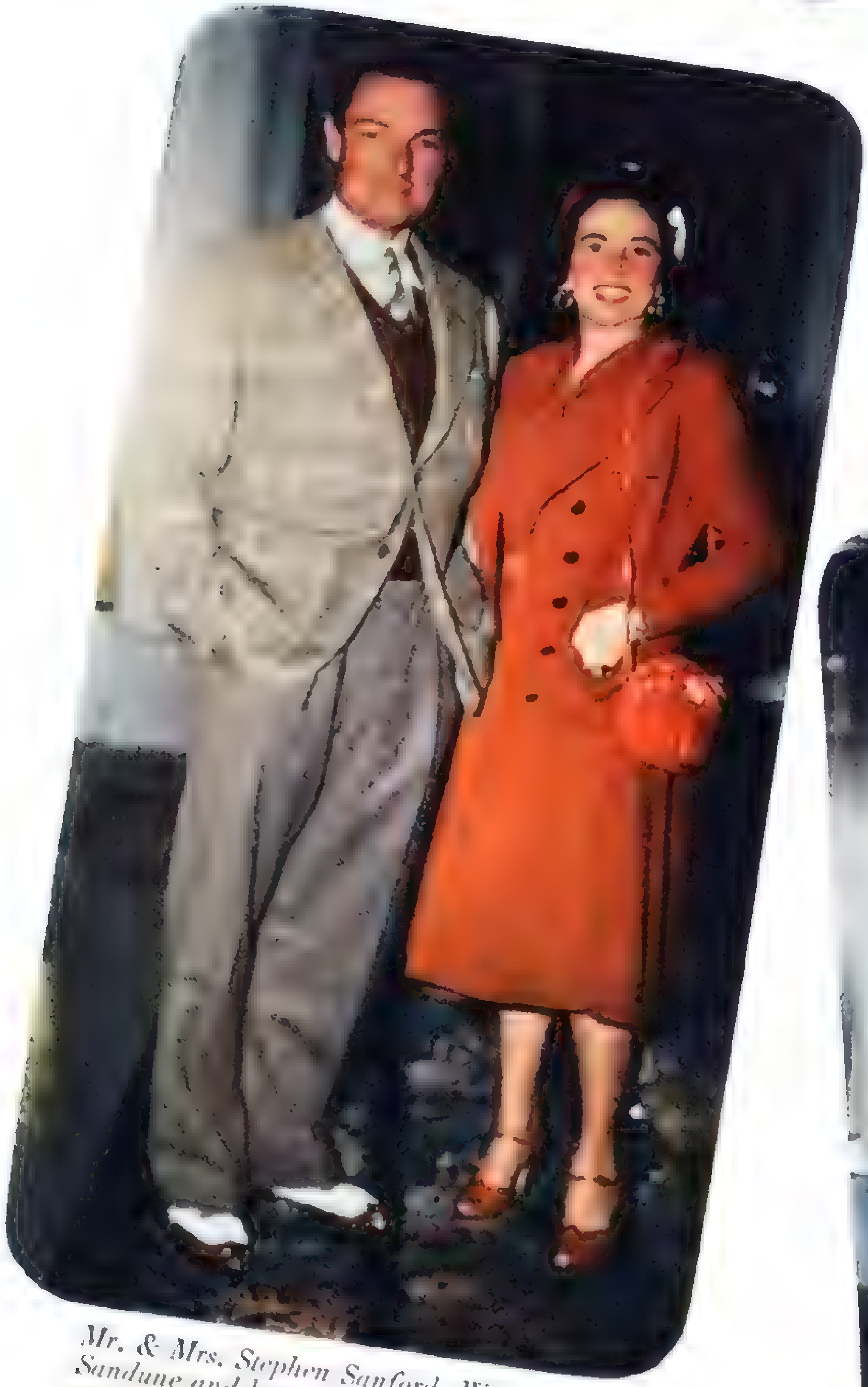
daytime resort clothes

Odd jackets and slacks with colorful accessories are advancing higher on the sartorial scale this season. More frequent appearance of Sandune on brown as a color combination for Shetland jackets signifies a definite color trend.



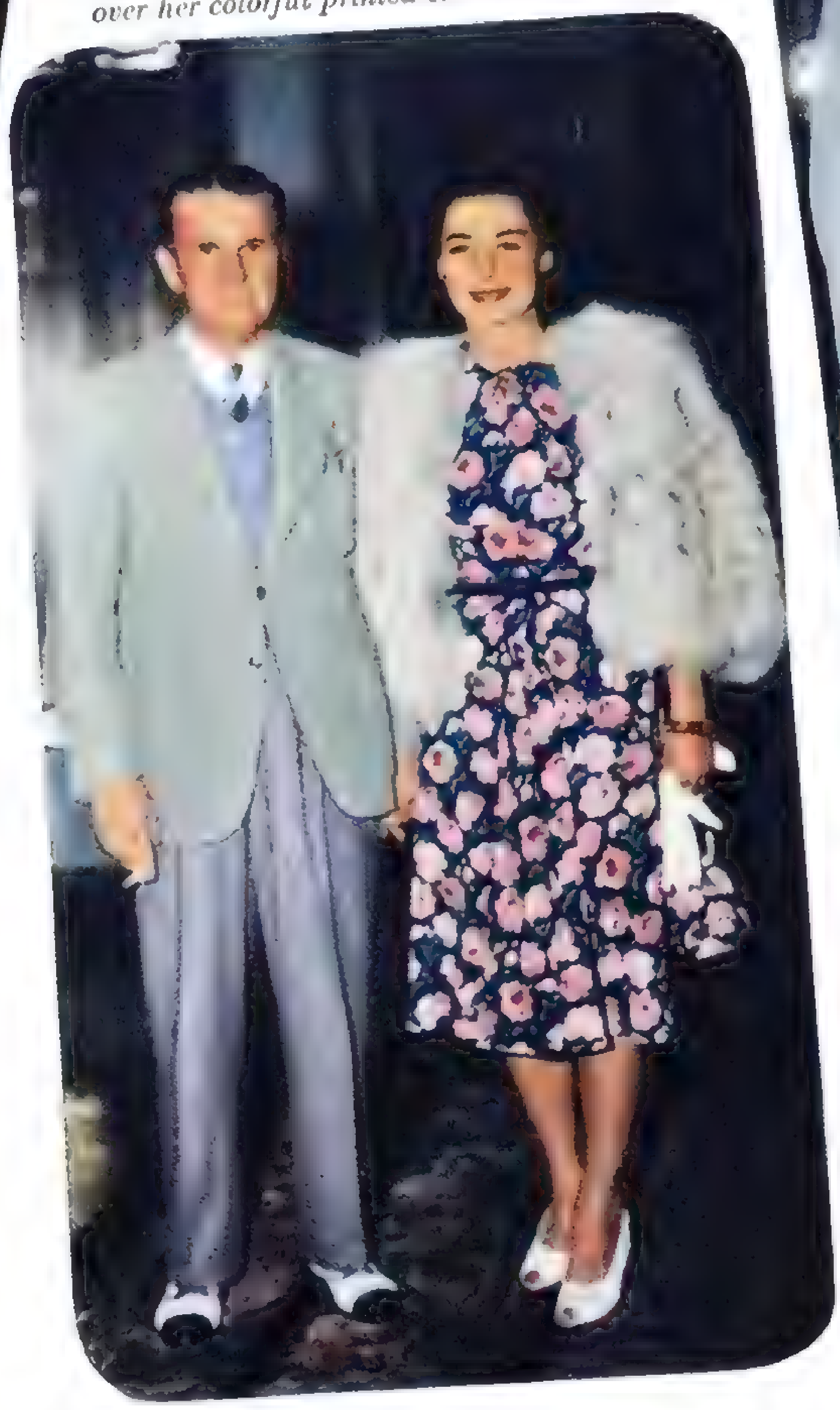
Buckley Byers wears a blue, green and brown plaid Shetland jacket, native print shirt and grey flannel slacks. Mrs. Byers favors a bird design printed rayon dress with solid colored bodice. Henry Ford, II, sports an Air Blue Shetland jacket, white, blue and black foulard tie and grey flannel slacks.

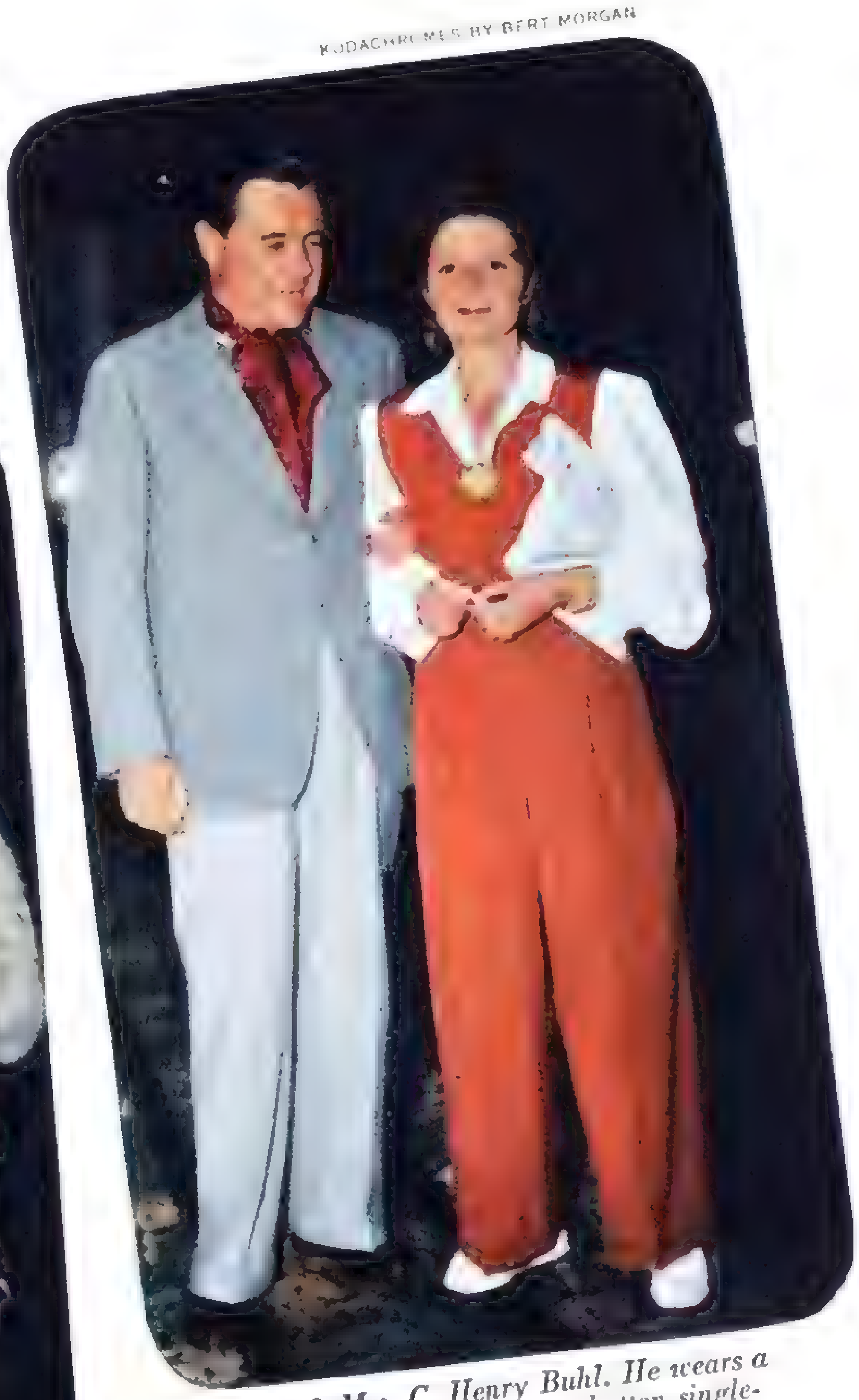
KODACHROMES BY BERT MORGAN



Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Sanford. With his Sandune and brown Shetland jacket are combined a brown and yellow figured silk tie, tan shirt, brown sweater, flannel slacks and white and brown shoes. Red accessories carry out the color scheme of Mrs. Sanford's tweed coat.

Mr. & Mrs. Byron Foy. His ensemble consists of a checked Shetland jacket, blue and white figured tie, blue pullover sweater, grey flannel slacks and white and black shoes. Mrs. Foy wears a fur jacket over her colorful printed silk dress.





Mr. & Mrs. C. Henry Buhl. He wears a grey flannel jacket of two-button single-breasted model, maroon foulard silk scarf, lighter grey flannel slacks and moccasins. Her jerkin, worn over a silk blouse, matches her slacks. The white moccasins introduce a contrasting footnote.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 69

Oxford light by a sympathetic schoolteacher. Ethel Barrymore made it seem a lot better than it was.

25. *Fledgling*, by Eleanor Chilton and Philip Lewis.—A garrulous measle about atheism, mercy killing, etc. There hasn't been so much talk hereabouts since Ham Fish and Burt Wheeler last opened their mouths. Sylvia Weld's performance the one redeeming feature.

26. *Romantic Mr. Dickens*, by H. H. and Marguerite Harper.—Sentimentalized biographical exhibit, at times so squashy that the audience had to put on its rubbers.

27. *Delicate Story*, by Ferenc Molnar.—In this one, Molnar went sweet with such a vengeance that I can still taste it. All about the young wife of an elderly delicatessen dealer who fell in love with a young soldier and her tears when she learned the latter was just spoofing. Ferenc, behave yourself!

28. *Mum's The Word*, by James Savo.—An evening of pantomime by Jimmy Savo. It seemed a year.

29. *Every Man For Himself*, by Milton Lazarus.—Still another gift from Hollywood, with Lee Tracy included in the package, and about as suitable to the New York theatre as a colored version of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

30. *Retreat To Pleasure*, by Irwin Shaw.—The hero was a hypothetically adorable young philosopher who bored the ears off the customers in even less time than you could say Lets-get-the-hell-out-of-here. Shaw can surely do a heap better. He has proved it in the past.

31. *Cue For Passion*, by Edward Chodorov and H. S. Kraft.—Mean-spirited and paltry *drame à clef* about a well-known American novelist and his wife, meandering off into a third-rate murder mystery. Where do they find such plays?

32. *The Old Foolishness*, by Paul Vincent Carroll.—The talented author of *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* (we'll forget *Kindred*) took a prattissimo tumble with a lengthy dissertation on the ramifications of love. The production was Grade M.

33. *Old Acquaintance*, by John Van Druten.—Entertaining and witty little comedy, for all its several lapses, on the subject of love and friendship, with Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fully earning their wages.

34. *Pal Joey*, by the Messrs. Rodgers, Hart and O'Hara.—Some pleasant tunes, some good lyrics, and some amusing doings about a night-club heel and his wealthy old girl-friend. The travesty of a night-club floor-show was tops. All in all, commendable pastime. Gene Kelly and Vivienne Segal in the leading roles.

35. *Meet The People*, by the Messrs. Myers, Gorney, *et al.*—Hollywood amateur revue, but clean. But also tiresome.

36. *My Sister Eileen*, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov.—Jolly fooling about a couple of female hicks looking for work and experience in the metropolis. The second act curtain, with the Brazilian navy going into action against the girls, was capital farce.

37. *All In Fun*, by Virginia Faulkner, Everett Marcy, *et al.*—Revues don't come much worse than this honeybunch. They buried it in the backyard after a few performances. Red Marshall, a burlesque show clown, the sole survivor.

38. *The Flying Gerardos*, by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson.—About circus acrobats and a timid college youth who fell in love with a girl in the troupe and joined up. It fell off its trapeze and broke its neck on the first try.

Next month: the article that was waiting to be written. Don't miss *The End of Hitler* by Rupert Hughes.

39. *Flight To The West*, by Elmer Rice.—Assorted refugees, Nazis and Americans bound for the United States on a trans-Atlantic Clipper repeated the standard platitudes for two and a half hours.

40. *The Lady Who Came To Stay*, by Kenneth White and R. E. Spencer.—A ghost returned to earth to protect her young daughter. This ghost was followed by another ghost who sought to harm the child. This ghost was followed in turn by a third ghost who tried to thwart the second ghost. The ghost stopped walking for the actors after a couple of performances.

41. *First Stop To Heaven*, by Norman Rosten.—Boarding-house comedy that evidently tried for the Saroyan kind of thing and failed even faintly to capture it. All that emerged was a humorless fog. The acting and general production were of the species customarily encountered in hinterland high-school stage presentations.

42. *Eight O'Clock Tuesday*, by Robert Wallstein and Mignon Eberhart.—Flashback murder mystery of 1905 vintage. It flashbacked to the storehouse before it was half over.

43. *Night Of Love*, by the Messrs. Leigh, Stolz, *et al.*—Some of Stolz waltz tunes, while reminiscent, weren't bad, but the book, oh God!

44. *Arsenic And Old Lace*, by Joseph Kesselring.—As ribaldly hilarious a murder farce as you could wish for. Admirably acted and guaranteed to make you howl your head off.

45. *Mr. And Mrs. North*, by Owen Davis.—Amiable murder mystery with emphasis on character and humor. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett nimble in the leading roles. Davis' inspiration: the Lockridges' short stories.

46. *Crazy With The Heat*, by Irwin Graham, *et al.*—One or two moderately comical sketches, but for the rest heavy going. Willie Howard worked like a Trojan but the horse was on him.

47. *Lady In The Dark*, by Moss Hart, Kurt Weill, *et al.*—Brilliantly staged spectacle dominated by the exceptionally talented Gertrude Lawrence. The script out of which the show was fashioned, however, was more than feeble.

48. *The Cream In The Well*, by Lynn Riggs.—Misguided tragedy about a girl who had a yen for her own brother and who, not realizing exactly what was the matter with her, bitterly raised the very devil around the house. In spots, titterful.

49. *Tanyard Street*, by Louis D'Alton.—A crippled soldier with a belief in miracles was cured by a miracle faked by his wife, but it would have taken half a dozen authentic miracles to cure the play of its grave ills. Barry Fitzgerald was lost in the proceedings.

50. *Liberty Jones*, by Philip Barry.—Liberty Jones, played by a red-headed girl, symbolically represented the present danger to American freedom. I refuse to say another word.

51. *Boudoir*, by Jacques Deval.—The second worst play of the season.

52. *Popsy*, by Fred Herendeen.—The worst.

53. *Out of The Frying Pan*, by Francis Swann.—Artless but amusing farce dealing with a lot of kids looking for jobs in the theatre. It got a poor deal, to this way of thinking, from the reviewers.

54. *Claudia*, by Rose Franken.—A sympathetically understanding play about a young girl's adjustment to the matrimonial harness. One of the better things of the year. Excellently directed by the author and beautifully acted by Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr and Donald Cook.

55. *Brooklyn Biarritz*, by Beatrice Alliott and Howard Newman.—The only item in this one that called for comment was a remarkably good realistic set of the boardwalk and beach at Coney Island, the work of Frederick Fox. The play itself was rubbish and a hot contender for the *Boudoir* and *Popsy* stakes.

56. *The Talley Method*, by S. N. Behrman.—The otherwise gifted author allowed himself to be dragged into expatiating on the current malaises of the world, with the result that his play here and there went lecturey. Too bad. Ina Claire first-rate in the leading role.

57. *The Doctor's Dilemma*, by George Bernard Shaw.—Except for the casting of Dubedat, a fine revival of the Great Beard's discourse on medicos. Katharine Cornell wholly engaging as Jennifer.

58. *They Walk Alone*, by Max Catto.—Melodrama about a heebie-jeebie housemaid with extravagant sexual and homicidal impulses. And was it a stinker!

59. *Five Alarm Waltz*, by Lucille S. Prumbs.—Farce-comedy with William Saroyan as its central figure. A lot of it very funny. The reviewers, with the exception of R. Watts, Jr., however slammed it to death, shame on 'em.

60. *My Fair Ladies*, by Arthur Jarrett and Marcel Klauber.—Deadly drip about a pair of American chorus girls who pass themselves off as English ladies of title. Whew!

61. *Native Son*, by Paul Green and Richard Wright.—A vibrating production by Orson Welles and a fine performance of the central role by Canada Lee could not obliterate the impression that all that had been derived from the purposeful novel was a rather superficial and pretty obvious melodrama.

62. *Gabrielle*, by Leonardo Bercovici.—Based on Thomas Mann's story, *Tristan*, the blueprint for the worthy *The Magic Mountain*, the play was a defeated venture, confused, static, and infinitely tedious. Veni, vidi, bercovici.

63. *Watch On The Rhine*, by Lillian Hellman.—The best of the anti-Nazi plays thus far but, despite its intermittent virtues, a disappointing job to those critics who expect high things of its author. Miss Hellman, alas, continues to melodramatize and melodramatize.

64. *Your Loving Son*, by Abby Merchant.—Another powerful rival for *Popsy's* honor as the season's worst play. It appropriately expired after a two days' run.

65. *The Trojan Women*, by Euripides.—Margaret Webster staged it for the new Experimental Theatre and resolved the celebrated anti-war classic into one long, uninterrupted whine. The result was painful.

66. *The Night Before Christmas*, by Laura and S. J. Perelman.—Crook comedy of the pre-Winchell Smith era, with two wearisome acts and a third whose languor was relieved only by a couple of good gags, naming a movie character Victor Immature being hardly one of them.

67. *The Beautiful People*, by William Saroyan.—A delightful fantasy in the general manner of *My Heart's In The Highlands*, and the best play of the year.

At this point the Critics' Circle convened, aberrantly nominated *Watch On The Rhine* over *The Beautiful People* as its prize play by a vote of twelve to six, and officially declared the season at an end. ##

Etiquette for Shipwrecks

Continued from page 89

of a waving flashlight. I roused my wife and, throwing overcoats over our night clothes, we went to our boat. The bell ringing was loud as we brought the *Islander* near a small yacht that was drifting rapidly down the Sound. We threw a line that was somehow caught and with it we towed the boat into the little harbor of the island on which we live.

The *Manana* was in a sorry plight. Fifteen teen-age boys and girls were aboard; most of them drunk, many of them seasick.

The *Manana* had been out for a spin in the Sound. A brief rainstorm had filled her so high that her engine was short-circuited. One of the lads aboard had great presence of mind. He threw out the anchor. A very bright boy, but in his excitement, he threw out the anchor with no rope attached.

Once home, we built a fire to warm the derelicts and fed them coffee to warm and sober them. When this was accomplished as well as possible, the boys telephoned their chauffeurs and we took the sorry collection to meet their cars.

We tied the *Manana* in our harbor and tried to recapture lost sleep. When we awoke a few hours later all that was to be seen of the *Manana* was a few feet of mast with a shirt flying from it. The boat was blocking our beach like the barges at Zeebrugge.

We wondered what would have happened to those boys and girls if we hadn't heard their yells and bells. A hole in the *Manana's* side had apparently been reached when the rain filled her bilge. Those kids had been drifting out to sea in a sinking boat.

The owner of the *Manana* arrived toward noon, looking a bit sallow. Stepping off a taxi-boat, he was the picture of contrition. Then he saw the mast with his shirt hanging from it. He groaned, stepped back into the taxi-boat and shouted as it pulled away, "I'll take care of it. You'll hear from me." But of course we did not.

Failing that, a few days later, we floated the boat with the help of two fishermen, and we towed her to shore where the owner ultimately managed to find her. Seeing the *Manana's* mast in our harbor had been too much for him. He had to drink that off. Then one hang-over led to another.

III

The laws of the sea permit claiming a large percentage of the value of a boat when she is towed in. The laws of decency demand some co-operation, some friendly contact from the rescuee to the rescuer. But we gain by neither.

Oh, one spring we did have a pleasant time with a trio that we saved from a watery grave. It was a bright puffy April afternoon. We were digging up our vegetable garden when we heard calls for help from the west. It is a few steps from our garden to the shore, and there we saw heads bobbing beside the overturned hull of a sailboat.

To be in our part of the Sound in April is as cozy as a visit to Little America in a bathing suit. So my wife ran for whiskey and blankets while I made the *Islander* ready for action. It didn't take us long to reach the hull and not much longer to have the dripping, shivering people in our boat.

Two boys from Yale and a girl from Vassar had gone sailing that sunny day. In the course of their adventures, one of the boys had decided that his feet were too warm. A slight shifting of position brought water over the freeboard. They were all soaking their feet when a puff of wind forced them to soak everything else.

I have been complaining about the surliness of the rescued. Well, here were three who were as affable, as grateful as any three puppies. Through chattering teeth, they praised us and our efficient rescue, our whiskey, our fire, our hot soup, our home, the clothes we lent them.

So pleased were they with us and we with them that they stayed all the afternoon to chat, to dig in the garden, to play with our children, thus to recover completely from the shock and cold of the dousing. They called again the next day to return our clothes. They wrote letters of thanks.

There was only one fly in this unctuous ointment. They neglected to pay the boatman they had summoned to take them and their sailboat ashore. After the boatman's efforts at collection failed, it was we who paid.

IV

Some of the rescued take on sinister aspects and we could readily reconstruct them into characters like those of Mr. William Faulkner. We see them for a few minutes in a period of violent activity. We note their tawdry actions and ponder causes and motives and sometimes we curse them.

One morning I was awakened not long after dawn by a peremptory horn and by even more peremptory shouts. There was a strong east wind and the sea was piling in. Two hundred yards east, strangely near a nest of rocks, lay a handsome two-masted yacht.

So far as I knew, she hadn't been there the night before. Whether luck or skill had guided her so far and no farther I could not tell, but in either case she looked close to destruction.

The shouts and calls continued as I dressed rapidly and hurried out to the breakwater. An elderly man was standing on deck shouting, "Pull us off. Pull us off," in agonized tone.

Now I must pause to say that I am not in any sense an old sea dog. My experience with salt water began ten years ago when my wife and I became enmeshed in island living. At that time five minutes in an open boat brought me suspicions of nausea. Ten years ago I couldn't have told a rudder from a distributor, and if I had found myself alone at sea in a boat, I would have known only one way to shore—overboard in a life preserver.

The little I have learned came by degrees. My first trip in a boat *solus* involved going round and round my island because I was unable to figure out how to stop the thing. She wouldn't run out of gas. So in the end I had to charge for the beach and hope for the best. Later trips brought more success but I've surely not passed from the novice class. I can run my boat among the islands, now, in all kinds of seas and on black nights, but the local professionals still view my operations with a critical eye. They delight in telling me how easily I could have avoided stalling my engine or how narrowly I missed a submerged rock. They leave me with a feeling of inferiority about my seamanship that I have not had enough sound experience to overcome.

Therefore the prospect of running out in a high sea to pull an eighty foot boat from a precarious reef left me feeling weak in the knees. I had never driven my boat near those rocks and I had no idea what boulders lurked beneath the surface. Still it seemed like grave danger for them and I couldn't be impervious to beauty in distress. (The boat, not the old man.)

So, glum from lack of coffee and nervous from lack of experience, I set out with my wife in the *Islander* to pull a boat three times my boat's length from a danger spot in a rough sea. As we rolled and tossed, I tried to steer a good course between island and rocks. The old man was shouting again, "I'll throw you a line" and as we drew near he did so. But somehow in the excitement, he threw too hard, and contrived to throw himself with the rope over the side.

Down he went into the raging sea. We were terrified for him and tried to reach him, wondering as we did so whether he would be able to withstand the impact of the waves. After several elongated minutes we saw the white head appear. Arms flailed in the water, and somehow, tide and wind coming to his aid, he managed to reach the rope he had thrown. Amazingly he pulled himself up, strong in spite of his age and the buffeting of the waves.

But our greatest surprise was yet to come. As I looked up in relief from watching the prodigies of the man of the sea, I noticed a young man, leaning against a mast. He was watching the other with faint interest and no concern. He raised no hand to help. Just watched as the other pulled his wet body up the side.

I worked the *Islander* into a better if more dangerous position, feeling within me the compound emptiness of fear and bitterness.

The dripping man was on deck again, rope in hand. I brought the *Islander* in as close as I dared, and once more he threw, but the rope came short by yards.

It was no good coming toward the boat from that side. The rope wasn't long enough for the nearest position I dared approach. I withdrew to come around from the other side. Immediately blasts sounded from the iron lunged old man. "You can't leave us here. It isn't safe. We'll crack up." I tried shouting reassurance into the wind, but he couldn't hear. "We'll crack up," he screamed again.

On the other side there were no rocks, but the danger was that the strong waves might sweep the *Islander* against the other boat.

The codger was bracing himself as we came by on the windward side. The young sluggard was leaning against a hatch picking his teeth. I shouted to him to come help and gained a rapid answer. The young monster left the deck, went below presumably to rest. He doubtless feared if he stayed too long he might want to help.

I wished for divine guidance then. Or failing to deserve that, the advice of an experienced boatman. The other boat loomed so close on my right and the combers were so high on my left that it seemed impossible that I should make it. Perhaps my assistance was divine. In any case I passed through the needle's eye and Grace came away triumphantly with the rope.

We made the rope fast to our stern and began to pull. We felt that the sooner we had the boat away from the rocks the sooner the trial would be over for all of us. I felt quite proud of my navigation and a little ill with the thought of what a wave could have done to all of us. I wanted to get away and back to some coffee.

But this was not to be.

The codger had more shouts down his throat and he gave vent to them loudly. "Don't pull. Watch out. We're anchored."

And then I saw what I should have seen before. Seeing it now, I was filled with rage. All the shouts about cracking up had been to gain our sympathy. The boat was anchored securely fore and aft.

"I'll pull the anchors and then you can pull us out into the wind," shouted the wet old man, commanding tones taking the place of the whine he had used before.

There seemed little else to do. We had gone this far. We were connected by towing line. The demon had already begun pulling an anchor.

While we waited, two young men appeared on deck and placidly picked their teeth while the elder toiled with the ropes. I called them to help as I was in a hurry. As before, the response of these sportsmen was immediate. They vanished down the hatch.

I towed them to sea at last, and as I cut them loose three young men were in evidence. They waved gaily to us, and one of them, so help me, was at the steering wheel.

V

We once pulled in an airplane. In it were characters more like O'Hara or Fitzgerald than like Faulkner. Here were a couple on their way out to dinner, flying across the Sound to a party. Mr. M. had an illustrious name. His wife endorsed a brand of cigarettes and in so doing was proclaimed a hostess par excellence and a model of fashion. But it wasn't his wife accompanying him. It was a large and horsy creature, "a friend of the family."

The weather was warm and they'd had a few drinks. The island looked cool and pleasant from on high. They were ahead of time and decided that here was just the place for them to swim. Tropic isle. Weather warm. Lots of time. Romantic. So Mr. M. turned into the wind to land in our harbor. But when he turned into the wind, he also turned into the sun, and this was too much for the state of Mr. M's eyes.

At least that is the only reason we know for the dive he took toward our chimney.

It was fortunate for all of us that he contrived to avoid our chimney. It was only a matter of inches, but those inches saved him and our home. Mr. M. contrived to pull himself together then and he straightened the plane out.

But victory was not complete. Though he missed our chimney he could not miss our island. His careening plane skirted the rocks, a pontoon cracked against them and he skittered off to sea.

Frightened by the impact, but not sobered, he tried furiously to take off from the water. But the pontoon had begun to fill and the weight was too much for the little plane to carry. We could hear the whirring of the plane's motor as he tried again and again. But that had stopped by the time we reached them. The couple had climbed out on the sound pontoon, trying to balance the weight of the damaged one to prevent the plane's sliding sideways to a watery resting place. It was fortunate that Mr. M. was oriental in his admiration for large women. A hundred pounds less and they might have had to swim for it.

We towed the plane and the balanced passengers, and doing so we felt as buggy drivers of years ago must have as they towed in disabled transportations of the future. The hydroplane had had to get a horse.

Here, as in the case of the above-mentioned *Manana*, we had been none too early. As we reached our shore, the airplane gave signs of settling. A few moments more and it would have been floating with its wings on the surface.

Mr. M. and Miss S. were in no condition to proceed to their dinner party. They were soggy inside and out. Without the aid of their plane they would have been several hours late. So they had to be clothed and warmed and fed.

The upshot of the rescue was that we had an airplane on our beach for weeks—an object of admiration from children but a nuisance from every other viewpoint.

Did we have grateful rescuees? Were we all taken for airplane rides? Indeed not. We had several visitations from airplane repair men and one from the rescued couple, drier this time but no more gracious. Said Miss S. as she took her whiskey and other trifles from the plane, "It's a funny thing that my evening dress is missing!" She said this in a loud voice as she stared at my wife (one-half her size). She had doubtless no memory of the pink object that she had been waving as a rescue flag when we found her. That was last seen in the waters of Long Island Sound.

VI

But rudeness is really the least of the tribulations of the rescuer. A case in point concerned one of the above-mentioned lobstermen, who happened to be nearby when a small, fast boat hit a rock. The three people aboard were flung into the water by the impact.

Three generations there were: grandfather, father and son. The son and the grandfather were hauled into the lobsterboat, but the father, strongest of the three, was nowhere to be seen.

The lobsterman dove in as often as he could, but the water was far from clear. Soon it became apparent that the man would never be found alive.

The grandfather and son were soaked and chilled, yet the old man begged the lobsterman not to take him ashore. He wanted every effort made to find the body of his son. Grappling hooks and fish hooks were dragged back and forth, but with no results.

Night came at last and the man consented reluctantly to be taken back to land, but he begged the fisherman not to give up the search for the body. He promised anything the lobsterman might ask if only the body were found.

The fisherman said he had used every possible method he could think of, except for one. He owned a net that was valuable to him, a beam trawl. He would have used that except that it would have been ruined being pulled back and forth over the oyster beds.

"Money is no object," said the grieving man. "I'll pay you anything you say."

"Just pay me for the trawl, and I'll be glad to do it," said the lobsterman.

The lobsterman went back at once though he had been on the water since dawn. He dragged the beam trawl to shreds as he had predicted, but finally he brought in the body.

In a voice filled with gratitude and sorrow, the grandfather bid the fishermen goodbye. He was eternally grateful. He would send them many tokens of appreciation. But no token of appreciation ever came—not even a payment toward a new beam trawl.

VII

Some are rude, some are helpless, some are destructive, some are liars, some are cheats. Many are combinations of these qualities when they are hauled in from the deep. And some are downright vicious.

A man in our neighborhood made his living by taking groups of passengers for trips in his boat, trips around the islands, moonlight jaunts, fishing parties. One night he had a crowd on board to be taken around the islands and out into the Sound. After an hour of boating, some of the group grew restless and began to climb about the ship. The captain urged them down to no avail. They clambered on the roof of the cabin and swung from the mast. The captain ordered them down. They were slow to respond, to their grief, for a wave sideswiped the boat while they were making her top-heavy and over went this otherwise seaworthy craft.

The captain was heroic in this time of trial. He dove again and again, bringing people to the top of the hull, fetching life-preservers from the lockers that were under water, until all the passengers were safe on top of the wreckage.

One of their number was a brave girl—the bright exception to my story. She swam out to sea in search of help. She reached a tug and with great good fortune was able to signal it. The entire group was soon picked up and taken to land.

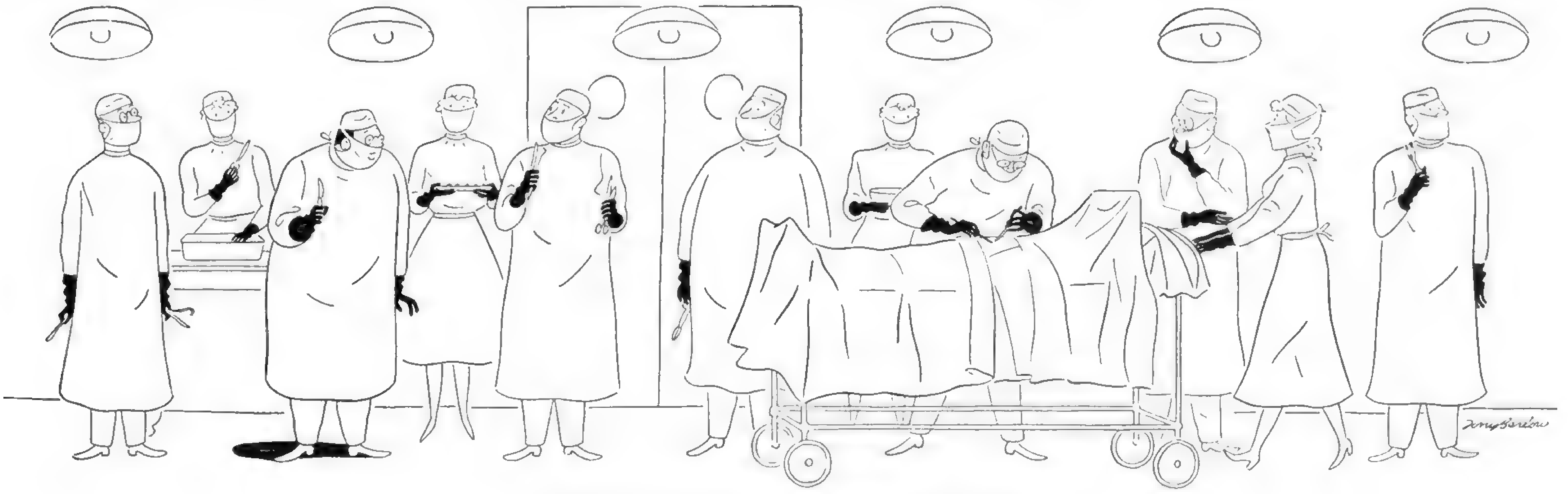
Now these were people who had brought about their own shipwreck and had been rescued through the presence of mind and ability of the captain whom they had injured. Three of them expressed their thanks—not by great rewards—but by defaming the captain before the world. Instead of praising his valor and blaming themselves they tried to make him appear negligent, presumably so that if they were successful they could collect damages. They sought to have his license revoked, but fortunately the examining officer was wise to the ways of the shipwrecked. So it was the three who had brought charges, not the captain, who bore the brunt of the examiner's vituperation. One of the boat-rockers had been guilty of the same crime before, had sunk a boat full of people by teetering on the top deck. So the villains were foiled, the hero vindicated.

But the news of the vindication made a quarter of a column in the back pages of the newspaper and their attack on the captain had been front-page news.

VIII

When we tell people of our sordid rescues, they ask why we go out. Well, you can't let people drown even if you don't like them. So we issue forth but no longer so hopefully, when we hear a whoop or a bell or a shout. And we've had our reward too, because my wife was once out for six hours in a rough sea with a stalled engine, and that time the town turned out and she was brought back safely.

We thanked her rescuers. ##



"This is the way they do things at Detroit!"

The Case of the Thin Actor

Continued from page 30

of fear. His coat made him heavier looking and he was sure that his weak, skinny chest would make the man at the desk change his mind.

"Please step nearer, Mr. Bertoldi. I can't see you very well." Bertoldi stepped forward right into the circle of the lamp. He shivered, although the room was warm. His skin was both hot and cold. He didn't look down at himself. Again he watched the picture of the girl.

"Marvelous," said the producer. "Your bones stick out very nicely. You can even count them if you want. You are just the type I'm looking for. You certainly haven't over-eaten, and your accent is just right. You're going to be a refugee from Vienna in my play. Please take these papers home. Look them over and be here tomorrow at the same time to read them."

Franz Bertoldi went home and knocked at the door where the young woman lived. She called, "Come in," but he waited until she stood in front of him. She still wore her bathrobe, but she had put on stockings and shoes. Her hair was combed back and tied together with a red ribbon behind her neck. Thus she looked boyish and her forehead was high and very smooth. At this moment she reminded him of the picture above the desk in the producer's office. She smelled of lilac soap and strong coffee and cigarettes.

"Come on in," she said.

"I just wanted to tell you something—what is your name, please?"

"I am Peggy Barber."

"Thank you. You see, Miss Barber, I just got a job and I don't know many people so I wanted to tell you about it."

"What a surprise! I am glad to hear it. Sit down and tell me all about it."

With shoulders bent he moved forward and looked around. The bed was already made. On the wall hung pictures of several men, all of them serious with a distinguished air about them. He must have seen their faces somewhere before. The room also smelled of lilac soap. The woman sat down on her bed, pulling the bathrobe closer around her knees. Her hair, now in the light from the window, was unevenly colored.

"Did I bother you?" he asked.

"No, not at all. I am glad you came in. You see, I was on Broadway myself. I hung around for a long while but it's all over now."

The man remained standing. He began to move his lips and spoke:

"I am an actor again. I am living and everything starts anew. One should never give up hope. I had almost lost hope yesterday. If there is snow tomorrow, I have said to myself, you won't even get up, and only sleep all day long. There was no snow outside this morning. I am sorry, I must go now. You didn't mind, did you?"

"Of course not. Come on, make yourself at home."

"No, I must go now. I must go to my room and read. Could I ask you to have dinner with me?"

"I would love to. I am busy today. What about tomorrow night?"

"Oh, no, not tomorrow. I have to wait until I get my first pay."

And now a happy time began for Franz Bertoldi. New York was not alien any longer and he began to love his neighborhood and he started to look at the strange people he met. When he went along Broadway, passing young women walking on their toes he raised his chin and showed his black bow tie.

Two weeks later he took a larger room. And early one afternoon he invited Miss Barber for tea. He had bought all kinds of sweet little cakes and brittle bunnies. When Miss Barber came, wearing a soft looking red dress, he kissed her hand and led her to the table.

"You look well," said Miss Barber. "Your prosperity seems to agree with you."

"Yes, it certainly does. I was too much down. I needed it."

"The play is going over nicely, all the papers are full of it."

"I hope it will go on like this forever."

"It surely will. It's only February. It will go on till the middle of March, at least."

"Till the middle of March? Well, maybe we are going on a tournée then. Anyhow, I don't like to think that far."

After they finished their tea he read aloud to her from Shakespeare's *Richard III*. Miss Barber interrupted him several times to correct his pronunciation.

"Don't say 'go then, my mudder.' Mo-ther. 'Go then, my mother.' You must be careful about your t-h's. Do you mind my correcting you?"

"No, not at all," he said disturbed, "I wish you would."

"Oh, how I love your voice. I could listen to it all the time."

He was silent for a long while, looking somewhere above her head. Then he closed his eyes.

"I worked with my voice for more than thirty years," he said. "Without it I would be lost."

From his new room he could see down to the street and also over roofs and into the sky. He could smell the river and he would listen to the humming noises from the little bar downstairs. There was no real homesickness any longer in his heart. Memories of freshly plowed Austrian fields and white mountains. Viennese streets and tobacco-pregnant café houses were flowing only through his dreams. He started to like Miss Barber and her lilac fragrance, her smile which became sad sometimes. Sad, he thought, because his voice made her understand the tragedy of *Richard III*.

A February is a short month. And one evening, just as he was ready to leave the theatre, the stage manager called him back. "Listen here, Bertoldi, you know we all like you. But you have to do better than that. You were perfectly all right in the beginning but now, I don't know what's the matter with you. Your English sounds funny all of a sudden. You don't have that accent any more we *want* you to have. Well, don't take it too hard. Just watch out from now on. So long."

On his way home he felt like a peasant who walks through a ripe grainfield which has become black before the harvest. His coat was heavy on his shoulders and he felt the sweat running down his body. After a few more blocks the humming of the blood underneath his skin oppressed all thoughts.

Tonight he didn't knock at the door to say "hello" to Miss Barber. But she was waiting for him and she heard his step going by. He went into his room and sat down. His heavy coat hung over his shoulders. I should not take it hard, he thought, I should not take it hard. The room was cold. Always around midnight the heat was shut off. I must not get excited, he said, everything will be all right. Suddenly Miss Barber was standing next to him. She wore her red dress again and her mouth was bloodless. She was carrying a bottle of whiskey.

"What's the matter, Franzel? Franzel, isn't that what they called you in Vienna? Come on, have a drink, I've never seen you take a drink."

He shook his head and spoke with shivering lips, "I never drink. I am very sorry to see you drunk. Really, I am very sorry."

"What's the matter with you anyway? Why shouldn't I have a drink? Oh, what's the use trying to have fun with you? You'd just as soon sit there all night long. Well, I won't keep you company. Good night, Mr. Barrymore!"

He heard the door slam and slowly he turned his head. Then he got up and opened the window because the smell of schnapps annoyed him. The street was still. The lights from the little bar downstairs were dead. Again he sat down, the coat over his shoulders, cold air filling the room.

The next morning he felt sorry for Miss Barber. He went down early and bought some violets which he sent to her room without a note. In the afternoon he waited for her to come for tea. Her cup was standing on the other side of the table. He waited for a long time. She did not come. I have insulted her, he thought. I could have had one drink with her for once. "Please, forgive me," he said to the cup opposite him and he started to drink his lukewarm tea.

From this day on whenever he passed Miss Barber's room, he tried to walk heavily to make her notice him. He heard noises inside and one evening the laughter of a man. The door never opened. From now on he had to eat alone.

In the middle of March Bertoldi often pictured himself strolling through the woods with Miss Barber, pointing his walking stick at the violets hidden below brown leaves. He felt the desire to see the fields, watch the plowing and seeding, and then around Easter time, to go to a small river and watch the beginning of the ice flow. Again he could have been Faust with Miss Barber at his side, while he was shouting into the Spring.

He never knocked at her door again.

One evening it started to rain and the rain was warm. This was the time of the year when Bertoldi went back into a great youth. The wind from the Hudson was as soft as the breeze which came during March through the valleys from Italy. There only had to grow a belated love between him and Miss Barber perhaps, and again he would be willing to reapproach the world. This same evening the following happened at the theatre: When he left his scene, he saw the stage manager waiting for him.

"Come here, Bertoldi."

"Please, I know what you have to say. Don't say it."

"I am sorry. I have to."

"I am not a bad actor."

"You're a damn good actor, we know it. But you're getting too fat, your accent isn't right anymore. Hell, I don't know what it is. I am sorry, Mr. Bertoldi, someone else will take your part tomorrow."

He closed himself into his room. His hands touched the cold wall and suddenly the cold grew over his body. He heard the noises of the street, then only the soft rumble of male voices from the room below him. Slowly he tapped to the little table near the bed, took a book and opened it.

With the majesty of a funeral march in his voice, he read the lines of Richard III:

"Look what is done cannot be now amended:
Man shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent." ##

Next month: a house for the price of a small car. Don't miss the color-illustrated account of *The Flivver House* by Buckminster Fuller in the September issue.

Radio Boy Makes Good

Continued from page 57

in tremendous counterpoint. The whole picture has a web of sound, a pattern traced as surely as it has a pictorial pattern, and an intellectual one.

That, by the way, is its supreme virtue: it has sense, in every medium it uses; it has—so emphatically that you can't miss it, a single guiding intelligence, operating right through; the errors of judgment rise from the same intelligence, from a person knowing what he wants, going ahead and getting it—once in every forty minutes or so, that person wanted the wrong thing for about a minute—and you get a dull or a stupid spot. But you have to go back to the days of Griffith, and to the almost forgotten days of one or two Russian and German directors, to catch that feeling of a sure hand *directing* the course of the picture. Our directors generally tell an actor what to do; but the director who makes a picture go in a certain direction is exceedingly rare among us. Welles had it written into his contract that he should write, if he wished, direct, and act in his own pictures; that's the story and with the story came the cackles from Hollywood about this bearded boy who was going to come an awful cropper, because didn't even the great Thalberg put six men merely on writing; didn't Selznick have three directors in succession on this success—or that flop? Thalberg had his reasons, and Selznick, too, for all I know; Thalberg wasn't an effective writer, nor a good director; he was a producer of genius, who could combine the work of others. But not one picture bearing his name has the unity of *Citizen Kane*—the unity inside, which makes everything in it ten thousand times more effective than it would otherwise be—because each item multiplies the effectiveness of all the others.

You have heard it said that this is a travesty on the life of Mr. Hearst. Maybe. There are touches of the Thaw legend, touches of even earlier episodes among the rich and unruly. Welles apparently courted scandal when he threw together four or five of the most notable features of one man's life, and added others which hadn't happened, but easily could have, to the same person. Maybe it will serve Welles right if the newspaper stuff in the picture will prove so dull that people will walk out on it. The struggle between men—not over a woman may be box-office poison. Everything else in the picture is Broadway's gift to Hollywood. From recent reports, I gather Hollywood is grateful. For Welles has shown Hollywood how to make movies.

You wonder what good Hollywood directors mean when they say that after seeing *Citizen Kane*, they feel they've never made a real picture in their lives. And when you start looking at *Citizen Kane* you see the camera traveling up, up, up, an enormous fence, with a "no trespass" sign; and presently it's a cage of some obscene monkeys; and gradually a process-shot of a castle on a hillside—and soon you're through the casements and a man lies dying, and the light goes out as the object he holds in his hand falls to the ground; he utters a word . . . and almost at once you are seeing a March-of-Timish newsreel obituary of *Citizen Kane*. What is different? What is so new?

The intercutting of sound-and-picture, the beautiful counterpoint of movement and music—that is simply done better than most people do it. The slow suspense of the opening is pictorially better; the angles, here and later, of the camera, are the angles of the German cinematographers, brought to American uses, making sense. (Incidentally, about half of the picture must have been shot with a low camera, making Kane and several other figures loom over you, slightly distorted; a doubtful effect.) The cutting is the Russian montage system brought to American uses, making sense, as it made once for the Russians and was then translated into a trick.

You must remember Welles spent some time in Hollywood; the cacklers had their fun when nothing—absolutely not a foot of film—resulted for nearly a year; the flattest and most foolish of actors played practical jokes and told the gossip columnists about them, but Welles was working; he was studying pictures; he knew what he wanted a picture to look like, to sound like, and to feel like. That is the new thing. That is revolutionary. And the second revolution is that he made the picture sound and look and feel just that way. The third revolution, somewhat delayed, is in the public exhibition of the picture. If the scandal doesn't arouse excitement in the backwoods, the tremendous sense of actuality in the picture may offend the lotus eaters. It will be a pity, but only for a little while. Welles can't fail now in making pictures.

It's a long picture and the Wellesian suspense keeps Kane out of it for a long time; you see him shrouded in gloom on a deathbed; you catch a glimpse of him in a marvelously faked old-fashioned news-reel with Teddy Roosevelt, as part of the Time on the March reel; you see him as a bad little boy; but you hear of him for an interminable time before he appears as a young man. (I had by that time become so engrossed in the picture that I didn't even recognize Welles as the actor in the part; it's a good job, but the picture towers over it.)

Again, Welles has created your interest in a person by keeping the main action of his life away from you, so that you're almost breathless when he arrives upon the scene.

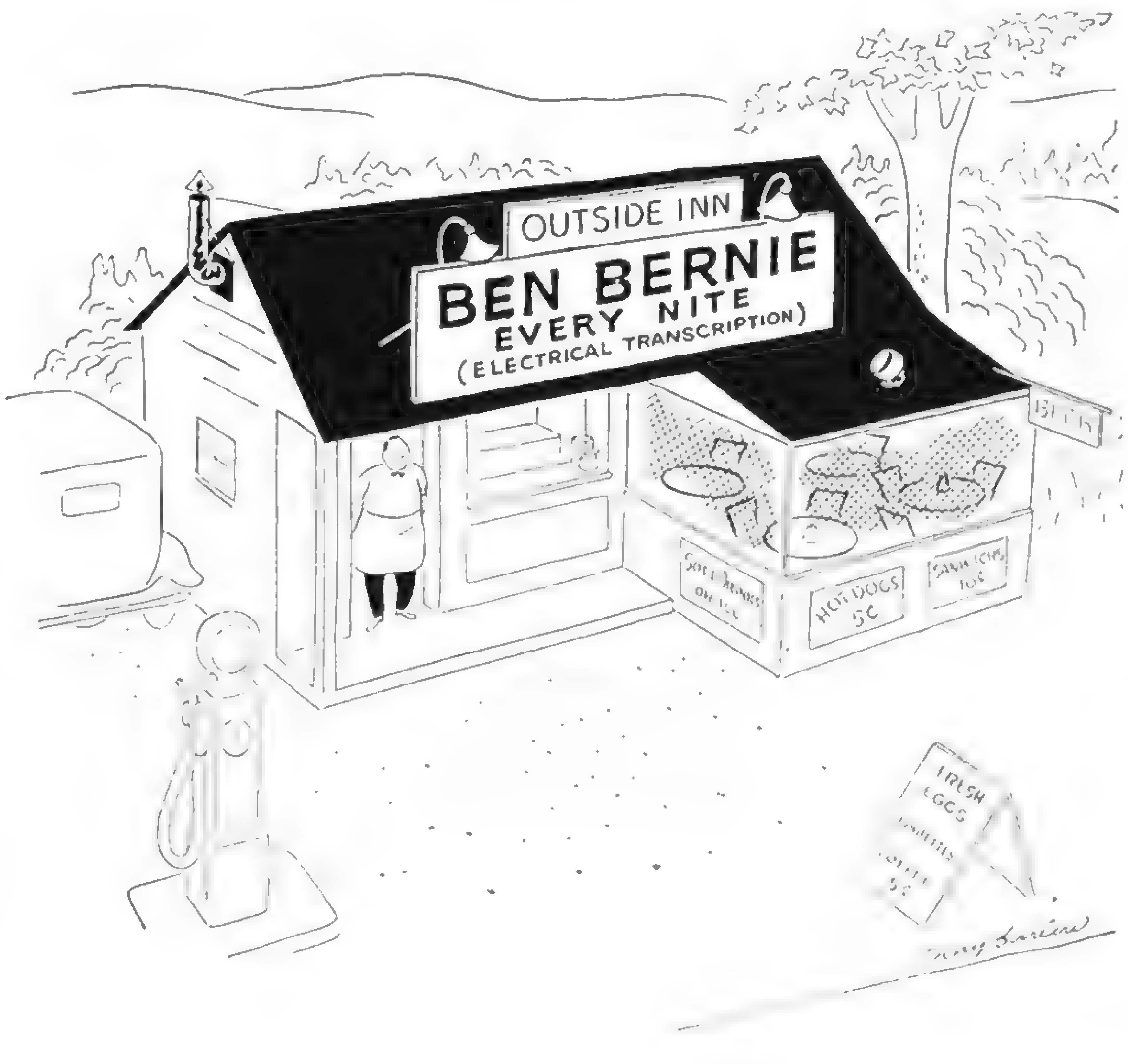
You can say, with justice, that the story he told was obviously derived from the lives of some of the most colorful and exciting characters in America; so he had that to start with. That's true, and his handling of the stories is good, too; so he gets credit. There is a foolishness about "rosebud" —the dying man's last word and the silly idea, which would never, I hope, occur to an editor of *The March of Time*, that if one knew why he said that word, the meaning of his whole life would be revealed to us. That is the only bit of stale stuff in the picture; and incidentally it's a phony, because we do find out and nothing is any clearer than it was. Apart from that, and the necessity of interviewing half a dozen people, with flashbacks for their stories, the manipulation of the narrative is skillful; if there's too much talk, it's remarkably easy on the ear; the Hollywood clichés have been erased from the script.

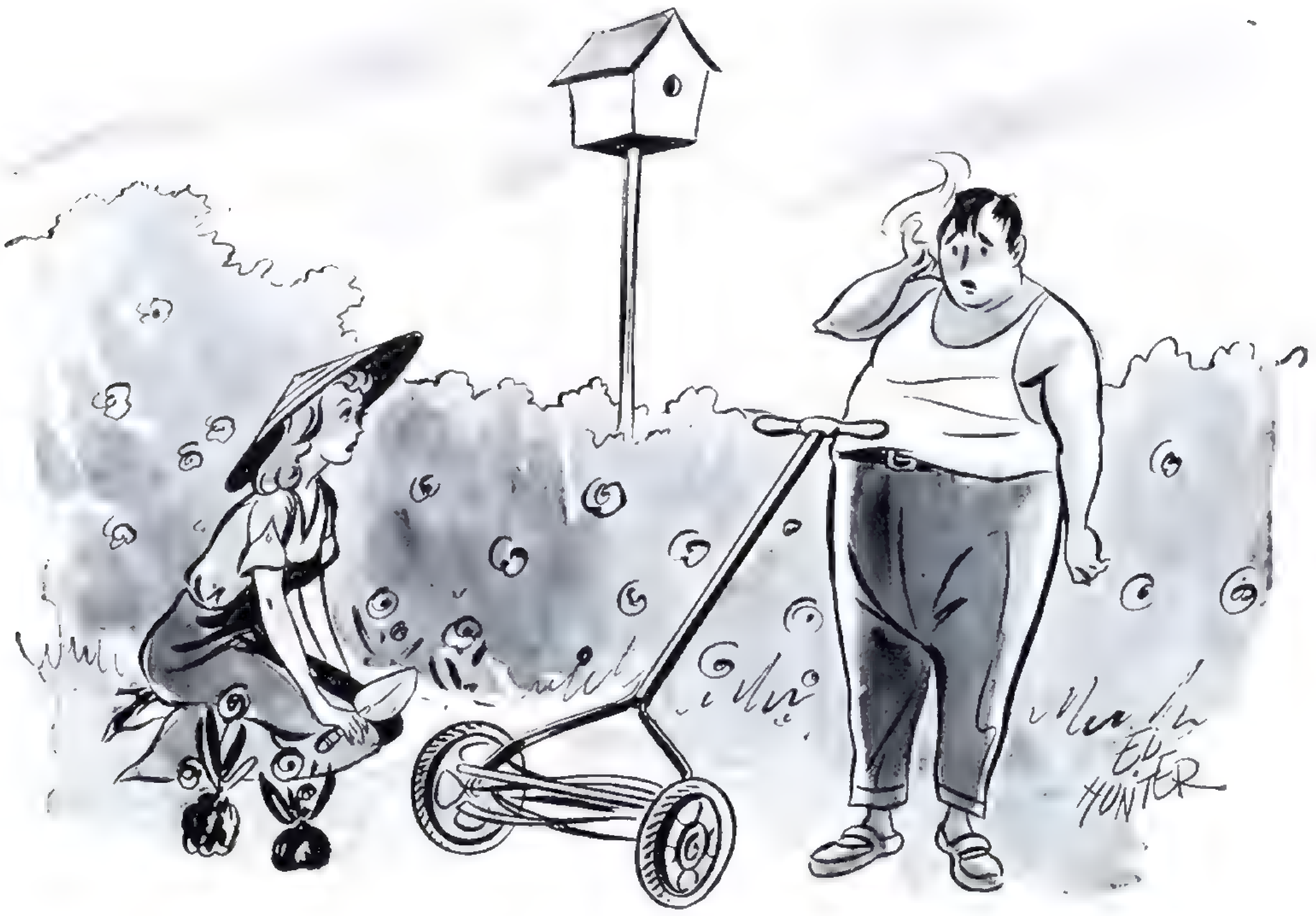
They have also been erased from the acting. None of the principals are old troupers of Hollywood; many come from Welles's earlier theatrical work. And they hardly ever are allowed to fall into the postures, gestures, grimaces, and tonalities of Hollywood. They are as fresh-seeming as the faces of peasants were when we first glimpsed them in Russian films. They talk and look like human beings; they are.

In the past six months I've seen a lot of regular studio pictures which I have liked; and there is always John Ford who, with not one-tenth of Welles's material can do a great picture. But the Hollywood product has become remarkably slick and smooth and polished; and every studio turns out three pictures about someone who isn't married to the person with whom, for some reason, he or she must share a bedroom. Heaven knows these are wittier jobs than the movies of 1926; they are downright good entertainment; but there isn't any character to them, no stamina, no formative, energetic, pushing intelligence which takes a theme at the beginning, develops it, and brings it to a legitimate end.

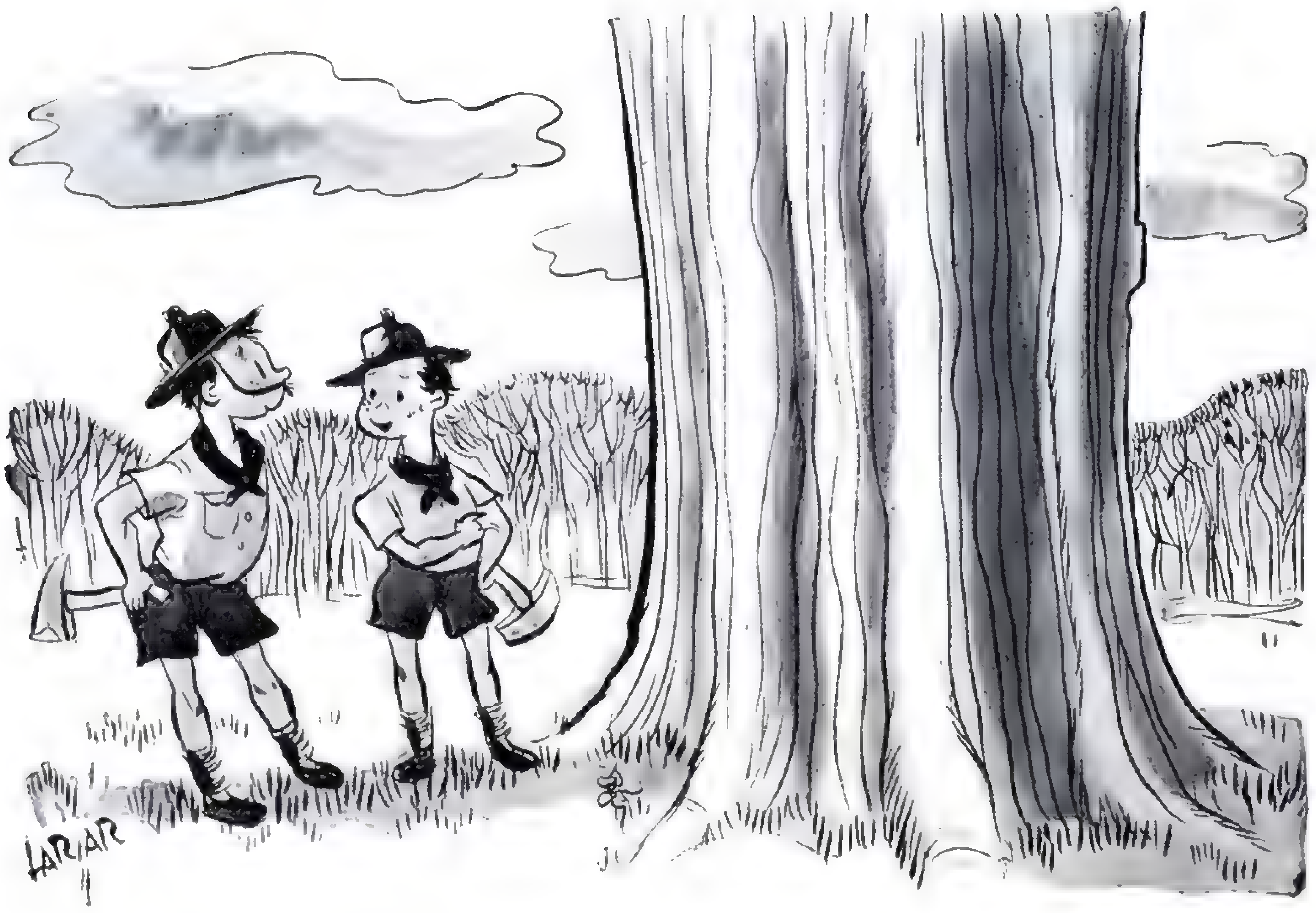
Orson Welles hasn't shown Hollywood how to get these qualities; he has shown them that you can make a picture by using these qualities. Moreover, the next great picture will not necessarily be another semi-scandalous biography—as of Warren Gamaliel Harding. It may be a romance. Will the next great picture be made by another newcomer, or by an old hand? I don't know. It will be made by someone who forgets a lot—forgets even a lot that Welles has taught—and gets down to the roots of his subject, as Welles has done. For you feel, at times, as if Welles had known everything there is to know of all the techniques of the motion picture, and had used them better than anyone else has used them in a generation; and at other times you feel that he has made such a moving picture as a man of genius would have made if he had never seen a picture before in his life—but was a genius in the monstrously difficult art of writing with images.

And just for a bit of mockery, Welles has made exactly the kind of picture that half a dozen writers have been describing and predicting for years. Some of the writers went to work in Hollywood, too, and forgot to make their picture. Welles never, to my knowledge, said a word about the movies one way or the other. But he has made the movies young again, by filling them with life. ##





"I think I'll reduce by dieting"



"How about this one?"

The Year that Had No Summer

Continued from page 22

and Remy told him briefly the same things he'd told Mr. Carlson.

"We're a little slow right now," the blue smoke made his bald head shine like blue ice, "but I expect something in about two weeks. Suppose you come back then, and we'll work you in somewhere."

Remy thanked him, and said he would start anywhere.

He walked up Fifth Avenue past the Public Library. A man wearing a topcoat began to throw crumbs from a brown paper bag, and the pigeons swooped down from the high granite columns. The man tried to stand up from a squatting position holding a pigeon on his wrist, but the bird flew away frightened, and the whole packed flapped off in fright too. People watching smiled.

The red-headed girl was not there, so Remy went straight into the office behind, and waited for Mr. Foster to look up.

"Well?" He looked at Remy blankly. Remy reminded him. "Oh, sure," he pointed a finger at Remy. "I remember." He thought a minute. "I'm still waiting for that account to break. Suppose you come back in about a week, eh, like a good fellow."

On his way out, the red-headed girl smiled at him, and Remy managed to smile back. He walked any old way around Central Park and in the early afternoon he went to the Zoo. In the monkey house a little blond boy wanted to throw peanuts to a lively chimp named John, but his mother reprimanded him. The little boy laughed and threw them anyway. His mother took the peanuts out of his tiny fist, and he began to bawl, and the people around chuckled. His mother led him out of the monkey house while the chimp jumped up and down, grinning and screeching.

Remy and Mr. Foster started to get along nicely. A certain intimacy grew between them. Every time Remy came to see about the job, Mr. Foster spoke a little more warmly to him. Once Mr. Foster offered him a cigarette while they chatted a few minutes. And on the way into the office, and on the way out, the red-headed girl now began to say, Hello, Mr. Chester, and Goodbye, Mr. Chester, in a warm tone of voice. Remy got to like her: it would be nice working in the same place with her. She was not good-looking, but she had wonderful red hair, and he wanted to take her out. He wanted to walk with her in Central Park at night, and to put his hands over her red hair. When I get the job, he said to himself, I'll take her out. Her name was Miss Celia Robinson.

In September Mr. Foster began to invite Remy to the office twice a week, and Remy was always punctual. It was a long walk from where he lived near the Queensboro Bridge, but he did not mind because he could go slowly in the air that was still cool, and he would often stop to watch and listen to the corner hawkers who always had something interesting to say and to sell. Once a street corner magician made him laugh, so he bought a little book of tricks for a nickel. A few days later while waiting for Mr. Foster, he took out one of the tricks and tried to make it work for Celia.

"I've tried it about fifty times," he still toyed with it. "I just don't have the knack, I guess."

Celia smiled, and her head went in little slow movements from side to side. "You certainly have a lot of patience waiting this long for Mr. Foster."

Remy's face lighted up suddenly. "Say, I almost had it then!"

The telephone rang in the office behind. Celia got up and when she came back, she told him Mr. Foster wouldn't be in till late.

"He's been pretty hard to catch lately," said Remy.

"I'll try to put in a word for you, Remy."

"No, don't do that." He fingered his tie nervously. "Thanks anyway." He put on his hat. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Goodbye, Remy."

Remy started to pay three calls a week. One day he said, "Mr. Foster, couldn't you just keep me around the office till you put me to work on that new account."

"There's nothing here for you to do, Chester."

Remy reminded Mr. Foster that he didn't want much salary. He said maybe he could fit in doing odd jobs for a while.

"I'm sorry, Chester; that's what we've got Miss Robinson for."

On the way out, he was disappointed because Celia was not at her desk. He wanted badly to hear her say, Goodbye, Remy. He spent the afternoon walking along the East River Drive. The rays of the sun came down through smoke that poured heavily out of the smokestack of the Rockefeller Institute, and spread like buttered rust over the river. He stopped to listen to a group of men arguing about the Draft. When the sunlight hit the river in the late September afternoon, it made the river look like cold plum jelly.

He was there at eight-thirty, and he talked to Celia while waiting again. Mr. Foster came in about ten o'clock with his face the color of a healthy blue ghost. He noticed Remy and gave a quick vague smile, nodding almost, and went straight into his office.

Remy waited a few minutes. Mr. Foster looked up from the papers he fingered, and his forehead wrinkled with annoyance.

"Chester," he let his tongue play in both cheeks, "why don't you let me give you a ring later in the week? What's your phone?"

Remy said he didn't have a phone.

Mr. Foster pulled at his nose, and ran his hand over his bald head. "Well, why not let me drop you a postcard? How's that?"

Remy fingered his hat, and said he didn't mind coming in, but he didn't want Mr. Foster to think him a pest.

Remy felt that the three girls in the office had stopped work to listen to him. He wished they would go on working, making some little noise with the computers.

Mr. Foster ran his fingernails thoughtfully down his blue cheek. He said, "You wouldn't want me to put you on the payroll and not give you anything to do, would you, Chester?"

Remy felt the eyes of the three girls on his back, listening.

Mr. Foster said, "You come back in a couple of days, Chester, like a good fellow, eh?"

When Remy turned away there was a picture in his mind of two stubby blocks of blue coal set tight under a block of marble. But this time when he left he was buoyed a little because Celia was at her desk to say, Goodbye, Remy.

Remy hitch-hiked to Binghamton to see his cousin, Spencer Marlin. Marlin was about forty-eight, a small man with calloused hands and a slight hump around his shoulders. Remy told him what was happening. Marlin uncrossed his slippered feet, and took off the slippers, and rubbed the arches gently. He spoke slowly.

"I'll try writing Carlson again, Remy. Charley Marshall just told me Carlson's been pretty sick the last couple of years since he moved to New York. Charley said Carlson couldn't handle the business himself, so he let Foster do it. They tell me Foster got himself 40 per cent of the stock in that house as a bonus." He flexed his arches, grimacing. "I guess it's up to Foster now, Remy, so you just keep going back."

"I'm not giving up, Spence," said Remy, "but it's getting harder waiting all the time."

"A job with International Trading is worth waiting for, Remy. Once you're in, you're in for life. They may start you low, but if you're good they'll boost you plenty, and pay what you're worth."

Remy had a picture of Celia and himself going right to the top of the organization; Celia would be his secretary, and they'd come to work every day together and go home together. Then his mind came back to where he was, and he gulped.

"Listen, Spence, I hate to ask you, but could you loan me another three dollars?"

"I don't have much with me, Remy." Marlin slowly moved his body to the side, and brought up some bills from his pants pocket. "I gave Peggy ten dollars tonight to buy some shoes for the kids. Will two be all right?"

"Sure, Spence. Just so I have some change on me when I hitch-hike back." Remy got ready to leave.

"I don't suppose there's any sense asking you to stay here with us again, is there?"

"Thanks, Spencer. Peg's got enough to handle with four kids."

"I'll write Carlson again, Remy." They shook hands. "You just keep punching."

Later that week, Remy was lucky. The agency got him a transfusion. For half a quart of blood he received twenty dollars. He gave three of it back to the hospital for some kind of fund, then he had to give a dollar to the agency, and a dollar to the agency's doctor for the Wasserman. He paid four dollars for two weeks' back rent, and four more in advance, and he allowed himself twenty cents a day to eat on. For three days after the transfusion he had a liver sandwich for lunch, and one for supper. They cost fifteen cents apiece, but it was worth the extra dime allowance for three days because the restaurant had free cabbage and beets and small hot-house tomatoes, which although slightly spoiled, helped him to fill up.

He got a few spare jobs in the neighborhood stores, and though it was only two hours work here or three hours there, the few dollar bills helped toward rent or laundry or incidentals—just so he could keep going till Mr. Foster gave him the job. He reassured himself with what Spencer had told him: that once you were in Carlson's company, you were in for life. Remy could think of no nicer job than one which permitted him to work for life near Celia.

And he surprised Celia one morning. He walked into the office quietly. He tapped her on the back and she turned quickly. He held out his hand, and he had a rose-bud with a long stem. Celia closed her eyes, breathed with relief, and smiled.

"It matches your hair," he said.

She pinned it on her dress, below the shoulder.

He asked her if she would like to sit in the Library Park with him during lunch hour, and she said she would like very much to. He asked if she'd mind meeting him after she had her lunch, and she said, "No, Remy, I won't mind."

"I'll wait for you over by the big fountain," he said.

Mr. Foster came in shortly, but as soon as he saw Remy, he shook his head blithely. "Not yet, Chester," he sung out.

"O.K." Remy's tone was light too, almost lively.

Celia said, Goodbye, Remy, and gave a happy nod, meaning their appointment.

To pass the time he went to the Library, picking out any old book and thumbing through the pages. He followed some people, and strayed with them into the picture gallery, and when he saw what he'd gotten into, he was about to

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The Year that Had No Summer

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go out, because paintings had no meaning for him. And he turned and saw a painting of a sunset, and it was a most wonderful red sunset, because the sun could be seen through smoke rising out of the top of a volcano. And without being able to formulate the thought, he knew for all time the meaning of Celia's hair. It was the meaning of a sunset and a sunrise both, and in a place just like that, wherever Cotopaxi was in Ecuador, or it might have been anywhere in Arizona, and like a blaze of twilight all the beauty of the natural pictures he had absorbed without knowing it, in Arizona, and in the big purple hills running near Santa Anita, all these pictures bloomed in him like a red twilight, and he could feel their meaning without knowing what it all meant, but he was happy, because the whole tumbling scenes came together in Celia.

And he found himself in the park with her. It was too cool while they sat, so they got up and walked, but not fast. Most of the park was bathed in brown, and the color seemed to fasten itself like fuzz to the buildings around, so that even the grey granite of the buildings seemed brownish, and it made them look like hoboes badly in need of a bath and a shave. The stiff brown leaves had not begun to wither yet though. They were piled neatly at the base of the trunk of each tree. Some of the trees had a good many green leaves left, which made them look proud and aristocratic. But when Remy looked at these leaves closely, he could see they too were turning at the edges. Nor were these leaves strong any more, because the slightest increase in the wind brought them down.

Everything seemed loosened ready to fall and bury itself tight against winter. At the big fountain nearby, the pigeons, now chestier it seemed with an extra fluff of feathers, waddled with bold caution. Few people paid them attention now when it was almost cold.

"This has been the craziest year," Celia said. "A long winter and hardly any summer. It made me feel funny sometimes." He stopped walking and looked at her full, waiting. She looked away and said that sometimes it made her feel . . . like it was getting colder where it used to be warm. He said he thought a lot of people had that feeling.

They walked through the short park to the exit on 40th. The sunlight came down into the street in cold dusty brown splotches. In front of the building she said, Goodbye, Remy. He watched her hair disappear in the crowd. That afternoon he registered for the Draft.

About a month later, just before Thanksgiving holiday, he did not know whether he had something to be thankful for or not, because though he was not drafted, he still didn't have the job, and he couldn't afford to take Celia to a turkey dinner. Still, he'd had a letter from Spence saying that Carlson had written to him, and had promised to get Foster to put Remy to work real soon. With that before him, Remy didn't mind hanging on.

All the zoo animals were indoors now, except a few. Remy noticed how lively the seals were now in the brisk short afternoon light, and when they wriggled flapping out of the water, and shook themselves on the granite blocks, they threw off ice-cold pearls into the air. The polar bears in their dirty white coats were exceptionally playful, and made a few brave onlookers laugh. Remy passed a fellow with a girl, and wished Celia were with him. He made his way back to the office, and passed a big outdoor sign near a department store that said EIGHTEEN DAYS LEFT TO CHRISTMAS. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYONE? FINISH YOUR SHOPPING *now*. He could see how the space was arranged so that the number of days could be changed. He'd been watching this sign for two weeks, and every time he saw it his jaw tightened, because he had not forgotten Celia, and he had no money to buy her something. Suddenly he got angry and he wanted to steal, then he gulped with fright and shame.

She was not at her desk when he came in, but he was lucky enough to find Mr. Foster in. He felt he would explode into a thousand pieces in front of Mr. Foster, and blow Mr. Foster to pieces with him. But he stood quietly in front of the desk and did not say anything, though he could not prevent his hands from fisting nervously.

"Well, Chester, old boy," grinned Mr. Foster, "I've got the news you've been waiting for."

Remy blinked very very slowly. He heard the little soft steady noise of the computers so very faintly that he seemed more than a thousand miles away.

"That account is all set," Mr. Foster beamed.

Remy could hardly believe his ears. He was afraid to open his mouth, for fear he would say the wrong thing.

"You start work next Monday," said Mr. Foster.

Five days away! Would this be like the rest of Mr. Foster's promises? He'd never been this frank before, nor as friendly. The nearness of work made Remy weak and he felt sick to his stomach the way he had when he found a small cockroach in his mouth after taking a bite of that liver sandwich. Then the feeling passed, and he manufactured saliva to wet the dryness where his throat was.

"Thank you, Mr. Foster," was all he could say.

"Come in Monday at nine, and start work."

Just then Mr. Foster's cheeks seemed to Remy to shine like the frosted blue lights on the Christmas tree. Remy wanted to run to Celia, to pick her up in his arms, and kiss her over and over again, but he just stood there quietly fingering the brim of his hat.

"I'll see you next Monday, Mr. Foster," said Remy. It seemed like the most stupid thing in the world to say.

He seemed to float out of Mr. Foster's office and floated down near Celia's desk and stood there looking down at her empty chair. He felt just the same as if she would have been there to say, Oh, Remy, I'm so happy for you!

The five days seemed to freeze in him, and they passed through him like long blocks of hot ice. Now he would be able to see Celia every day without feeling ashamed. Now he'd be able to buy her a present; he didn't care how much a good ring would cost; he had a job, and he'd be able to get one on time. Now he'd have a little to take Celia out with. They'd be able to go to a movie together, and come Saturday, he'd be able to say, Celia, will you have dinner with me tonight? and she'd say, I'd like very much to, Remy.

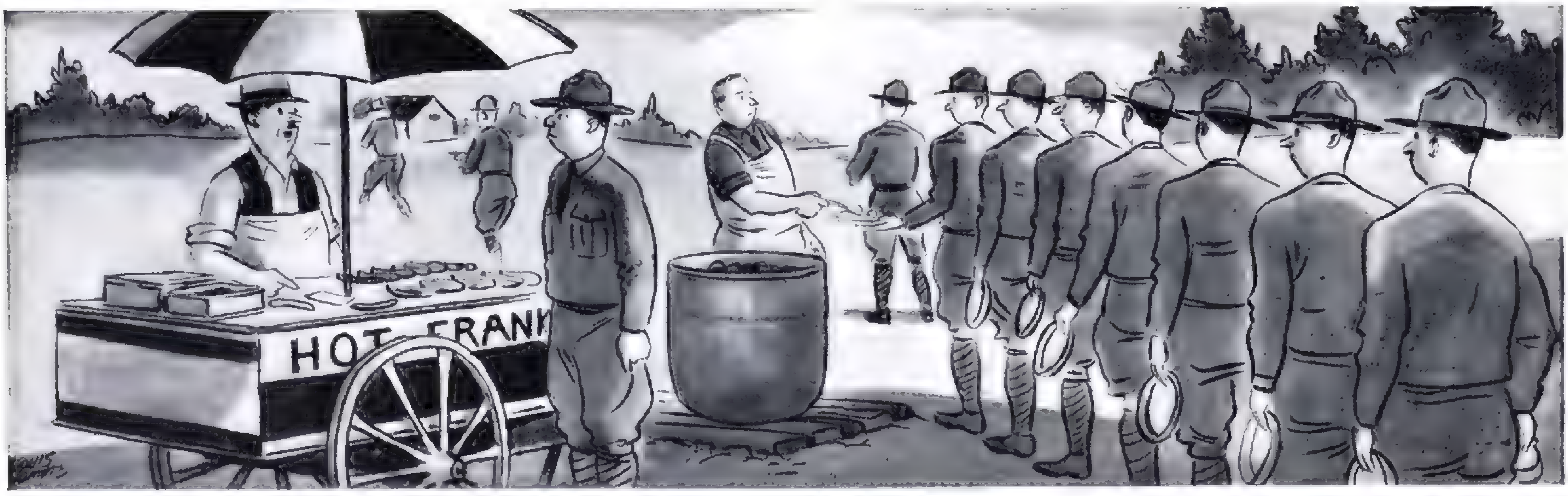
All the waiting during those five months seemed worth it now. He felt he was being born all over again. It was hard holding on, but here was the job so close he could almost touch it, and Celia would be very very close. The winter time was here again, but Celia and he would make their own summer. The ice seemed to melt away in him, and now he felt it as a big warm spring. What would his salary be? He should have asked Mr. Foster. It didn't matter. Fifteen dollars a week? It would be like fifteen hundred. The one dollar bills floated through his mind, and made a rich foliage of his mind. Twenty dollars a week? Twenty? Every week? Lord, he hadn't seen twenty dollars since the transfusion, and then he'd only held it a moment or so before giving it away and had nothing again. Twenty one-dollar bills *every* Saturday! His! The green rectangular bills planted his imagination, and his desires flowered.

The second Monday in December Remy came into the office before nine, and Celia said, Hello, Remy. He took his hand out from behind his back, and stood there holding a gardenia.

"Remy!" she stiffened with delight. "Where in the world did you get a gardenia this time of year?"

"I make them," Remy laughed.

She brought the gardenia close, and lived in its fragrance. "You



"I figured some of them might not like the food"

can't afford it, Remy."

"I can now," he said. "I start work today."

Her eyes got light with happiness. He wanted so badly to put his arms around her then.

"Yup," he looked at the electric clock on the wall. "In exactly eleven minutes and fifty seconds, I go to work for International Trading, Incorporated."

"Remy," she said, "I—"

"I know," he said. "Don't say it because I know it."

After three days of work inside of him, Remy felt as if a garden had grown in the tenement of his frame. Mr. Foster was swell to him. Remy worked like a Trojan and learned fast. He felt the strength run through him like warm spring rain through the earth, bringing a steady revival of faith in himself, strong, clean, fertile.

And he had a fine idea for Christmas. He was going to ask Celia to marry him. He knew she was waiting for him to ask her. He knew it the way he knew that her hair was red. It was simple and honest and natural as all that. And for the first time in his life he wanted to make up a song all his own. He did not know what to say exactly. He did not know any music. For a moment he felt a little foolish to have such a feeling, but then the music and the unformulated lyrics went through him like a religious army, and he had to make up this song for Celia.

It would be a song about Celia and himself, first, and the times they had sat alone in the office together, waiting, and had said nothing. It would tell of the pigeons feeding in front of the Library steps, and suddenly frightened, and flapping off in fright, then returning again when their courage had been worked up with the smell of the crumbs. It would tell of people walking through the Zoo on weekdays when they had nothing else to do, and of the workmen making benches in the park for other people to sit on. The polar bear, the funny looking Yak, the macaws with all their nice colors, and the little boy who wanted to throw peanuts to John the chimp. And how John frinned and screeched. And the soldiers and sailors walking in the park at night, and drinking cokes near the boat house, and then kissing the girls in front of everybody, and nobody was ashamed. And the song would tell how the city gets dark quickly now, and the nights are longer now, but it will be just as if it were daytime in the summertime, because Celia and he would be together.

The song went running through him like blocks of spring clod, and his brain became as red as new earth in Arizona with inexpressible natural pictures, red as the wonderful meaning of Celia's hair that had no meaning. And Celia and he walking together now always, and they could go to the lake down by 59th and stand at the feeding stations at the edge of the lake, and it would be grand to watch the ducks just sit on the water in the nighttime. And there would be a winter moon, but it would be a harvest moon for them, and the song would say, Celia, Celia, Let's be together as much as we can, because that's the way summers are made.

When Remy failed to show up by ten o'clock on his fourth day of work, Celia was worried. Mr. Foster came in half an hour later and about five minutes later came out of his office and asked her where was Mr. Chester? She wanted to say a thousand things for Remy, each one a long airtight excuse, an apology for his tardiness. All she was able to say was, I don't know, Mr. Foster.

Remy came in a few minutes after eleven-thirty, and Celia's heart got small when she saw how pale he looked. For the first time she did not say, Hello, Remy; only when he smiled she smiled quickly. He went into Mr. Foster's, and she had never heard Remy speak so low.Then she heard their footsteps coming.

"Good luck to you, Remy," Mr. Foster gave him a husky pat on the back. "It's something you can be proud of."

Remy thanked him, then stood in front of Celia's desk. She could see that he did not know how to start to say what was bothering him. "It's twenty of twelve," she said. "I'll go ask Mr. Foster if I can take my lunch hour now."

They went into the Library Park, and sat on one of the backless stone benches. The wide square center showed a thin border of grass, but all the flower beds were empty, and now there was only a dry brown earth with a pinched look. The trees had no leaves, but there was one tree that had a few left, and these stuck out. There was no wind, but the air was packed hard and tough with the first cold.

He took out from inside his topcoat pocket a long blue official envelope, and gave it to her. When she finished reading she didn't say anything. "It wouldn't be so bad," he said, "if it were close to here. But Florida! That's more than a thousand miles away!" She said that she might save enough to come down and visit him, that the bus fare wasn't much. He looked at her face, and her whole face was a loose knot of very plain beauty, and the meaning of her hair now came to him all over again. He did not have to tell her that he loved her, because that was what her face told him, and many other things.

She said it would be warm in Florida during the winter.

The sun will be shining down there every day, thought Remy, but I won't be warm there for a minute.

"I have to report this afternoon," he said. "We're leaving tomorrow."

"I know, Remy. That's what the letter said, didn't it?"

He said he didn't have much to pack, and could they be together tonight? She said, I'd like very much to, Remy.

"I'll meet you here right after you're through," he said. "About six?"

"I'll come at five-thirty, Remy."

They walked back past the big fountain that was now empty of water, and the granite showed rust where the level of the water had been dutifully kept. The pigeons were still there though, and they maneuvered with brazen shyness toward someone feeding them.

Remy said, "Let's have a swell dinner tonight with a cocktail."

"We'll have a wonderful time tonight, Remy, I know." Celia put her arm close in his arm, then she said, "Remy, it's only for a year."

"It's not that," said Remy. "It's not the year. It's this year, it's now. I expected to be drafted, but not now, Celia."

When he left her in front of the building, she smiled and whispered, see you tonight, darling. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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the want is supplied." And of Eugene O'Neill's play, he said, "*Beyond the Horizon* is likewise one of the fine achievements of the theatre, for a duplication of which I believe American theatrical history will search vainly. We, at least, recall no serious drama of native authorship to be compared with it in the quality of its observant philosophy, its homely and truthful characterization, its gripping theme, its inexorable logic."

I hope I am not trespassing on any other department when I recommend a list of plays and the annual Burns Mantle book *for reading;* for I think the following list contains a number of plays that belong to American literature. I have simply selected my own favorite out of those given each year by Mr. Mantle.

1919-20—Beyond the Horizon—Eugene O'Neill
1920-21—The Emperor Jones—Eugene O'Neill
1921-22—Anna Christie—Eugene O'Neill
1922-23—You and I—Philip Barry
1923-24—The Show-Off—George Kelly
1924-25—They Knew What They Wanted—Sidney Howard
1925-26—The Wisdom Tooth—Marc Connelly
1926-27—The Silver Cord—Sidney Howard
1927-28—Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill
1928-29—Street Scene—Elmer Rice
1929-30—The Green Pastures—Marc Connelly
1930-31—As Husbands Go—Rachel Crothers
1931-32—Mourning Becomes Electra—Eugene O'Neill
1932-33—Both Your Houses—Maxwell Anderson
1933-34—Men in White—Sidney Kingsley
1934-35—Lost Horizons—John Hayden
1935-36—Idiot's Delight—Robert E. Sherwood
1936-37—You Can't Take It With You—Hart and Kaufman
1937-38—Our Town—Thornton Wilder
1938-39—Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Robert E. Sherwood
1939-40—There Shall Be No Night Robert E. Sherwood

I am very glad that in the month of May of this year the Pulitzer Prize in Drama was awarded to Robert E. Sherwood's play, *There Shall Be No Night.* This play had its first appearance in New York last spring but too late to be considered for the Pulitzer Prize, as the Committee's report on plays has to be submitted to Columbia University before April first. Since that time Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and their admirable company have made a long tour over the country with the play, everywhere to capacity houses and everywhere received with tremendous enthusiasm; and I understand they will start a new tour this coming October. I regard the play, *There Shall Be No Night*, as the finest drama Mr. Sherwood has ever written, and it is one of the most deeply impressive plays I have seen on any stage. It has been published, and one may obtain a good idea of its quality by reading it; but I advise all persons who can possibly see it not to miss the opportunity. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are, of course, consummate artists, among the foremost living actors in the world; but it is certain in this play that they have reached a higher plane than ever before and have displayed qualities that surprise even their most fervent admirers.

Let me suggest also a new book that has this moment reached my desk, called *Contemporary Drama. European, English, Irish and American Plays.* Selected by E. Bradlee Watson and Benfield Pressey of Dartmouth College. After a brief but good introduction it contains in full and all in one volume thirty-seven plays beginning with Ibsen and ending with Robert E. Sherwood. There is a general bibliography, a bibliography of dramatists, and a list of illustrations to the plays added at the end of the volume which contains nearly 1,200 pages. It is a library of Continental, British, Irish, and American dramas of the twentieth century.

Ellen Glasgow's new book, *In This Our Life*, is written with that distinction of style which we are accustomed to expect in everything she writes. This story deals with a family where no one is happy, no one is cheerful, but all are interesting. It is a story more distinguished for characterization than for plot or incident. I mean the reader's attention is held by the people in the book rather than by the things that happen to them. There are also more re-

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flective passages, although all her writings are distinguished by philosophy and by speculations on life and human nature. This story revolves around the bed of a professional invalid, where all the other members of the family are more unhappy than the one who is horizontal. There is also that quarrel, or perhaps we might simply call it divergence of view between the older and younger generations that is so familiar in modern novels because it is so familiar in modern thought. All these characters and the meditations upon them and the centrifugal view of life itself which they excite in the reader's mind are made with that sincerity of thought and luminosity of style that characterize Miss Glasgow's work. I call this admirable novel also a courageous book because the author has suffered from severe illness during most of its composition, although there is not a trace of weakness or pain in it. The only objection that I can possibly have to the book is to the Christian names that are given to the two daughters, which would have caused them a great deal more difficulty in real life. These two girls are named Roy and Stanley. If I had any daughters, I should never give them names like that, because all their lives long, in letters that they wrote to persons who did not know them, they would have to waste a great deal of time explaining their sex. I like feminine names for women and masculine names for men.

During the last two years another original American dramatist appeared, William Saroyan, but I think from the literary point of view the best thing he has thus far written is not a play but the prose fiction called *My Name Is Aram*. As I have expressed in print my admiration for this, it is a pleasure to me to see how well the book has been reviewed in English periodicals. The *London Times Literary Supplement* for March 22 gave it almost two columns, announced that in fiction it was its first choice for the week, and speaks of Mr. Saroyan's work in these words:

> It is in a story like *The Pomegranate Trees* that he weights his lighthearted colloquialisms with the tremendous imaginative simplicity characteristic of his best work . . . There is a similar divine simplicity in *The Poor and Burning Arab*, who never spoke in words but whose homesickness and sorrow Aram's uncle Khosrove understood in silence. The mystery of life! The strangeness of all things and creatures! In the last resort it is the mystic's delight in creation that moves Mr. Saroyan to communicate his shining little fancies in syllables of heartfelt wonder.

It is pleasant to see in so important a London periodical such clear understanding of Mr. Saroyan's original way of writing.

I remember the old days when Yvette Guilbert used to appear in the music halls (I saw and heard her at Koster and Bial's). She used to recite one of the most dramatic, climactic songs or poems that I have ever heard. I found out later that this poem in French appeared at the end of a novel by Jean Richepin called *La Glu*, published in 1881, but I could not find out whether the poem was original with Richepin or whether it was some kind of folklore. Being asked by the magazine, *Good Housekeeping*, to give a list of my favorite quotations, I quoted this and also included it in a book I edited called *The Mothers' Anthology*. The story in English I summarize as follows.

> Once upon a time there was a poor young fellow who loved a woman who loved him not. She said to him, "Fetch me tomorrow the heart of your mother, as I want it to give my dog." He went to his mother's house, killed her, took the heart from her body, and began to run back with it. And as he ran, he stumbled and fell; and the heart rolled out of his hand. And the heart spoke to him, while weeping, and said, "Did you hurt yourself, my dear son?"

Well, a few days ago I received a letter from Istanbul in Turkey from C. H. Emilie Haspels, who is teaching at Arnavuskog in the American College for Girls. She writes to me: "Now I wondered whether it is known to you that this poem seems to be an exact transcription of a medieval Dutch poem about a boy and a 'booze deern.' " She gives me two stanzas in the Dutch language that contain the climax of the famous poem and adds, "I get the impression that Richepin copied his poem from the Dutch—don't you think so, too? It would be too much of a coincidence, such a special theme treated in the same way appearing twice in the world's literature."

I asked my friend and colleague, Professor Nicholas John Spykman to translate the two Dutch stanzas for me, and he sends me his translation as follows.

> There was a loose, wicked woman,
> Said to the boy, bring me with speed
> Your mother's heart for my dog.
> Then commenced that heart to speak,
> My little boy, did you hurt yourself?

This is a very interesting fact because the French poem is known all over the world. I wonder if any of my readers can give me any further light on what certainly seems to be the original.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, in that extremely interesting tiny volume, *Books and You*, said, "Shakespeare is not only the greatest poet that ever lived but the glory of our race. But knowing as I do, these plays pretty well, I wish that someone with taste, knowledge and discretion could be found who would make an anthology of Shakespeare's plays and poems, putting in not only the famous passages with which we should all be familiar but also fragments, single lines even; so that I might have in a convenient volume a book to which I could always turn when I wanted the cream of all poetry." It is not generally known that he followed this admirable statement with action. He went to George Rylands, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Lecturer on English, and told him he was the man to make this anthology. Mr. Rylands, after various modest disclaimers, said that no publisher would undertake such a book; whereupon Mr. Maugham spoke to an English publisher who immediately accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm, and gave better financial terms than Mr. Maugham had asked; very soon after that conversation, Mr. Maugham secured an American publisher and now we have the book itself, a slender volume called *The Ages of Man. The Standard Shakespeare Anthology. With Index and Notes arranged by George Rylands*. It is divided into three parts, Youth, Manhood, Age. The introduction by Mr. Rylands is worth the price of the book; there is always something new to say about Shakespeare in spite of more than three hundred years of commentaries. Mr. Rylands's learning is reinforced by wit and wisdom. The selections from Shakespeare are well chosen and well classified; almost everything in nature and human nature is here, can be found without any trouble and is expressed with that beauty and truth that make Shakespeare unique. "He never blotted a line," said Ben Jonson; and Milton said he wrote to the "shame of slow-endeavoring art." His contemporaries, who knew him well, were as amazed at his impromptu precisions as we are today. This book contains remarks on youth and middle age, old age and death, ambition, jealousy, love and lust, all the passions, all the emotions, all the arts, all the experiences that men and women must pass through. Furthermore, those who think they know Shakespeare well, can amuse themselves by trying to "spot" the passages; and the index at the end of the book tells us where they came from. The top of every page has the name of the particular subject which the quotations discuss. Browning said:

> A thousand poets pried at life,
> And only one amid the strife
> Rose to be Shakespeare:

Meaning, of course, that he is the only poet who expresses the whole range of human thought, feeling, passion, and experience.

Somebody read aloud to James Russell Lowell a few lines from Shakespeare and he exclaimed, "Oh, *Damn!*" meaning that Shakespeare, three hundred years ago, wrote apparently without effort in a manner superior to all other poets past, present and future.

We should all be grateful to Mr. Maugham for saying that such a book as this should be prepared and also for his good judgment in selecting the man to do it.

Among academic critics of Shakespeare, let me recommend to my readers Professor Elmer Edgar Stoll of the University of Minnesota. Full of common sense, he always seems to give some new point of view, or to illuminate in a new way even the most famous of Shakespeare's characters. His latest book, published this year, is called *Shakespeare and Other Masters* and has chapters on *Hamlet the Man*, *Othello the Man*, and that character who has attracted so much attention from Psychologists, Iago. Let no intelligent reader be afraid of Dr. Stoll's books because they are written by a professor; their solid common sense is expressed in a freshness of style as if he were reviewing a new play that had appeared the day before.

Inasmuch as it is often said that what preserves books for posterity is not their subject matter but their style, and inasmuch as this is often true, I was very much interested in a remark made by Mr. Maugham in a recent conversation. And he is one of the best conversationalists I have ever met. He emphasized the fact that four of the world's greatest novelists wrote very badly; by which he meant that their literary style was often careless and full of faults. The Big Four are Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and Balzac. This is certainly true; and is very interesting. I suppose that these four had such tremendous vitality, such prodigious creative power, that their carelessness in style seems only a minor defect; for they are certainly greater novelists than Nathaniel Hawthorne and Prosper Mérimée, whose literary style is almost flawless. Or, if one compared their prose with that of one of the greatest geniuses of all time, Jonathan Swift, one would be impressed (in comparison with him) by their faults; but their genius and creative power triumphed over everything.

Mr. Maugham adds, "Russians tell me Tolstoy wrote with the carelessness of the aristocracy, whereas Dostoevski wrote with vulgarity. I have forgotten all my Russian and can't tell for myself if this is true."

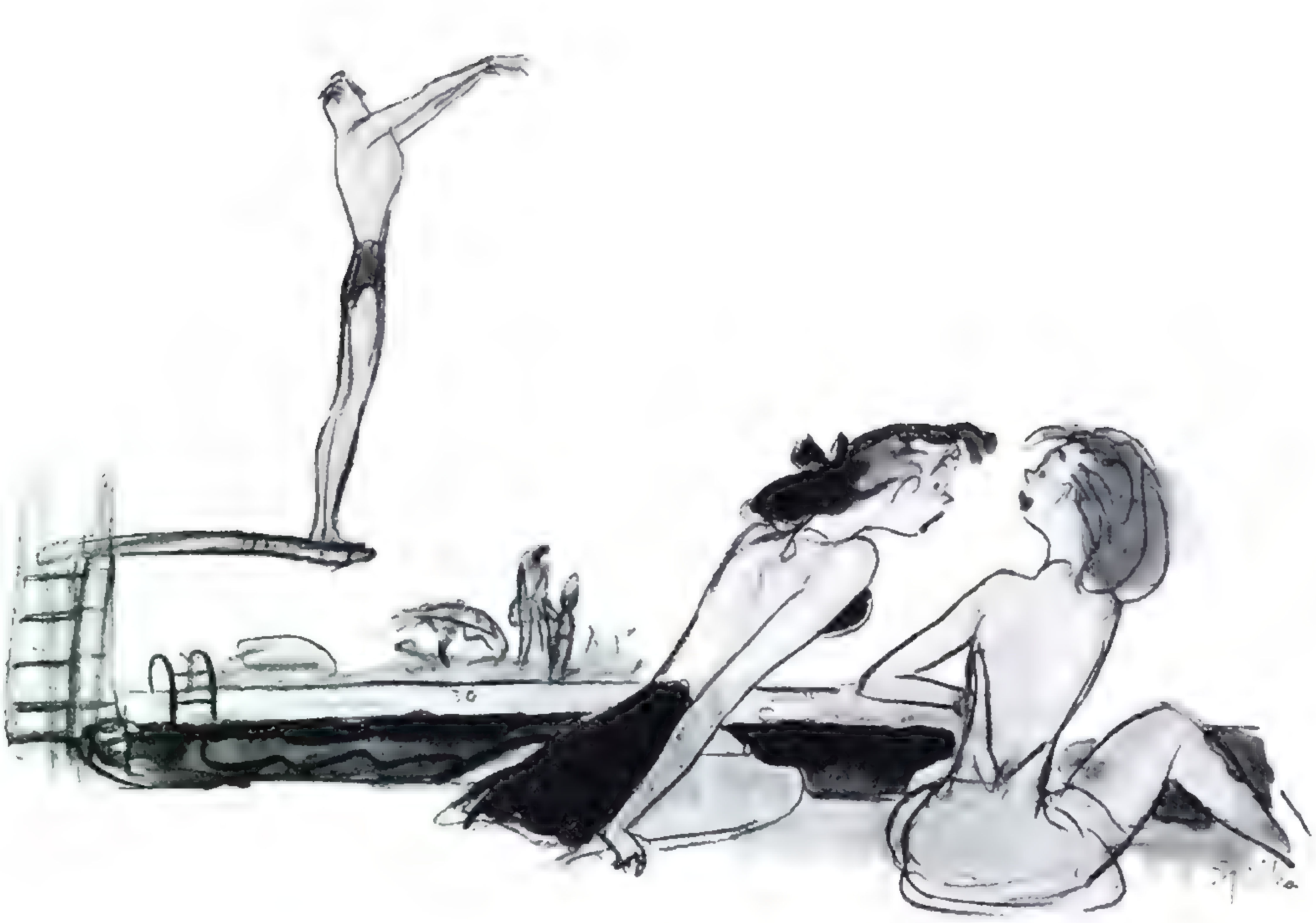
I have perhaps said before that any writer who can add to the literary population of the world is sure of immortality; and the Big Four, to name only one out of a number of their literary children, created Sam Weller, Anna Karenina, the Karamazov Brothers, and Grandet.

A speedy, total, and permanent eclipse awaits nearly every book that is published; this is tragic but true.

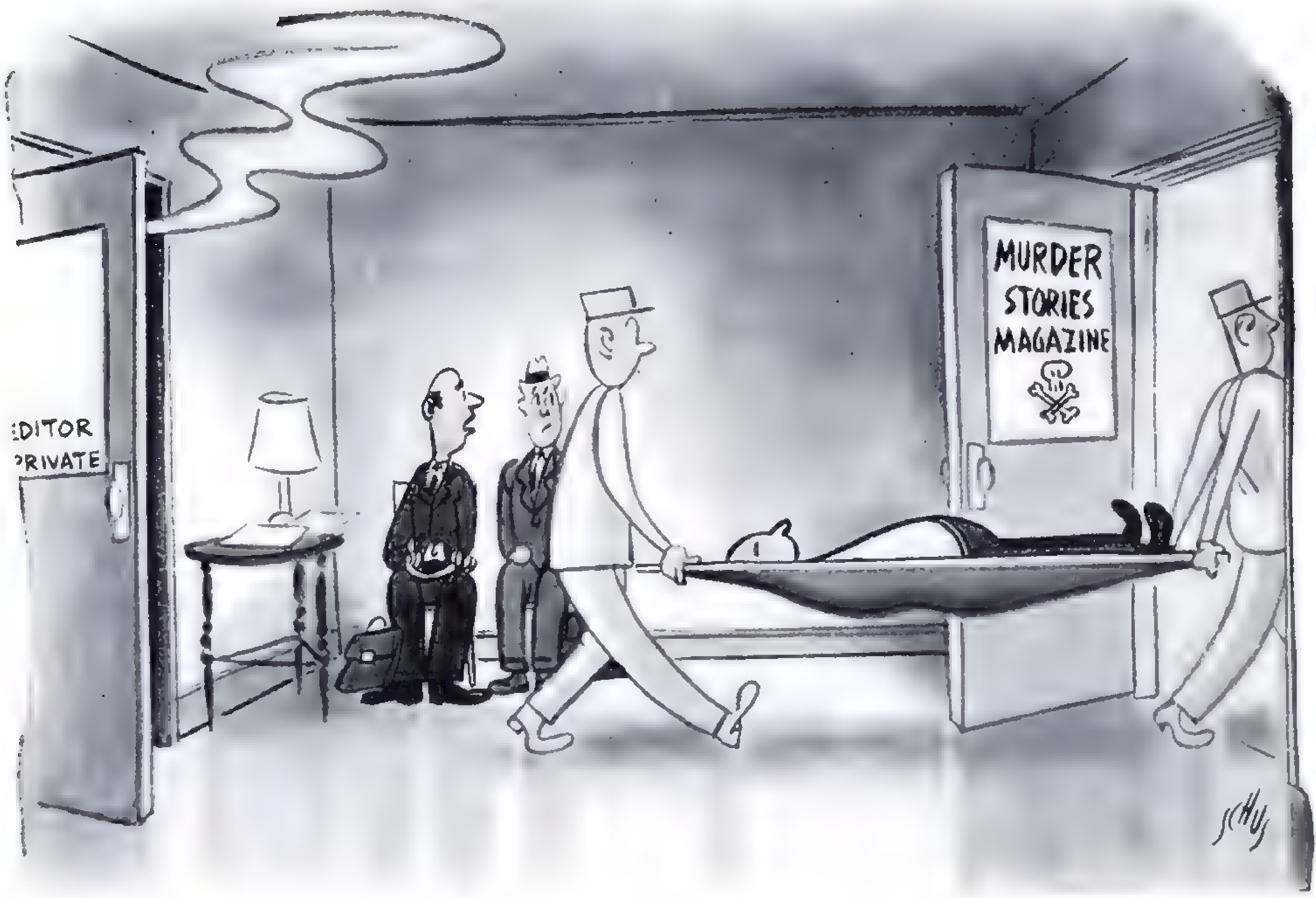
> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

I wonder when Shakespeare wrote that, did he expect that he too

Continued on page 118



"I guess he doesn't like me—he taught me to swim in one easy lesson"


DITOR
RIVATE
MURDER
STORIES
MAGAZINE

"I wish they would hand out rejection slips like other magazines do!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 72-115-116

would be forgotten? In his Sonnets he frequently proclaimed the opposite; but such remarks were in Elizabethan days conventional. That speech of Ulysses to Achilles, coming late in Shakespeare's career, seems full of despair.

O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was:
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

This was the passage that Gene Tunney, when he was Champion of the World, quoted to my undergraduate class in Shakespeare. "You all know that I am not invited here because I am a scholar; but because I am a Champion Boxer. But who will care about me ten years from now?"

Mr. Maugham and I were discussing the fate of writers thought to be great—the decline in popularity of George Eliot, of George Meredith, and the fact that the books of Rudyard Kipling and of Joseph Conrad are at present having a very small sale.

As Freedom is essential to literature and the arts, let me recommend a new book planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, and written by forty-three men—each of whom contributed a short chapter. The book is called *Freedom—Its Meaning*, and among the authors are Croce, Thomas Mann, Robert Millikan, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Louis Brandeis, Einstein, Bergson, and the author of this article. The motto of the book is taken from Cicero—"Freedom suppressed and again regained bites with keener fangs than freedom never endangered." Let us hope that this will prove to be true, for there has never been a time when so much of the so-called civilized world has lost freedom. My own chapter is on *Freedom and Literature.* I pointed out that when the Spartans conquered Athens and destroyed the long walls, they released immortal beauty into the whole world. Sparta, that emphasized only "preparedness," left nothing to mankind; but who could conquer Aeschylus, Sophocles, Plato and other immortals? Literature is even greater than science. For many things in the works of Aristotle could today be corrected, but not in Sophocles or Euripides. I did not know, when I wrote that, that the Swastika representing *contemporary* Sparta would be placed on the Acropolis.

To go from sublime subjects to the ridiculous, a witty and devastating caricature has just appeared on the Class Books of American Colleges after their twenty-fifth reunions. The fact that I personally admire these books, and believe that they keep alive not only the spirit of devotion to the college, but friendship among the members of particular classes does not lessen my enjoyment of this clever and rowdy satire on "reunions." The book is called *The Gang's All Here*, is written by a graduate of Princeton, Harvey Smith, and receives dignity by being published at the Princeton University Press. It pretends to be the Twenty-Five Year Record of "the finest aggregation of men that ever spent four years together at Old Nostalgia." In the regulation style of the class books, this one is composed of individual statements from members of the class as to how they have spent their lives since graduation. Mr. Smith has caught the manner and style of these personal letters to the Class Secretary with such a perfect echo that the satire is keen; and I think nearly all college graduates, especially those of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale will enjoy reading such clever mimicry. The author served in the World War as a First Lieutenant in the 77th Division and then began his journalistic career as a reporter on the *New Haven Register*, where "he created the job of dramatic critic." As I have read the *Register* every evening for more than fifty years, I must have read his criticisms on the current plays that come to New Haven before going to New York.

Just as some of the best teachers in our colleges and universities are the athletic coaches, so some of our best journalists are the sports writers. There are two reasons why the athletic coaches are good teachers; their pupils are allowed no privileges; there is no such thing as a "Dean's List" which permits a good many students to absent themselves from a large number of classroom lectures and recitations; the candidates for the teams have to be there every day in practice; then, the efficiency of the teachers is judged by the efficiency of their pupils. Sport fills an enormous place in what is sometimes called the public mind; and the metropolitan newspapers often have a dozen expert special writers on sport. John Kieran, one of the Big Three on *Information Please*, is, like his two colleagues, F. P. A. and Oscar Levant, an author. It seems often as if he came near to omniscience, for the range of his knowledge is extraordinary. He was thoroughly educated in the ancient languages and in other things when he was a youth; his father was President of Hunter College, and his sister, Helen Reilly, is one of our most skillful writers of detective fiction. Well, Mr. Kieran now appears in his new book, *Nature Notes*, as a distinguished naturalist. Since he has to be indoors so much of the time to get through his large amount of daily writing, it is astonishing that he possesses this intimate knowledge of birds, flowers, and trees, although it is not astonishing that he can write so well about them: and the true nature of the man, which endears him to hundreds of thousands of people, is expressed in his brief foreword, where he calls these members of the animal and vegetable kingdom his friends. He says, "I can truthfully and sincerely set it down that hours, days and years in the field with these common friends were filled with common and ever-growing delight, and the things they taught me have left me humble, hopeful and grateful." In this little book there are fifty brief essays. The admirable illustrations are by Fritz Kredel. An immense amount of information is given with irresistible charm. For example, the chapter on hawks begins, "Don't shoot that hawk! . . . most hawks are good hawks." There are chapters on humming birds and on polar bears. The Great Blue Heron, often called a crane, I saw every summer in Michigan for many years; but three years ago for the first time I saw what I thought was a white one; had John Kieran been there, he could have told me; it was an egret.

Another distinguished daily columnist on sports, known in every part of our country, is Grantland Rice, who was graduated from Vanderbilt University, member of Phi Beta Kappa. Everything he writes is interesting; and he has had a splendid influence in upholding the highest standards of amateur sport. But it is his writings in verse, so inspiring, so witty, so brilliant in technique, that have given him a place all his own. Therefore I am glad that he has now published a book of original verse, called *Only the Brave and Other Poems.* He understands the heartbreak and tragedies of athletics as well as its glories and its fun. One should read in this book on page 83 the poem, *Ex-Champions*, showing

He carries something in his breast
That burns the living heart away,

and then turn to page 125 and read *Casey's Revenge*, the sequel to the late Mr. Thayer's immortal poem, *Casey at the Bat.* In this poem Mr. Rice shows how Casey lived on in Mudville, with everyone sneering at him; but one day, amid universal groans, with two out and three on bases, the despised Casey came to bat, and made a home run.

He blew a big one in the pinch—but facing jeering throngs
He came through Hell to scramble back—and prove a champ belongs.

Or, as Browning expressed it, "Certain bells, now mute, can jingle." Mr. Rice's poems are expressions and criticisms of human nature.

Another new book by a famous columnist is *On White or Rye*, by H. I. Phillips, with drawings by Donald McKay. Mr. Phillips, as everyone knows, is the creator of Elmer Twitchell, and this volume contains some of E. T.'s "deeper speculations." Here we have plenty of poetry and prose, with burlesques of politics, drinks, public speeches, Miami Beach, Hitler, radio addresses, college courses, vitamins—everything that the common man hears and talks about. There is a deeply serious side also to Mr. Phillips's outlook on life, and though he is a professional humorist and one of the best, *A Creed* is serious enough for anyone in these times; but I am especially moved by *What America Needs Besides 50,000 Planes*, and I wish every American would read it.

I welcome also the appearance of another famous columnist in book form, only this time unfortunately the author is no longer with us. *Collected Edition of Heywood Broun* is a compilation admirably made by Heywood Hale Broun. Heywood Broun had plenty of humor but what impressed me most was his independence of mind and moral courage. I did not share most of his opinions, but I admired him immensely because he was absolutely without fear and never considered the consequences to him of what he wrote. This was shown in a remarkable way when he wrote an article that he knew would cause his dismissal from the *New York World.* This book displays the range of his knowledge and intellectual curiosity; but courage was the chief of his many virtues.

Here are two murder stories that I highly recommend for their sustained interest and excitement: *Murder Out of Turn*, by Frances and Richard Lockridge, and *The Trial of Vincent Doon*, by Will Oursler. This new one by Will Oursler takes place almost entirely in the courtroom, and is a succession of thrills. Every moment of it seemed to me exciting.

Here is again a list of the titles of recently published works, if my readers care to see if they can "spot" them* at sight:

A Time to Speak
This Above All
Forever Young
Up at the Villa
Mine Eyes Have Seen
Let My People Go
Some Must Watch
This Is the Victory
And Beat Him When He Sneezes
The Snark Was a Boojum
My Shadow in the Sun

Let me close with a terrific pun made by Mrs. Walter Prichard Eaton, wife of the professor in the Yale Department of Drama. He and I have often competed to see which of us could make the worse pun. Now Mr. Eaton informs me that his wife, on her return from a brief vacation in the South, asked him what he thought was the regular slogan of the turkey-buzzard. It is CARRI-ON. #

Answers on page 12

Horseflesh for the U. S. Army

Continued from page 61

its selections. This is more than twice the number we had in 1920—after the First World War depletion.

About 1919, however, the War Department realized that various things were happening to our horse population that called for government action. Tens of thousands of American horses and mules had been shipped to Europe and were left there after the Armistice.

Horses were rapidly disappearing for transportation purposes in all the major cities. The same thing was happening in the rural areas; farmers were getting rid of their horses—buying flivvers and tractors. The government began to realize that while horses were losing their importance in the national domestic economy, something would have to be done to build up a supply of horseflesh for purposes of military defense.

After an intensive study of the entire situation, the solution adopted by Congressional legislation was the Army Horse Breeding and Government Remount Plan.

The vast majority of our citizens may be entirely unconscious of it, but it was largely the government planning of 1920 that is responsible for the great popularity of equine sports throughout the nation today. Nevertheless, polo, horse racing, trail riding, fox hunting with horses and hounds, steeplechases and about every other kind of sport in which horses are used have all been stimulated by a publicity campaign, the cooperation of the press or various other phases of the horse plan launched by the government twenty-one years ago. Thoroughbred horse racing played an enormous part in the successful operation of the plan; it was from horses of thoroughbred registry that the army obtained the blue-blooded stallions for the breeding of the best types of saddle horses—equally suitable for cavalry use. These stallions were distributed over the country in the various remount stations, where anyone owning a good mare could obtain stud service at a nominal fee. The army took no claim upon the offspring of the stallion. The whole idea was to rebuild the nation's depleted equine population with animals of the best possible quality in order to have plenty of good horses available for cavalry replacements and as a safeguard against military emergencies.

There are now 700 service stallions available to horse breeders in various parts of the United States. Thirty-five are in California, one of the nation's greatest horse-producing states. For quite a few years now these stallions have annually sired 14,000 to 15,000 colts, and it is from this enormous supply that the army is now assembling the finest lot of cavalry horses ever to become available to any military force.

Thus the army horse of today is an animal far superior to those of twenty-five years ago. Thanks to the success of the remount stallion service, practically every horse being bought by the government is at least one-half thoroughbred—with the percentage of thoroughbred blood steadily increasing from year to year through the breeding of better mares. With plenty of this type of stock to choose from the U. S. cavalry horse of 1941 is somewhat of a streamlined beast. He is faster, more responsive to direction, long of wind and has tremendous endurance.

To their sorrow, old-time horse traders, who got rich literally overnight in the boom markets of 1914 to 1918, are learning that these are not the good old days World War No. I created for them.

In those days they got spot cash for practically anything that could be called horseflesh; they got 150 dollars and 200 dollars per head for nags and old plugs that would nowadays be classified as "dog food" or "crow bait!" So they think the army horse buyers are a pretty hard-boiled lot when their offerings, "drafty," old-style horses of the beer wagon type—are promptly waved out of the display corrals.

To be eligible for purchase by officers of the army purchasing boards—horses must be geldings, from four to eight years old, and weighing between 975 and 1,150 pounds. Army veterinarians inspect each horse—and if he fails to measure up to cavalry health standards, out of the ring he goes. To be acceptable all horses must be of solid color—any of the various shades of black or brown. That lets out all the "off-color" horses, grays, palominos, pintos, etc.—they're too easily spotted from the air.

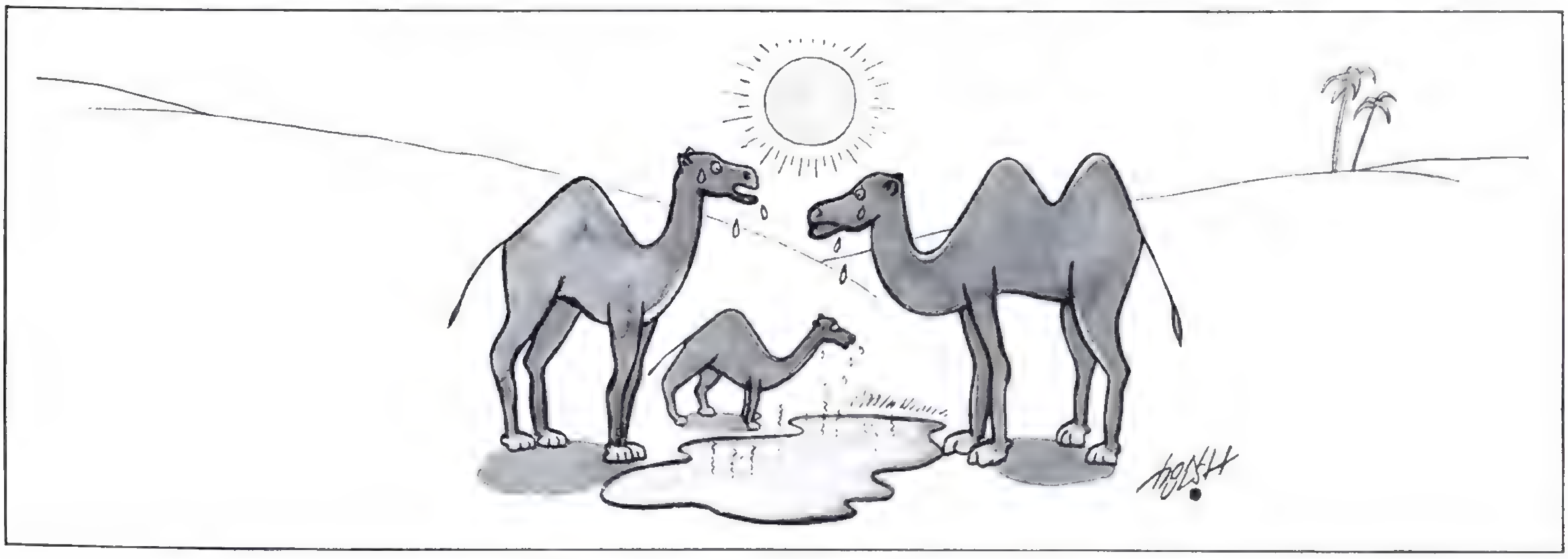
In our war preparation of 1940-1941, our government is obviously not repeating a lot of the mistakes it saw after 1918. Practically all the 26,000 horses now being purchased are being bought direct from owners. No contracts are being awarded to dealers as was done in 1917-18. The government now recognizes that the cooperation of horse owners has been largely responsible for the success of the 1920, horse-breeding plan. Thus it is seeking, by direct purchases from owners, to pass the profits back to those who have contributed to the successful working-out of the program.

While the War Department is thoroughly pleased with the fruits of the remount service thus far, prospects for the future are far from encouraging. The 26,000 animals now being rounded up—are only a beginning. Just what the next call will be capable of producing is questionable.

Army officers are not overlooking the fact that the United States fed 923,580 horses and 232,475 mules into World War No. 1. Moreover, during the four and one-half years of that titanic struggle a total of 4,624,220 horses were used. Nor are they blind to the experiences of General Francisco Franco in the Spanish Civil War; regardless of all the foreign aid he received in the form of mechanized divisions, he was forced to increase his horse-mounted cavalry by tenfold before he became top-dog in that war.

The absolute uselessness of the Japanese mechanized units in the jumbled topography of China and Manchukuo is another warning to our government not to risk such a blunder—not to pin our faith to such methods of warfare upon terrain where it is incapable of functioning. Too late, apparently, Japan has suddenly awakened to the lack of vision on the part of her military leaders. Her present objective of having 7,500 stallions in stud service by 1945 makes our 700 cavalry papa horses seem an insignificant breeding job by comparison. This is tantamount to an official admission that Japan is desperately in need of horses *now* and that her military leaders muffed the ball when they moved into China with a completely mechanized war machine that has cracked up against China's mountains, rivers, desert sand dunes and other geographical barriers that were all on the maps of China in 1936!

In the light of such facts it is not improbable that federal legislation will soon be enacted to embargo the exporting of horses and mules from the United States. If such an embargo becomes a reality it will be because our own military leaders are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to build an impregnable national defense. They are well aware that horses, unlike the manufactured sinews of war—can't have reproduction speeded up like the work in an airplane factory. In any industrial plant we can increase floor space, set up new machinery, hire more men and boost production virtually overnight. But if we want more horses—we're hog-tied to Nature's laws; it takes five years to produce a horse mature enough for military purposes—and there's nothing we can do about it! ###



"He says he wants a piece of ice in his"

The Miracle of Miracles

Continued from pages 28-121

kingdom of heaven. He shall rise again in the resurrection."

Then Jesus replied in a low soft voice: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who has believed in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Could you believe this?"

"I believe truly," said Martha. And after saying these words she ran to call her sister Mary.

As Christ and His disciples stood in the garden waiting for Mary they heard voices of the mourners come from the house, for many friends and relatives had come from distant parts and even from Jerusalem itself to console the family at the death of Lazarus. The old and feeble voice of Ben Shaba was heard above all reading short verses of the Psalms.

When Mary came she kneeled down before him and said with tears in her eyes: "If You had been here my brother might not have died. But now You come, alas, too late!"

"Where have you laid him?"

"Four days now he lies buried in the tomb. Come, we will show you to the place. It is here beside the orchard."

As they walked past the house, Martha and Mary leading the way and all twelve disciples following behind, many of the mourners came out of the house and joined them.

Some of the Jews, seeing tears in the eyes of Christ, said: "Behold how He loved him."

And yet others whispered: "If He loved him so much, and He could cure the lame and blind, then He might have come at once when He was called and then perhaps Lazarus . . . Perhaps Lazarus might not have died."

As these words were spoken they were already before the tomb and the crowd stood away at a respectful distance. Only Christ and the sisters of Lazarus went close.

"Take away the stone," ordered the Teacher.

Martha pleaded: "But he has been dead four days and by this time decay has surely set into his body."

"Take away the stone."

They came forward, a dozen men, and together they lifted up the stone and stood the slab against the wall. In the tomb there was deep darkness and only a faint edge of the white grave cloth could be seen. A silence, as though it were the air of death itself that issued forth from the tomb, hung over all.

At length Christ lifted His eyes to heaven and, with a voice gentle and soft, gave His thanks to the Lord: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou has heard me. And I know that Thou hearest me always. But here stand many who may not believe that You Yourself have sent me."

His voice stopped short and after a brief silence He cried out with a sudden loud and thunderous call: "Lazarus! Come forth!"

In the echo of this great voice some seemed to hear a groan and others thought that a rumble came from the sky.

Within the dark hollow of the grave the white cloths seemed to stir. In another instant the bound body sat up straight.

"Loose his bands," said Christ, "and let him stand up. And take the napkin from his face."

This was done and Lazarus stood up and stepped slowly out of the tomb. Slowly a flush of life came over his pallid face as though it were brushed by the glow of a morning sun. Tears filled his eyes. His glance was firmly fixed on the face of his Deliverer. He breathed in the garden air with long breaths.

"Do you hear me?" asked the Master.

Lazarus nodded his head. His lips were slightly parted but he did not speak.

"Do you see me?"

Lazarus nodded.

"Can you speak?"

Again he nodded.

"Then speak so that all now standing about may hear."

"My Lord," said Lazarus. No other words did he speak.

Then the cry was set up by many who had seen all this. "Lazarus has been raised from the tomb!" some called. "He is alive, alive!" others shouted. And still a few cried out: "He was dead four days and now he lives!"

Those who had remained in the house heard this shouting and came out to see what was happening. And the old man Ben Shaba, broken in spirit and with his back bent, hobbled out with his staff in his hand. His eyes saw only dimly before him. He did not see his son Lazarus. He heard the excited and confused voices.

And then, very oddly, and for some reason that could never be explained, he imagined that he was very young again and he was wearing a great turban in which a dazzling jewel shone. And then he saw the prison dungeon in which he had once been confined. And a fresh scent of hay filled his nostrils; for this was the hay in the cart in which long long ago he was hidden by a Greek lad and taken far out and away from the ugly walls of Jerusalem. And all that night long he drove his caravan, across the hills and far away. The stars in the sky showed him the direction. He journeyed southward and toward the sea. He passed Netophah in the dead of night and he passed Rachel's Tomb. And in the faint morn, a pale finger of light drawn across the distant edge of land, he came to the town of Bethlehem. All were asleep but the morning light seemed to brush everything with a flush of life.

And he saw himself, in this vision, young and filled with life, driving his caravan through the narrow streets of Bethlehem. Then somewhere beyond this town there were two figures on the road before him. And when he came up to them he saw that the woman was carrying a tiny infant.

Ben Shaba stood leaning on his staff, the vision of his youth was before him. He seemed to hear voices of long long ago and his own voice was strangely mingled among the others.

"Peace be with you," he heard himself saying.

And the voice of the man on the road replied: "Peace be with you."

"Your journey is far?"

"Far, very far."

"Come, let the mother with the child in her arms mount one of my camels and you too mount another and so we may all ride together."

"But we have far to go."

"My caravan goes to Egypt."

"Egypt!" exclaimed the man. "In Egypt the child will be safe."

And in this strange vision before him Ben Shaba saw his camels kneel and the travelers mount. He saw the pale face of the young mother as she looked at her child. This vision was clearly before him.

"Father!" called Lazarus, kneeling before him. "Do you not know me?"

A slight tremble passed through the frame of the old man. His mouth opened and the wonderful vision which was before him faded into the long distant past.

"My son, my son. Oh, Lazarus, my son. You have returned to me. Let us give thanks to the Lord. Oh, my son, my son!"

The Shades of Night

Continued from page 82

a lot of shadows flitting around out there.

There is also a little congestion around shortstop where I have three boys who do nothing but stop everything that comes that way and I have a few assorted boys scattered around the infield promiscuously, just in case. At the end of the inning the nine boys who do the batting come in to the bench and the others shadow waltz out to the center field fence and stay there until it's time to go to work again.

This is all very good because the Blues can't get anything safe but it is not so good for us because Mr. Sweeney is so fast in the dark that nobody ever sees the ball when he throws it. Consequently, we come into the ninth, 0-0. The Blues, of course, are up first but my boys have no trouble with them. They hit the ball but my wraiths are all over the place and nothing goes safe.

In our half my first boy up gets a base on balls. This is pure guess work on the part of the umpire, who can't possibly see what Mr. Sweeney is throwing, but after a prolonged row he maintains his stand and we have a man on first base. This makes Mr. Sweeney slow down a bit and my next boy sacrifices and the runner goes to second. Nobody sees him go to second but it is pretty certain that he is there because when the boy who bunts gets thrown out at first he returns to report that there is nobody there but the first baseman. My next boy strikes out. It is the last half of the ninth, we have a man on second and two out.

Well, sir, there was nothing to do but take a hand myself. I went up as a pinch hitter and shut my eyes and hit the first ball up against the left field fence for a triple. That won the game.

Mr. Bugmeister finished his story, sat back contentedly in his chair and then began to rock. Just before I went away I thought of something.

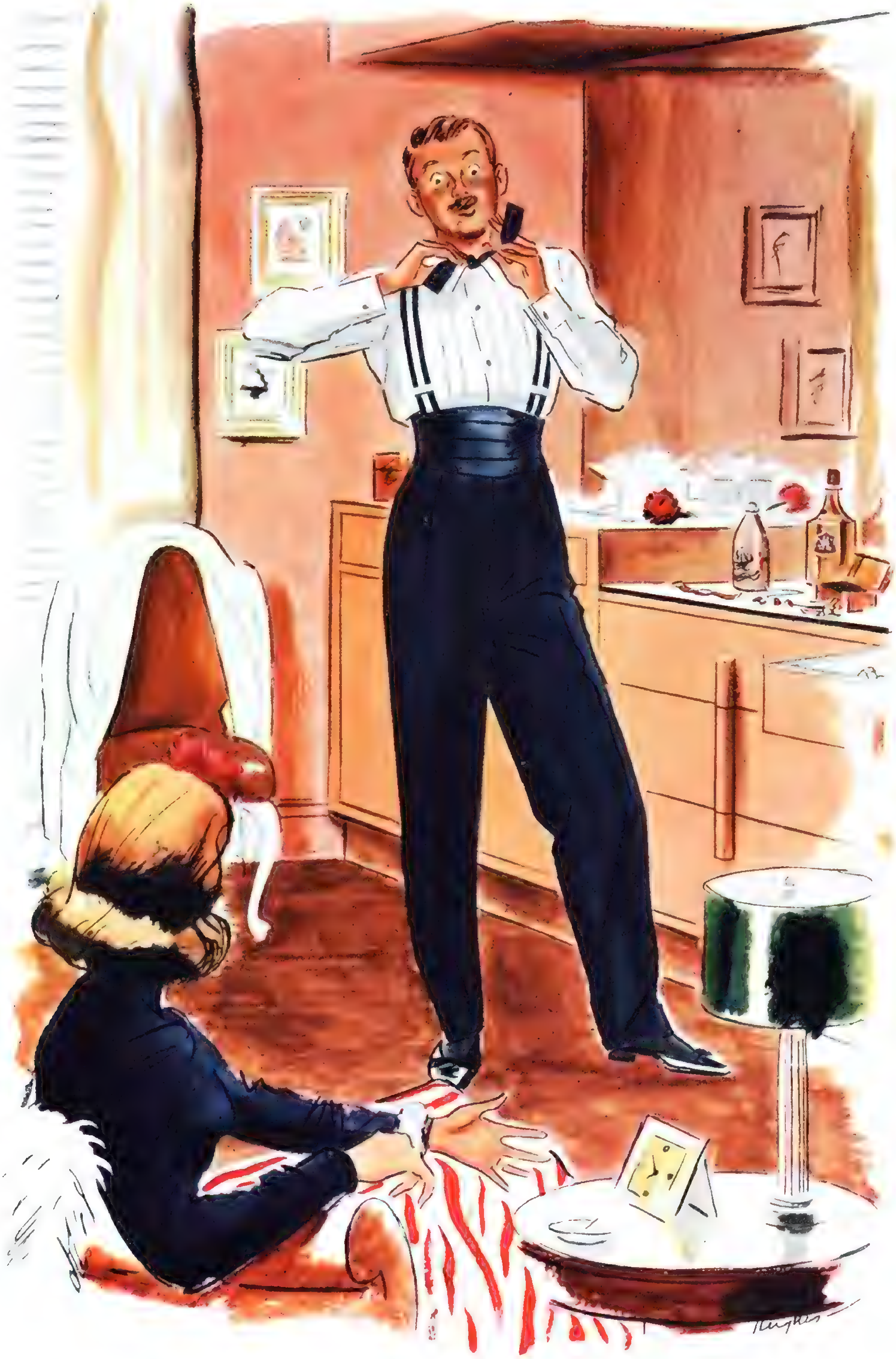
"But, Mr. Bugmeister, one thing more. I thought you said you promised that nobody would play but the colored boys. How do you explain your pinch hitting?"

"Oh, that," said Mr. Bugmeister, coasting to a rest and looking me hard in the eye. "That was entirely all right. In those days I was passing as an albino."

I wrote the story Sunday night and it appeared Monday morning and it was after three o'clock in the afternoon before the boss got hold of me. By that time he had received 527 indignant phone calls from Harlem and had been invited in to confer with the owner on the subject.

"The trouble with you," he said to me with a cold gleam in his eye, "is that you have too much imagination for your own safety. First you invent this horrible old creature and then you insult a large body of our readers. If you care to go to the trouble of looking it up you will find that an albino is not a colored person. Thus you not only insult the whole colored race but you start in on the white race. In view of these few matters, I think it will be better if you go back to your regular police court work . . . and of course at the old salary."

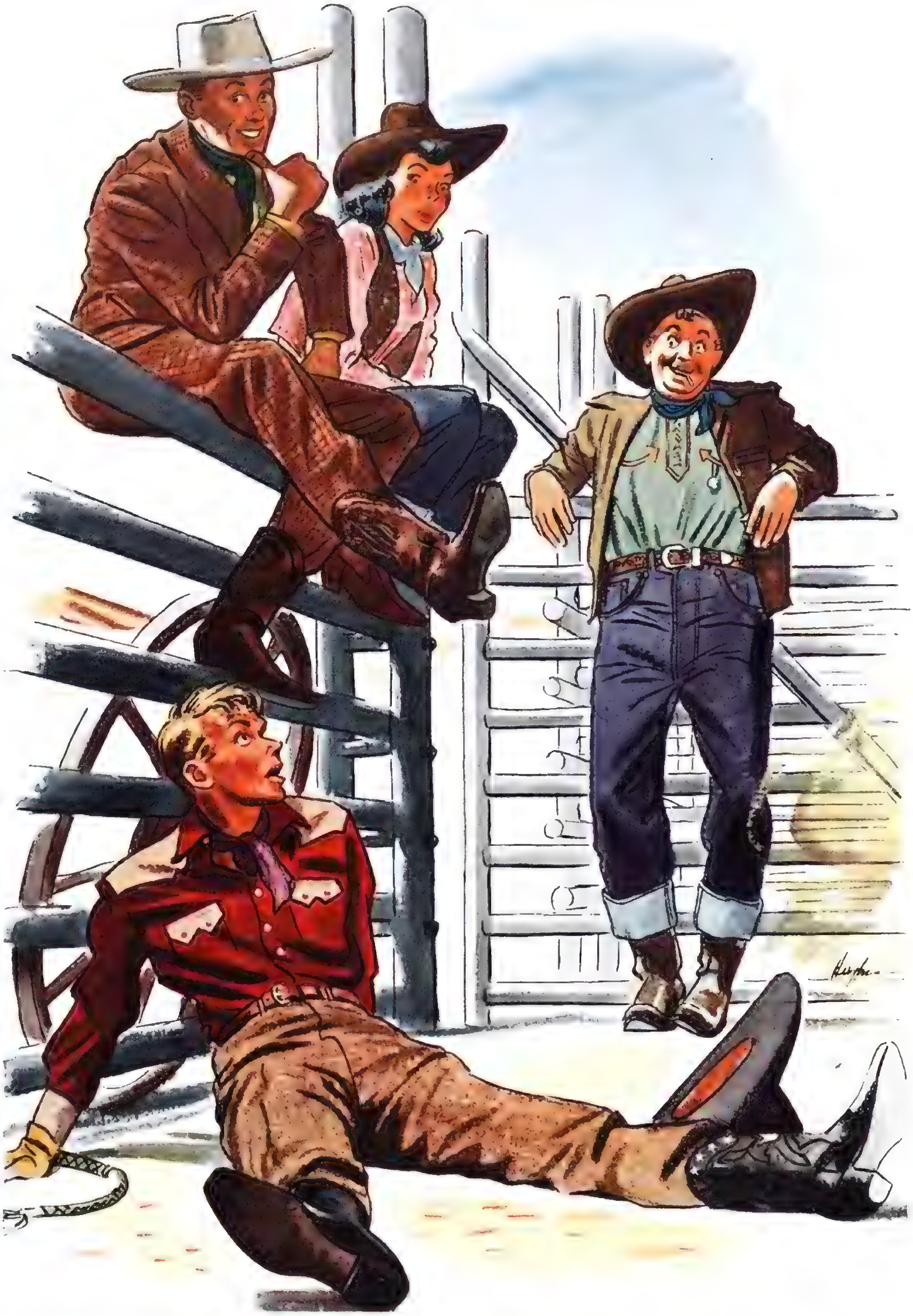
I went back to the precinct and about a month later Old Bugmeister called up to ask why I didn't come to see him anymore. I told him if he annoyed me again, I'd turn the police on him. I felt bad about it then and I don't feel any better now. That was three years ago and I'm still covering the 48th street station house and besides losing the ten-dollar raise, I've had a ten per cent cut. That shows what can happen when you go fooling around with an old liar like that.



flash: wife waits for husband

It's usually the man who has to wait for the woman, so this drawing presents a new twist. A second twist, not new, is being applied to the bow tie by the late-from-the-office husband. His red, white, and blue gowned wife, having all day to get ready, now has to wait for him. When his midnight blue tie is completely tied, it will show medium length ends. The pleated bosom dress shirt has a thin voile body for comfort. The midnight blue stone studs and cuff links establish a fashion alliance with the midnight blue silk cummerbund and tropical worsted dress trousers. The suspenders are boldly striped black and white webbing. Black silk socks and patent leather pumps combine correctly with this outfit. Draped over the chair is his white shawl collared dinner jacket of lightweight fabric. On the dresser: a red carnation, lotion, tonic and wrist watch.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



down on the ranch

Yes, it's first down—and three more to go. But despite the fact that this isn't football—the grounded dude rancher could no doubt use some padding. Though his attempt at bronco busting must be written off as unsuccessful because he permitted it to get him down, he is really *up* on his western clothes. His maroon shirt of lightweight wool is trimmed with tan wool, and he's even sporting a silk kerchief. His heavy twill worsted trousers are the frontier type, narrow cut especially for riding and tucking inside the western boots. A sturdy leather belt holds them up. Leaving our fallen hero, we note that the first railbird has on brown checked heavy worsted trousers with jacket to match, cowboy hat, green kerchief, cowboy boots. The second railbird is wearing the feminine version of the western clothes. Rounding out the foursome is the veteran hand leaning against the gate in obvious amusement. He sports a broad brimmed typically cowboy hat, slide fastened tan twill worsted jacket, shiny rayon shirt, kerchief, blue jeans cut for riding, tooled leather belt, western boots.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

House Organ of War

Continued from page 19

and the sober realities of war. Clinging to an open mind was the principal greatness of Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Moltke . . ."

Everything bearing on war finds space in the *Militär-Wochenblatt*. With the same care and in much the same style that physicians describe their unusual cases for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, officers discuss topics like *The Use of Weapons in Summer, Strategy of Raw Materials, The Delay in Successive Positions, Shock Troops, Marching, Defense Against Armored Vehicles, Ways and Means of Studying Military History, Simplification of Military Abbreviations, Education of the Soldier in Time of War*. In the last named, a 1940 article, company commanders were charged with inculcating conscripts with the Nazi reasons for being at war and convincing them of the "necessity of sacrifice."

Most articles are simply precise, technical discussions in which the hazards of battle are treated impersonally. Only rarely does a writer intimate that he and his readers may be doomed men. A Major Braun betrayed some feeling in an article titled *The Tragic Hour* in which he described the horror of the moment when the hitherto silent weapons of the defense open at short range on attacking infantry. Braun was arguing, however, not against the inhumanity of war but against the sacrifice of infantry when in many cases tanks might gain the same objective with less loss.

Surprisingly accurate articles on military forces and resources of other nations appear at intervals in the *Militär-Wochenblatt*. An issue appeared so soon after the Anschluss with an account of the strategic and economic importance to the Reich of the Austrian territory that many believed the article had been written in advance. Otto Tolischus filed a thousand words of it from Berlin to the *New York Times*.

The magazine published in 1937 a survey of Czechoslovakian tactical principles and also an article on the railroad connections between Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia. Even if she desired to do so, the writer concluded, Russia could not help Czechoslovakia because of the meager rail connections and the fact that the trackage of the countries was of different gauges. Russia apparently came to the same conclusion. Just four months before the Nazis crushed Poland, the *Militär-Wochenblatt* published a long article by Major General Zölss on *Poland and Her Army*.

While the magazine has been crowded lately with accounts of exploits in the European war, the editors have found space for a number of articles on military developments in the United States. Lest this be regarded as a distinction, it should be mentioned that there have also been articles on Brazil, Australia, China, Palestine, the Burma Road and other areas equally distant from Berlin.

A comprehensive account of United States Army maneuvers, illustrated by a map of upstate New York, appeared under the by-line of Col. Rudolf von Xylander. The magazine used a picture of a new U. S. field gun for one of its 1940 covers. It has also published accounts of U. S. infantry training, new bombing planes, the U. S. Military Academy, the Chemical Warfare School and the Coast Artillery School. The articles on the service schools were highly complimentary and plans of the U. S. Army to transport its severely wounded by plane from battlefield to base hospital, something which seems to have had little notice in this country, also were praised by a German writer.

Something of a furor resulted from two articles titled *Tank Construction in the U.S.A.* published in the *Militär-Wochenblatt* four years ago. After mentioning that the American army did not fear an immediate invasion and could afford the "luxury" of several months of mobilization, the author, one Bach, criticized American tanks at length.

"Tank and armored car construction in the United States fails to take advantage of the mistakes made by foreign designers," he wrote, "but foreign designers are always glad to profit by America's errors. The program is neither co-ordinated nor in harmony with tactical requirements.

"The designers ignore security of the crew, angles of armor and roadability. From a technical and engineering point of view, the tank program of the United States is interesting and contains many lessons of value but, from the standpoint of a soldier, it is a failure because it has not produced an adequate supply of practical tanks."

The facts and allegations which formed the basis for the articles had not previously been published in the United States—nor anywhere else in the world! #

When the Earth Trembles

Continued from page 47

times recently, and the New Madrid, Missouri quake of 1811 still ranks as one of the great seismic disturbances of the world. New England had a jiggle a year for more than a century. Boston has twice been badly damaged and Charleston likewise has two strikes on it. The Ohio Valley has frequent minor trouble. Illinois has been jostled eleven times since they started keeping track.

One of our outstanding quake stories concerns Lima, Ohio, which was shaken up a bit in 1884. Some damage resulted in that neighborhood, but the biggest surprise was in the nation's capital. Workmen on top of the then incomplete Washington Monument were rattled around like dice.

Kansas and Nebraska get bobbled around every once in a while. Louisiana had a perfect record from the day Ponce de Leon landed, but got a black mark in 1930. Texas gets not only its own quakes, but is frequently shaken by tremors starting below the border. Minnesota housewives had the preserves knocked off their shelves in 1917. Six years ago a quake centering north of the Great Salt Lake shook 170,000 square miles. Helena, Montana, and its vicinity, suffered three million dollars' worth of damage in 1935.

After a big quake at Yakutat Bay, Alaska, in September, 1899, the Geodetic Survey found that the shoreline had been lifted vertically forty-seven feet. At other points the land had dropped just as drastically. Avalanches crashed from the encircling mountains and a tidal wave swept in from the bay. No property damage resulted simply because there was practically nothing around to damage. No lives were lost, either, but a party of sourdoughs, camped near the foot of Yakutat Glacier only a few miles from the epicenter, really had a story to tell the tenderfeet when they got back to Juneau.

So now you understand why the crypt at Fordham must be kept in almost utter darkness and where the earth waves come from to register on its instruments. But there are dozens of other questions this priest will have to answer before the session ends. Where are shocks most prevalent? Why does the West have so many? Are our buildings safe? Can we get insurance? Is there any connection between seismic and volcanic activity? What is a seismologist? Why are so many stations run by Jesuits? Can an expert predict quakes?

And finally, Father Lynch, why does this poor earth of ours have earthquakes in the first place?

"That last one is hard to answer," the priest admits. "Twenty-five years ago we were pretty sure, but scientific advances since then have left us all upset.

"For example, we used to presume that quakes started close to the surface of the earth and that the cause was a fracture of some sort—a subterranean landslide, perhaps. Now we are finding that the 'epicenter' is frequently four or five hundred miles down. According to everything in the geology books, this would be a region of flow, where fractures would be hard to conceive. Consequently, we are puzzled about what causes earthquakes and a bit skeptical about where they originate.

"Have you ever been in San Francisco? Did you ever walk through the Presidio to the point where you overlook the Golden Gate and the world's longest suspension bridge? Part way up that slope you could have seen for yourself the cause of one important quake in our time.

"I stood there once with a famous seismologist while he pointed out, right across the landscape, the great San Andreas fault line. It curved around the base of the Marin County hills, dipped under the Golden Gate a few hundred yards beyond the great span and then cut through the Presidio. A spur swung eastward and came right up to our feet.

"The main line ran southward over some of the hills on which San Francisco is built and down the peninsula. We didn't bother to follow it further, but that single fault line continues almost to the Mexican border. There's potential disaster in every mile of that long break."

Faults are fractures in the earth's surface and are of two types, he goes on to explain. One slips up and down, as an elevator does. The other slides sideways, like a train pulling out of the station. The San Andreas trouble is of the train-and-station variety. In 1906 the locomotive moved sixteen feet while San Francisco stood on the platform. They still talk about the rumpus that resulted, only they call it "the fire."

"For a long time men have realized that most earthquakes occur in two particular belts. One runs from the Gulf of Mexico to the Mediterranean, Asia Minor and India. The other follows the Pacific rim right around from Cape Horn to Samoa, and is responsible for the seismic troubles of Chile, California, Alaska, Japan and the Dutch East Indies. The whole Pacific Ocean is particularly subject to quakes. The mountains around its shores and the tremendous 'deeps' in the center are partially responsible. The same forces that raised the ranges of peaks are still at work there."

When the earth trembles anywhere, the vibrations register in nearly eighty seismological stations scattered over this country. A third of them—maintained by Fordham, Georgetown, Loyola, Santa Clara and other Catholic colleges—are run by members of the Jesuit Seismological Association. Have you ever wondered why these priests are so active in the study of the earth and the sky? There is something of a story behind it.

"The Church," says Father Lynch, "has always interested herself in science, because natural science is the word of God as revealed in nature. It is part of her mission to go forth and teach that word to all nations."

When the priests tried to enter

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When the Earth Trembles

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China three hundred years ago, they could make no progress at first. Then, since the Chinese had a great interest in astronomy and mathematics, the Jesuits sent three young Italians skilled in these sciences. They not only gained official recognition, but eventually attained high government positions.

"Thus was cradled Christianity in China," Father Lynch points out. "The reason the Jesuits are so interested in seismology, therefore, is that by this means Our Lord may be better known."

For less pious reasons, twenty-five of our state and private universities operate seismic stations. Usually they are attached to the physics department and the records are sent to Washington for interpretation by government experts. Ten other installations, including those at Tucson, Arizona; Ukiah, California; Honolulu and San Juan, Puerto Rico, come directly under the Department of Commerce's Coast and Geodetic Survey, the central agency for all earthquake work in this country. A few foundations such as the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena and the Smithsonian Institution (which maintains a station at Montezuma, Chile) keep a record of quakes in addition to their other work.

One of Cal Tech's outstanding men is Beno Gutenberg, a German who came to this country on a visit a few years ago and called at Pasadena to see the seismic station. He has been there ever since. His reputation is great enough to live down the fact that he has never felt a quake. On March 10, 1933, he was strolling on Cal Tech campus with Albert Einstein while Long Beach was being demolished a few miles away. The first the two scientists knew about the disaster was when students rushed up with news that a building two blocks off had collapsed.

For the past five years or so, particular attention has been given to the problem of measuring "strong motion" near the center of bad quakes. Ordinary seismographs are so delicate that they jump off the paper if the shock is too great. The Coast and Geodetic Survey developed a machine to "plant" in likely spots. The first vibration sets it in motion and it then measures the magnitude of the earth waves. More than fifty have so far been installed, most of them in the San Francisco Bay area and around Los Angeles.

Of the other nations, Italy and Japan have the most seismic trouble and devote the most time to studying quakes. When Tokyo and Yokohama were wiped out in 1923, all but one of the seismographs at the Imperial University were put out of commission. Faculty members were seized by that peculiar terror that earthquakes generate. Buildings crashed around them. They had no way of learning what was happening to their homes and families. Nevertheless, they turned frantically to the task of repairing their delicate instruments first of all. The entire set was back in operation within half an hour and kept that way the following weeks of destruction.

Amazingly enough, that quake and its disastrous consequences had been predicted twenty years earlier. One of Japan's great seismologists, Dr. Imamura, studied historical records and geological conditions around Tokyo and reported evidence of definite cycles in seismic activity. On this basis he announced in 1905 that the capital was threatened by a destructive quake, adding that unless the fire-fighting system was improved the shock would be followed by a conflagration that might take a toll of 100,000 lives.

The complete fulfillment of this prognostication had in it the elements of a Shakespearean tragedy. One of the men who censured Imamura as a dangerous monomaniac was Dr. Omori, dean of Japanese seismologists. When, on September 1, 1923, the very thing that Imamura had predicted occurred, Omori was in Australia attending a scientific congress. The cables brought word of the great conflagration that swept the capital, the complete inadequacy of the fire-fighting equipment and the appalling loss of life (eventually the figure was put at 99,330). Dr. Omori started back to Japan. En route he became ill. A few weeks after his arrival in fire-blackened Tokyo, the great seismologist died. Doctors blamed pneumonia; his friends knew it was shame.

Japanese anticipate at least one serious quake during their lifetime. History proves the belief to be well founded; severe quakes have devastated the bigger cities once every sixty years or so. In the past four centuries, Tokyo has been partially destroyed half a dozen times. In any normal day the country has four perceptible shocks and a score of "microseisms." Dr. Imamura, as the result of his research, found Japan averages one "bad" quake every two and three-fourths years.

After 1923, Japanese architects made an intense study of the structures that survived the disaster, as well as those that fell. In Yokohama they found only one modern building standing (95 per cent of that city was knocked flat). It was a brick and concrete three-story structure erected a decade earlier by an American trading firm. The experts went over it with magnifying glasses, hammers and tape measures, testing every beam and joist. The lower part of the walls, they found, was stronger than the average. The building itself was fairly compact. Furthermore, the whole structure was securely tied together by sensible beams and solid joints. They checked these features with Tokyo edifices that had survived and with some that hadn't. Out of their findings came better and safer building laws for the world.

Today, we know that walls and foundations must be reinforced to stand up against a blow equal to ten per cent of the weight of the building. Moreover, the whole structure has to be built as a unit and bound together so that, when the earth trembles, all parts will vibrate in unison. Wall materials must hang in place through every up and down. Contractors found these changes added about fifteen per cent to a new building cost but insurance companies could once more hear the word "earthquake" without swooning.

One other rule seems obvious, but you would be surprised at how often property owners ignore it. Houses should never be built on top of known fault lines. A California family got the surprise of its life in 1906 when the living room and front porch of its home went out of sight down the road in less time than it takes to say San Andreas fault.

Since we are back in America again and talking about that notorious crack in the earth, I might as well pass on a bit of gossip. While the Golden Gate Bridge was still under construction, an effort was made to insure it. The span found itself in the same category as the steel-helmeted men erecting its towers and spinning its cables. The profession termed it a bad risk and brokers had a time placing the policy. Eventually, most of it went to London.

At the time of the quake in San Francisco, America had no real quake insurance, but policy holders were paid for their $400,000,000 worth of fire losses, even though the companies insisted they were not legally obligated to do so. The contracts expressly cleared them of liability in the case of "fallen buildings," apt description of most of the property involved.

Nowadays, special quake insurance is written. Unless you hold such a policy, you may not be able to collect next time a tremor comes rolling down from the Laurentian Shield.

American property owners pay from $200,000 to $500,000 a year for protection against quakes. Losses in 1937 totaled nearly $100,000. California provided 90 per cent of the premiums, but $35,000 worth of damage was done outside the western states. Since the government started keeping track in 1872, quakes have resulted in 1,001 deaths and $82,480,000 in property losses.

Most of the important buildings in New York, Boston and Philadelphia are insured. The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, for instance, has a $1,500,000 policy and the New York Stock Exchange will collect something if it is knocked down some night. The owners of the Chrysler Building carried insurance for some years, but recently gave it up.

Companies are reluctant to write quake insurance because they have only a hazy idea of what to expect. Seismologists hesitate about predicting; too many factors are involved. Research has indicated (but not proved) that tremors come in cycles. The theory is based on the belief that a definite amount of time is required to build up enough strain within the earth to cause an earthquake. This might permit long-term forecasting.

Along the Atlantic seaboard, they claim, disastrous tremors occur on an average of every 125 years. The Boston quakes of 1636 and 1755, the Charleston shock of 1886, the St. Lawrence upsets of 1925 and 1935 indicate there may be something in this. Around San Francisco and Los Angeles, the suspected cycle is about half that. The rocks on either side of the San Andreas fault, for example, were held in position by friction for nearly 60 years prior to 1906, although a terrific tendency to slip was building up around them. Then something happened to break the deadlock; the "trigger force," seismologists call it. It might have been an explosion, a separate quake or even the weather. The rock snapped sixteen feet into a more natural position and San Francisco took a beating.

Records seem to bear this out, but the only person known to have made a concrete prediction that worked was Dr. Omori, the Japanese expert. After the San Francisco quake, which was one of a series of severe shocks along the Pacific rim, he forecast "great quakes" in South America and the Aleutian Islands. Both occurred on the same day soon afterward.

"Earthquake prediction at present appears doubtful of accomplishment," Captain N. H. Heck, chief of the seismological division of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, will tell you. "However, it is not unlikely that after a period of accumulation of accurate data on great shocks we will know the events that lead up to them and will be able to anticipate to a certain degree, if not predict. This would greatly simplify the relief program and might make possible preventive measures that will reduce damage and loss of life."

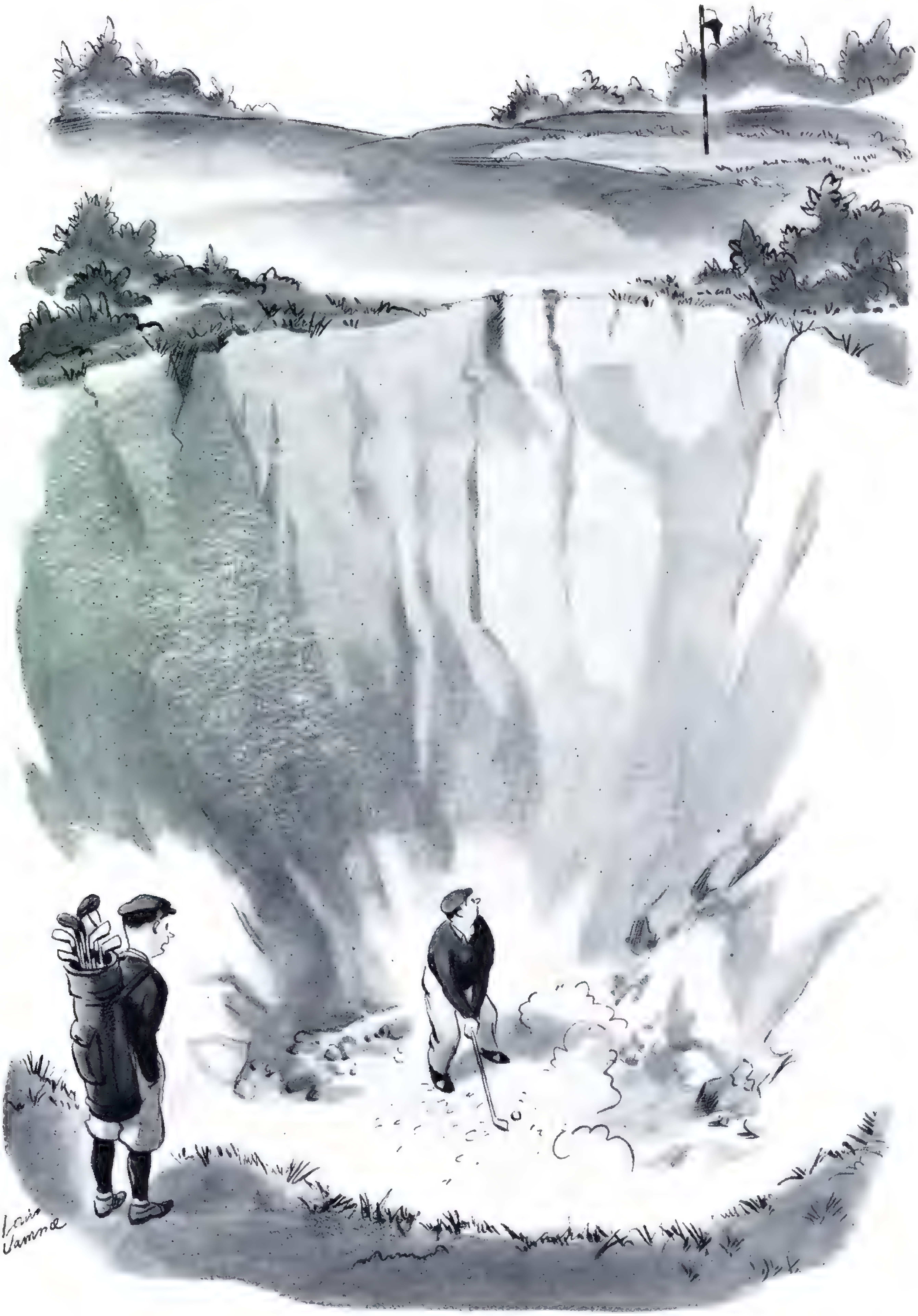
Out in San Francisco in 1906, a Chinese laundryman was warned against going back into his house after the first temblor.

"Be careful, Wong," a bystander told him. "There'll be another quake in a minute."

The celestial was skeptical, but the ground trembled again a moment later and a cornice crashed from a near-by building. Once more he was warned and for the third time the earth shook. Wong began to grow resentful.

"You savvy this business, all-lite," he told the bystander. "Why you no tell me about first one?"

And that is about where seismology stands today—trying to tell about the first one. ##



"It doesn't make any difference which club you use here"

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 81

here is the long-promised recipe.

CHICKEN CURRY (For Six)

Two five pound fowls each boiled and minced.

Sauce Curry:
2 medium sized chopped onions
2 cloves of garlic
2 celery stalks, diced
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoonful powdered mace
2½ teaspoonfuls powdered curry
1 quart chicken broth
Few sprigs of parsley
½ teaspoonful mustard powder
4 tablespoonfuls flour
2 green apples, diced
½ lb. sweet butter
½ lb. chopped raw ham
½ pint coconut milk
1 pint heavy sweet cream
2 tablespoonfuls chopped chutney

Place the above sauce ingredients (except flour, mace, curry powder and liquid) in a large saucepan. Mix thoroughly. Cook vigorously for eight minutes. Add flour, mace and curry powder and cook again four more minutes, add the chicken broth and coconut milk, bring it to a boil and let it cook slowly for one hour. Then strain into another pan. Place the minced chicken in a saucepan, pour the sauce over, let it boil about ten minutes and serve hot with boiled rice separately. A tray of condiments should accompany chicken curry; this should consist of shredded cooked bacon, chutney, shredded coconut, Bombay duck, roasted peanuts, and chopped hard boiled eggs. The best chutneys are Ahmuty's or Daw Sens of Calcutta; the chutney absolutely *hors concours* is Vencatachellem, but there is difficulty obtaining it in this country.

This curry recipe does not come from the Rajah of Mandi—it comes from a veritable rajah among chefs, Monsieur Alfred La Grange of a famous New York restaurant. Recently I spent an enjoyable few hours in his company. I learned that he hails from Périgord, the corner of France where great chefs come from, and that he cooks rather according to the teachings of the late great Prosper Montagné, and not as most other chefs who swear by Escoffier. The school of Montagné is supposed to be more refined. Monsieur La Grange fully approved of chicken curry as a warm summer dish, light, agreeable and appetizing.

As regards amateur chefs, the finest I have had the good fortune to encounter is a young man, Sterling Noel, editor of a New York newspaper, who hurries home from his office at four p. m. to start his creations in the kitchenette. He invited me to dine one pleasant spring day and he prepared a grand warm-weather dish. It was a Beef Tongue, and presently I shall let you have Mr. Noel's recipe for it. He does not play the prima donna as so many amateur chefs like to do; he simply sits around in his living room having drinks with his guests, now and then disappearing to see how his pans are behaving. He doesn't even wear an apron. As for a truly gracious prima donna there is his wife, Nancy Noel, who sings at the Elysée Hotel.

BEEF TONGUE À LA NOEL

Blanch the tongue by boiling it for twenty minutes; then skin it by scraping off the outside skin; sauté two small onions and a crushed clove of garlic in butter until brown. Add a half a pint of beef stock. Place tongue in a roasting pan, pour over the onion-garlic sauce and put it in a medium hot oven. After it has cooked for an hour, add a half pint of California Burgundy. Cook for another two hours. Fifteen minutes before it is ready add another glassful of wine. Skim the fat and strain the sauce. Thicken with roux. Serve tongue and gravy separately.

This tongue was so tender it separated at the touch of a fork. The flavor was very delicate and full of guile. Noel furthermore possesses the only "two-mouthed" gravy vessel I have seen on these shores, though in France they used to be in every home. These particular gravy vessels have one mouth placed high up near the brim, the other at a much lower point. And since the fatty part of the sauce is on top and the lean liquid remains at the bottom, one can obtain either consistency of gravy from the appropriate spout.

Since in a man's magazine it is advisable to speak of the ladies, let me give you a short account of some very young ones—the Girl Scouts' Fish Cooking Contest, held under the auspices of the New York State Fishery Council at the Ritz-Carlton. I had the honor to be a judge and, I gladly showed up at the appointed hour more punctually than is my habit.

I was the only man among a score of food columnists who acted as judges but the dishes the Girl Scouts cooked were so absorbing, that the ladies did not even notice me. Only Mrs. Wendell Willkie, a fellow judge, was resolved to do that certain one good deed a day, and gave me a radiant smile; whereupon I assured the lady that the photographs don't do her justice; that she is much more beautiful. And this was not an empty compliment either. It is the truth.

First prize went to Beatrice Vlach, a little girl of fourteen of Czechoslovakian origin. Here is her recipe for Filet Flounder Hollandaise; it was really delicious.

Put half of a chopped carrot and a quarter of a small onion in salted water and boil slowly. Wash and dry the fish, salt it, and roll and fasten it with the aid of toothpicks; then cook it in the boiling water for ten minutes over medium flame. While the fish is cooking make your sauce the following way: Melt—do not brown—one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in it a half tablespoonful of flour, one egg yolk mixed with one-eighth cup of milk, a few drops of lemon, pepper and salt to taste, and four tablespoonfuls of water in which the fish was cooked. Pour the sauce over the fish.

In talking about such sweet and gentle fun, I might be accused of mending my ways, and I don't deserve that, as yet. So let me hurry you over to the Barberry Room, not merely because of the contrast in merriment, but because I have found some of the lightest and most interesting hot-weather fare there. Dolores Del Rio, who lunches there nearly every day, generally has Brizola Steak, which is best on warm days. It is just a piece of well-pounded steak, thinner than a so-called Minute, broiled absolutely plain on charcoal, without any butter. Norman Bel Geddes, the decorator, is addicted to the Barberry Room's smoked Boar's Ham served with Greek figs. (And chilled Vodka.) Boar's Ham resembles Prosciutto ham but is even tastier. Captain Molyneux, favors Crab Meat au Gratin. Jim Moriarity, the owner, told me that the best summer breakfast he knows of is a large glass of orange juice with two egg yolks mixed in it. It cools you, wakes you up, and gives you the necessary nourishment on a sultry morning. The grandest drink on dogdays is Gin and Tonic water according to Jim, who ought to know.

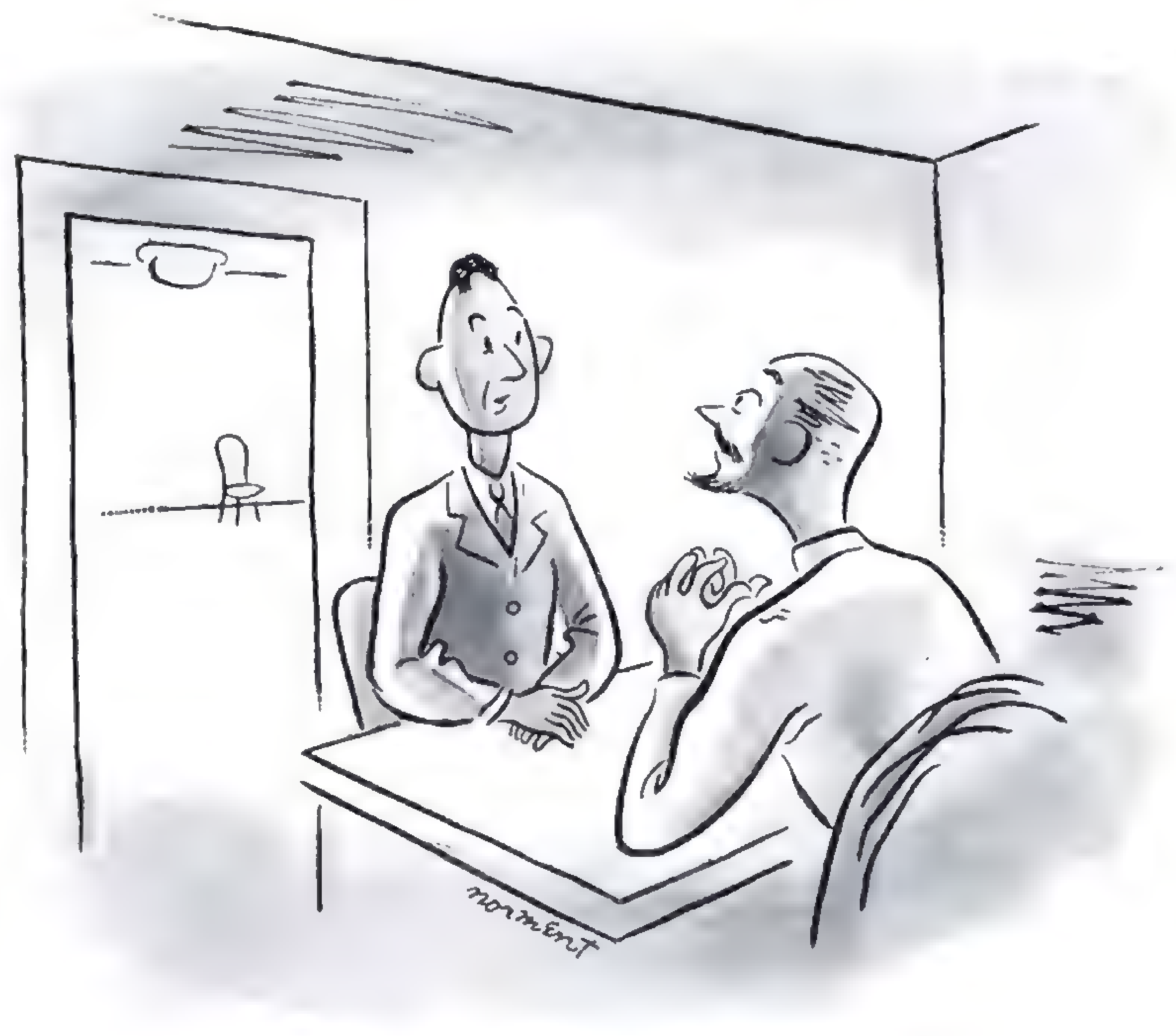
With all the foregoing pleasantry I was just leading up to the really serious purpose of this article—to warn you that you have no business to overcrowd your stomach, in the summer months. According to up-to-date medical knowledge, the aging process can actually be retarded by moderate eating. If you want to stay young longer, adopt a diet of a liberal amount of proteins, moderate restriction of carbohydrates, severe restriction of fats, a reasonable quantity of liquids and free utilization of *natural* sources of vitamins. If you would examine your diet after reading the above paragraph, perhaps you'd find out that you are not eating according to this program at all. People often try to save on their meals and that is the great trouble—the intake of protein is insufficient because of the higher price, while the intake of carbohydrates (bread, cake, cereals, candy, etc.) is in excess because of cheapness and pleasing taste. The great longing for fats comes from its palatability and satisfying effect; and the new vogue of overdosing with artificial vitamins often proves harmful.

Another great fault of mankind is that we all drink too much. I don't necessarily mean alcoholic beverages, but too much coffee, tea, milk, water, soft drinks, soups, juices, besides beer, wine, gin and whiskey. Of course, men, who indulge in sports or who work under the hot sun, perspire, and lose salt through the process. And since the body demands the replacement of this salt, in many large factories workers are given salt tablets to dissolve in water and swallow. Yet I can't warn you enough as regards drinking too much in the heat. You may be compared to the water lily—it gets wet, develops quickly and then dies just as rapidly. Getting good and drunk once a month does not hurt; eating the biggest steak once a week does not hurt. However, the steady drinker and steady overeater wears down the body's vitality.

One of the secrets of perpetual youth is to supply all the cells of the body with food, while at the same time ridding them thoroughly of all waste matter. You might as well learn that the retention of water and mineral waste in the body is responsible for the acceleration of age. And with the proper diet as advocated above, the composition of the tissues of our human organism can be regulated so as to prevent retention of waste matter. Remember the old French idiom: "Cuisine c'est la médicine—c'est la médicine préventive la meilleure."

For the summer months I suggest for you lean meat, bread (watch for the new kind containing Vitamin B¹), salads, raw greens, especially water cress (one of the best elixirs of life), fruits, garlic, onions, milk, cheese. Don't as a rule take more than one and a half quarts of liquid a day.

I suggest for myself a Smithfield Virginia ham, cooked especially for me at Ugobono's the famous Greenwich Village delicatessen, and I'll cut me a thick fatty slice just as soon as I've finished admonishing you. Who wants to live forever, anyhow! ##



"My hat keeps blowing off, doctor"

The Widow's Son

Continued from page 52

about due for some luck in the Red Penny Saloon's backroom poker game.

The smoke was coming out of the chimney as usual when I reached the Grimshaw place. The widow came to the door right away and I said, "As it happened, Ma'am, I was just thinking about going to town when the Crites boy gave me your message. So I stopped in."

She smiled very prettily and said she hoped I hadn't gone out of my way and would I come in and sit down. She left the room and came back with a bottle of very fair bourbon and told me to help myself. It came from a barrel her husband had left behind when he died, she said; she didn't use it herself but a man always seemed to like a touch of good whiskey.

"I was never one to condemn it if you're careful," I said.

We talked about one thing and another and finally she told me her boy was in trouble. It didn't amount to a thing and fairly made me boil to hear about it. This boy of hers had shot a few pigeons for eating, out of season, and the new warden had happened around and run him in. They had him in jail and the judge had put more bail on him than they could raise easy in cash. I told her what I thought of a warden like that. Why, a few years back no one had ever heard of game limits. The way the new law was there'd be so much game of all kinds in a few years it would own the country and run you out of it. I thought I'd just like to have that warden come around and bother me when I was getting a little meat or fowl in—well, there was no danger of him risking that with any of the old timers. He just picked on the helpless.

"And I can assure you, ma'am," I said, "I'll see the Judge this evening. He's a good fellow and it ain't his fault the laws they make. I think I can tell you now it'll be all right and you needn't worry."

I never heard so much thanks in my life. Yet, she didn't overdo it. Listening to her I felt good all over. Then I had one more drink at her insistence and left for town. At the turn of the trail I looked back and she waved to me from her porch. I waved back and thought it made a very homey picture, like a postcard almost, her standing there by the house in her clean apron, looking as if she was getting ready to cook a fine meal.

Just as a matter of form I went to the judge's office. As I expected he wasn't there. I finally ran him down in the back of Hussing's drug store, playing two-handed pinochle with Jed Hussing.

I said, "How goes it, Judge?"

"Well, glad to see you, Dave," he said. "How's the lone wolf? Keeping yourself fed proper and the dishes washed up nice?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm a better cook than most women I know. And I know when I'm well off."

"You mean you're so ugly no woman'd have you. Have a drink, Dave?"

"I'll do that, thanks. But I'm here on business."

The Judge looked sad—he was never a man for business. But you couldn't have found a better man for judge. He was over six feet and carried two hundred and thirty pounds, none of it fat, and the finest set of whiskers and head of hair you could ask for.

"Well," he said, "state your business prompt, Dave."

"It's about the Grimshaw boy. The one they got in the can for shooting a couple of measly pigeons out of season—and I might say he must've been using a slingshot for if a man let go with a shotgun shell he'd get him fifty, the country's so full of 'em now, all raising hell with the crops. I got my opinion of a law and a warden that picks on a poor young boy who's the sole support of a widowed mother for trying to get something fit to eat in the house."

"The law's the law, Dave," the Judge said. "And we got to protect the game. The animals of the forest and the birds of the air and the fish of the streams belong not only to ourselves but to posterity."

I overlooked that, though it was certainly a pretty sentiment and no man could have said it better. But I said, "Let's be practical, Judge. Why, if I remember correctly you yourself enjoyed the venison you had at my place two months ago—and it's a long way to open season."

The Judge coughed and poured himself a drink. He looked at Jed Hussing, who was grinning. "Well," he said, "since you ask it, Dave, and in view of the circumstances, which were previously unknown to me—I was very busy and maybe I didn't give this case the attention it merited—though you may be sure that in the course of time I would have thoroughly analyzed it in every phase—" the Judge stopped. He'd got a little mixed and it was time for a fresh start.

"Yes, Judge?"

"I think in this case," he said, "we may extend mercy. I'll let him off with a warning."

"Right away, Judge?"

The Judge sighed. "Soon as I finish this game, damn you, Dave."

"That's fine, Judge. I thank you. And I'll have a bit more whiskey if you don't mind. I thank you for the widow Grimshaw and myself."

The Judge grinned at me and nodded his head slowly up and down the way he does when he's being lenient with somebody in court. "Seems to me you're mighty pally with the widow, Dave."

"A man can't do a neighbor a good turn ain't much of a man."

"Well," the Judge said, "read the sign posts, Dave."

I said, "Listen, Judge. I'm forty-eight come month after next. I've led a life that's mighty satisfactory to me, generally speaking, I've seen my share of skirts. So don't let it keep you awake."

"Be that as it may, Dave, you're interrupting a very nice little game of cards. It's up to you to either take a hand or leave us to our innocent amusement."

So I left.

I got started pretty late next morning after a good night at poker and it was mid-afternoon when I reached the Grimshaw's place. I saw the good news had preceded me; the boy was working with a hammer and saw repairing a broken porch rail. He looked at me and stood about for a minute with his hands all full of fingers, then came over looking embarrassed and kind of mad. He was a big kid, maybe two inches taller than me. Give him a little of the right kind of training and he'd be a good man for your side in a fight, I thought. Only things was getting so advanced now that all you had to do was double up your fists and the sheriff was warning you. In the old days—but as Jed Tolliver said, it's progress.

"Glad to see you, boy," I said. "Everything all right?"

"I guess so. I ought to thank you, Mr. Waring."

I saw he was trying to be nice and clapped him on the shoulder. "No thanks needed," I said. "Just don't do any more shooting out of season—at least not until you're good and sure there's no wardens around trying to get good people into trouble."

"Well now, that's certainly good advice to give him, Mr. Waring," said a pleasantly sarcastic voice behind me and I turned to face the widow. She had on a nice, bright newly ironed gingham dress and she looked fine. I took off my hat and said, "I guess I ain't the best man in the world to give advice to anybody, Mrs. Grimshaw. I guess I ain't much for this progress everybody talks about."

"Pshaw!" the widow said. "You're just bluffing. You're as much for real progress as anybody. But I haven't thanked you for what you did. And I do, from the bottom of a full heart."

I was embarrassed then. Because you could see she really meant it and here I hadn't done anything even worth mentioning. "Glad to be of service," I said, "no matter how small."

She urged me in for more of the bourbon and I said I'd have to make it quick, what with work to do at home. But we sat around talking for a good three hours. She was a fine talker and told me a lot about herself and the place she'd come from and how well she and her husband had done until the drought came three years hand running. Then she got me to talking about the early days out here; asking much more intelligent questions than you'd expect of a woman. It was going on eleven and dark as the inside of a horse's stomach when I reached home.

The next day another of the Crites boys came by, toward evening. He handed me a neatly wrapped box that the widow Grimshaw had asked him to leave with me. I took it inside and opened it and there was two jars of the bourbon and two wild blackberry pies. They were still even a little warm. There was a note too: "A very small token of my grateful appreciation.—Beatrice Grimshaw." An unusual, very pretty name, Beatrice, I thought. And they were first-class pies. I ate one entire at once, not bothering about the rest of dinner. A man alone doesn't get much of good desserts.

It was a month before I stopped at the widow's house again. And as soon as she opened the door I saw by her look there was trouble.

We said hello, and this and that, and then, having a pretty fair hunch what the trouble was, I asked about Phil.

I thought she was going to cry, but she didn't. "Mr. Waring, he's in jail again."

"Mmm," I said. "And why didn't you tell me? When did it happen?"

"I wanted to tell you. But I couldn't bear to send word and bother you—after all, my troubles are no concern of yours. Anyway it only happened yesterday. That is, it happened day before that, really, but they only arrested him yesterday."

I rolled a cigarette and poured a small bourbon. "Well, it ain't probably a thing to worry too much about. Now you tell me."

So she told me. He'd been off some place and coming home he'd crossed Tolly Cranston's place, going through one of the gates. I won't bother to describe Cranston—I'll just say he's pretty close to holding a record for meanness. The boy met Cranston and they had a run in and the upshot was young Phil knocked the so-and-so heels over breakfast. The widow was a little vague about the details because Phil hadn't told her about it and she only knew what she'd managed to get out of him between the time the deputy came with the warrant Cranston had sworn out and the time he took him to town.

I got up and said, "I'll look into it soon as I hit town. Don't worry."

"But Mr. Waring," she said, and her voice trembled. I patted her shoulder and hurried off. A woman crying is out of my line.

The Judge was pretty severe when I found him. There wasn't anything he could do, he said, but teach the boy a lesson. After all it was the second time and he'd trespassed on a respected citizen's property and knocked two teeth out when the said citizen had remonstrated.

I just laughed. "If Cranston is a respected citizen," I said, "you're looking straight at the next Governor. There isn't a man knows him well in the county would sign a certificate saying he was anything but a grade-A louse. And I can just imagine how he remon-

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The Widow's Son

Continued from pages 52-129

strated with the boy—by calling him everything under the sun, I got an idea."

"Now, Dave," the Judge said, "this is all beside the point. The law's the law. And I got to enforce it."

"Well," I said, "It's your conscience. I seem to remember a time when you was quite a man with your fists, law or no law. And I remember too when you said once you got to administer the law with an eye to common sense. I guess maybe so many things have changed you've changed too."

"Now, Dave. You know I hate Cranston's ugly guts as much as anybody. And I've got nothing much against the boy—all of us was a little wild once, Dave. But—"

"I suppose there's no use talking about it," I said. "Let Mrs. Grimshaw starve. Put the boy in jail. That's justice all right."

I knew I had him. I can always tell. He gave in slowly but it was a walkaway. Only, he said at the end, only I had to understand this was the last time. Twice was enough.

"I'll fix that," I said. "And it might be an idea if we went over to the saloon and had a little one. I'm obligated to you for a drink last time."

"Well, Dave, you've said worse things than that."

"And then," I said, "We'll go over to your office and you can fix it all up the legal way and give him the talking to you got in mind and let him go."

"Red's got a new rye," the judge said. "It smells better than flowers. It's so good I quit using beer to chase it down."

This time when I stopped at the widow's place on the way home, you'd have thought I was President. I was afraid I'd have to go right back and get me a hat a half-dozen sizes larger. There was nothing for it but she had to kill a pair of chickens and make some beaten biscuit for dinner. I tried to talk her out of it but I might just as well have argued with a mountain.

"You can just sit down there and smoke and help yourself to the bottle, Dave Waring," she said. "There's nothing so particular calling you home you can't put it off long enough to eat. You're looking pretty scrawny anyhow. Like as not you don't eat anything but bacon and beans. I know how men live alone, and it isn't healthy."

"I used to have quite a little reputation as a cook," I said, "but a man does get lazy sometimes. And fancy cooking is tasty, I got to admit that."

"There's no sense in a man worth anything living all his life alone," she said.

I felt like I'd been touched with a spur. I thought, Good Lord, I hope she isn't—I looked up and she was just smiling at me in her friendly, motherly way, and I knew she wasn't. "Well," I said, "some is the marrying sort and some isn't. And that's about all you can say about it."

"In my opinion it's the women's loss when a man like you dodges the halter. But talking about these idle things doesn't grease any fryers. You'll find a paper over there—San Francisco paper only a week old. Now I'm going to work."

So I sat there and smoked and read the paper and had two or three drinks of that fine bourbon and before I knew it she called me in for dinner. Her boy wasn't there—when I got him out he said he knew of a job he could get out of town a way and for me to tell his mother he'd be home in a few days with money clinking in his pocket. She had real linen on the table and the prettiest silverware I ever saw. She looked sort of sad when I mentioned it—it had been a wedding present, she said, and she had little opportunity to use it any more. Time was when she and her husband had done a good bit of entertaining. But that was water over the dam and no use in fretting about it.

"A good sentiment," I said. "I always blame people who sit around worrying about things gone, when they can't help them."

There was one chicken we hardly touched at all and she insisted I take it along with me when I left. She held out her hand and I shook it and she said, 'If you ever want a testimonial, Dave Waring, just call on me."

"Oh," I said, "it ain't nothing."

"You better go," she said, "before I lick you like a little boy for being so modest you make a body feel sick. Any man who can handle things the way you do and has the kindness of heart you have—well, a man like that doesn't have to be modest before anybody."

While I was trying to think up something to say I noticed we were still shaking hands. So I just let go of her hand and said goodbye and rode off without looking back.

It was only three days later I saw her again. I was working on some fencing and when I stopped to rest I saw her coming down the trail, riding side-saddle. I knew right off the bat it was something important or she wouldn't have come—she wasn't much of a horsewoman and the nag she was riding looked like A-1 material for a glue factory. She began talking when I was still fifty feet away.

"Mr. Waring," she said, "I don't know you'll ever forgive me for this intrusion, Mr. Waring, and there's no reason why you should, but Phil's in the most awful trouble. They've got him in jail again and I just heard about it and I had to come and see you right away—me knowing nobody but you around here who could help me. And I surely don't know any reason why you should and if you tell me to turn around and scat it's only your right and I could never blame you for it. Except—"

Finally I managed to get the story out of her. It was quite a job. But I took her inside the shack and made her sit down and got her a glass of water. I felt pretty ashamed of the way the shack looked—it wasn't neat and pretty like her place. But she had no eye for such things now. It seems the boy had come off his job with a few dollars and got himself in the black-jack game at the Arizona Bar. And he'd had a few drinks and lost a little money. Then he'd got the idea he'd been cheated and had gone to work on the dealer. The upshot was the dealer had a broken jaw and a terrible looking face and the bar was minus quite a few glasses and a big mirror due to the abandon with which he had tossed chairs and spittoons around. The damage to the bar was estimated at three hundred dollars. There was no official estimate on the damage to the dealer, but according to him it was plenty.

"Well," I said, "like as not he was cheated. The Arizona's got quite a reputation that way and as for Queen High Sam, the dealer—well, they say he can make a deck of cards swing. But that's a hard thing to prove on anybody and when you break up a place on supposition it don't go well. Particularly—" I was about to speak of the trouble he'd been in before, but let it go at that.

She sighed, and I thought, few women could ride so far and look as clean and neat as she did. "I know," she said, "it'll probably mean a jail sentence for him and there's probably nothing anybody can do about it. And I'll thank you for your kindness and apologize for coming to you like this, but I guess—I was all of a panic and had to tell somebody about it. I'll be getting along home now—"

"We won't give up like that," I said. "You just wait till I get the mare saddled. I think I'll give you another horse to ride—that thing you got, if you'll pardon my frankness, ain't exactly one to inspire confidence. We'll go to town and look things over."

It was a slow trip, holding back for her. We didn't talk much. And when we got to town I had her wait in the Antlers Hotel while I looked up the Judge. I sort of dreaded it this time. I knew all the arguments he had. And he knew all mine.

I finally found him passing the time of day over a bottle in the backroom of Tom Martin's Clothing Emporium. I made him come up to his office with me, and he went right into the subject without any prompting.

"Dave," he said, "if you're on behalf of that Grimshaw boy again—that nascent criminal, that eighteen-year-old blot on the citizenry of this county—you're here in vain. So if that's why you want to see me, save your breath for a better cause."

"That's why I'm here, Judge," I said, "and I got plenty of extra breath. And I'll say you know as well as I do the Arizona's so crooked you'd have to use a corkscrew to fix its boundary lines."

The Judge wasn't impressed. He lit a cigar and said, "Maybe and maybe not. But the Arizona pays taxes in this county and state, and from the legal point of view it's a respectable establishment. When a young bandit wrecks it—a young bandit with a previous record—and I will say here and now that I blame only myself for the mistaken sympathy I showed in the past in this case—why, there's got to be legal action. There's got to be an example made to show these other young squirts they can't get away with anything they please. There's got—"

I interrupted. "And they sold him liquor and him under age."

"Pshaw!" the Judge said. "He looked all of twenty-one. Some kids do. You can't expect a saloon man to always ask for a birth certificate."

From then on I pulled out all the stops on the organ. I pleaded. I described in harrowing detail the plight of the widow. I swore up and down it wouldn't happen again. And I got nowhere at train speed.

The Judge stood up. "It's no use, Dave. My mind's made up."

I hadn't tried blackmail. "I seem to remember," I said slowly, "that someone told me once that when you was a young 'un in the middle west—"

"That's as may be, Waring," the Judge said. "I wasn't up to a court of justice three times in a month."

I dropped that line quick. When the Judge calls you by your last name, look out.

So I came to the last resort. "Listen, Judge," I said. "Listen. We're old friends. If I guarantee you, one hundred per cent and absolutely, that he'll never get in trouble again, will you let him go this once? I'll pay reasonable damages myself to the Arizona—much as it pains me to do anything for that dive."

The Judge shook his head. "You can't do it, Dave. You got no way to do it. You aren't his father or his guardian. It's no good."

"That ain't answering a straight question, Judge," I said. "If I could do that to your full satisfaction—me being an old friend of thirty years standing almost—would you do it?"

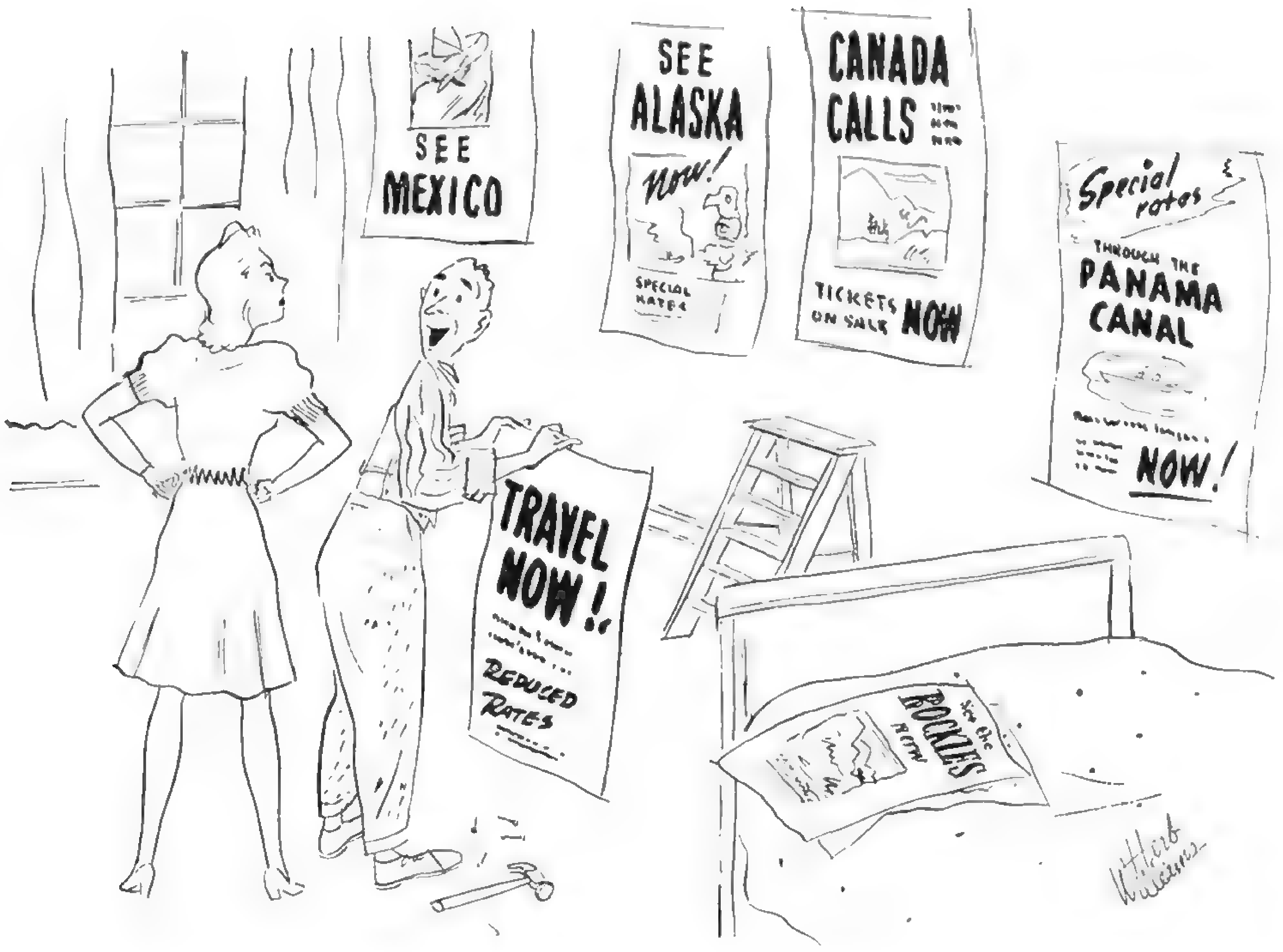
The Judge put out his cigar and drew a deep breath. "I would, Dave," he said. "But you can't do it."

I was on my feet quick. "Judge," I said, "give me a note to the deputy at the jail I'm to be let in the boy's cell. Just a few minutes—he won't be getting away. And wait here an hour. Maybe less. But I'll be back in an hour anyway."

"Listen, Dave," the Judge said. "What are you talking about? I got business—"

"Write the note," I said. "And I promise, an hour at the outside.

Continued at top of page 132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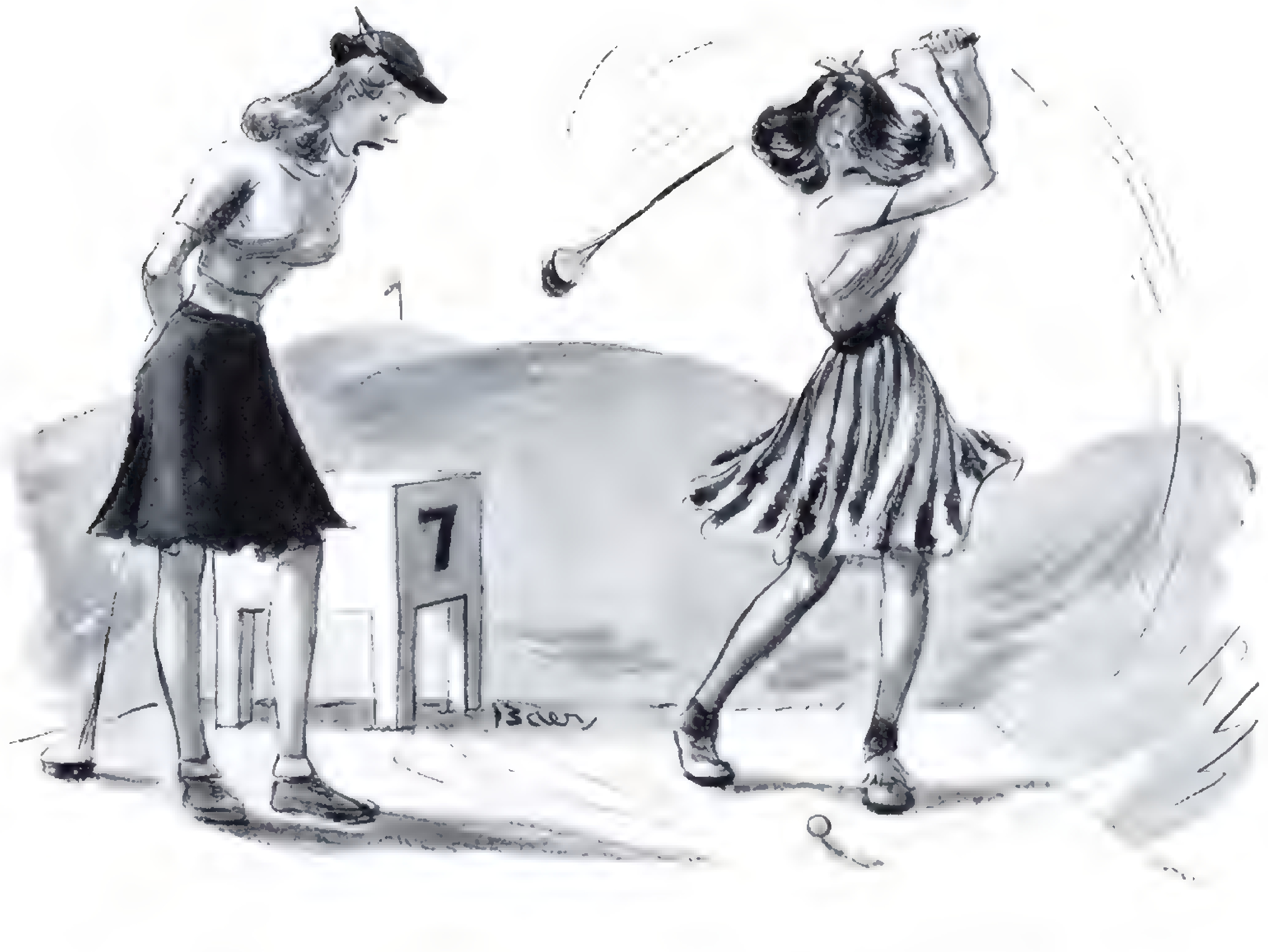
"Just thought I'd have the guest room all brightened up for your mother when she comes, dear"



"A new ball should certainly go farther than that"

The Widow's Son

Continued from pages 52-129-130

It ain't too much for an old friend to ask, is it?"

He didn't say another word. He wrote the note and watched me go.

The kid was sitting on the bench in his cell when the deputy let me in. He looked at me in a bored way until I walked over and jerked him onto his feet. Then he got his hands up ready to fight and I slapped them down.

"You made trouble enough. I don't know if anybody can get you out of this latest. But one way or the other, it's the end. You sober up respectable-like—or I'll break your neck myself."

Oh, he thought he was hard all right. He just laughed. "And what you got to say about it?" he sneered. "Didn't know you was a preacher, Waring."

"I can't tell you complete right this minute what I got to say. But I got a hunch it'll be enough. And in the meantime—hell, if you wasn't so frail and sissified I'd break your neck now."

He went for me then. He was a strong kid too. But he didn't know the tricks. Rough-and-tumble, the scientific kind, is something that takes years of experience. But I didn't hurt him much. I just pummeled him around a little then let him have a flying mare to the floor. He lay there, looking up at me like a frightened calf.

"Let this be a lesson to you," I said. "And don't ask for no more."

From there I went down to the Antlers and found the widow. I got her off in a quiet corner. I started to talk and found I was sweating like a horse, but not from the exertion. I didn't know how to go into it. Finally I just had to blurt it out. "Mrs. Grimshaw," I said, just realizing I should have said Beatrice, "I got something to say may sound funny, but—well, there's got to be some way to satisfy the Judge this boy of yours is being watched and controlled proper, and—"

We were at the Judge's office in just seventeen minutes under the hour I'd guaranteed. I never felt so foolish in my life answering the questions and when the Judge said at the end, "I now pronounce you man and wife," I could have dropped. He had to tell me it was time to kiss the bride.

The Judge followed suit, shook hands with me and said, "Mrs. Waring, (both of us giggled in a foolish way when he called her that in his fine deep voice) I will not deprive you long of the company of the happy groom, but there is an old custom here that says he must buy a drink, if you don't mind. And if you'll just make yourself at home here I'll see he does his part to keep the old custom alive."

"Well, Dave," the Judge said while crossing the street, "—so you're not the marrying kind."

"Well, Judge," I said, "what could I do? And I'll point out it was your own fault, you being so hard-hearted I was forced into—"

"Dave," the Judge interrupted, "tell me, Dave, just how would you have gone about it if you hadn't had the boy as an excuse?"

This Is Inside Trinidad

Continued from page 39

in front of his donkey's drooping ears. But maybe something passed between them, because when his voice and the donkey's clopclop were a block down the street, she began to talk too, apparently to a goat nibbling grass across the street. I was certain that in another moment the goat would begin to chat to the automobile parked near him, and that I myself would turn and babble All to the shop window, so I got out of there.

I was glad to get an advance loony-line on things from Susie O'Rourke. It helped me to understand some odd situations that came up later.

There was the time I spent an evening with the Throgmortons in their digs in the duppy hills. The Throgs, left a cocoa estate by a relative, came from England and tore down a good tropical bungalow to put up a "proper English house" exactly wrong for the tropics. They were so proud of their English fireplace that though the night was muggily warm they insisted on having a homey blaze. The firewood was green—it is hard to dry wood on the island—and soon the room was filled with smoke. Gasping and coughing, we were, through it all, ladies and gentlemen, and it never crept into the talk.

Raising mastiffs was mine host's hobby, and he brought in several pups. They balked and whined at the smoke, being, as he explained, "not yet proper English gentlemen." One of the pups promptly washed my face with a rough wet tongue. "He likes you," said Throggy. "You must have him then, of course." I protested that a traveler could hardly carry a baby mastiff around from island to island, but Throg insisted until it would have been insulting to refuse. An hour later, as I was leaving, he took me aside and said: "Well, perhaps you were right, old fellow. The dog is still a little too young. I'll just keep him for you a bit longer."

A few days later I heard from a mutual friend that Throggy had sold the pup. He apologized for Throg at great length. "He's really not parsimonious. He was really sincere, y'know, both in his original proffah and in his reconsideration. It's just living alone like that, uprooted as it wah, with nothing but good books you don't read and the radio full of evil tidings—Well, we English down here are bound to get a bit vague about things. We're all a little mad, you know."

A bit madder was Chudleigh, who invited Pokey the Pan-American pilot and me up to dinner. He lived practically in the bush, but Pokey, who knew him well, advised wearing a dinner jacket. Ordinarily Chudleigh lived in shirt and shorts, but an affair was an affair. Sure enough, our host greeted us at the door in his dinner clothes and sat us down to a couple of dry martinis and talk. Time wore on and no smell of food hung in the air. Finally Chud bestirred himself. "I say there, old chaps," he said, "I know you're planning to have dinner somewhere, so don't mind me. Leave whenever you like."

We left. There we were, out in the hills, miles from Port of Spain and its hotels. We had released our hired chauffeur until eleven o'clock, so we stumbled down the road in the night. "What's the matter with him?" I asked. "He seemed sane enough when we played tennis with him at the Club."

"I don't know," Pokey admitted. "They're a study, these British colonials. Now he'll totter into the kitchen, open a tin of sardines, mix himself a highball, and down the mess solemnly in his tux. Maybe he'll remember later, and maybe he won't. Anyway I know a screwy joint in the village down here. Nobody starves."

We found a grocery-and-etcetera store kept by a darkey named Pilsener Hobart where, standing up to the counter, we made a meal on tinned beef and rum cokes with most of the village gathered in the street to watch the two crazy whites in their fancy clothes. Pilsener, the white-haired ancient, was full of yarns to raise the hair, given two martinis followed by cuba libres. He maintained that long before our time he had served in a Philadelphia fire brigade, and whether he was talking about Philly afire and a-riot or about the goings on of local ghosts, he was affecting us almost as much as he was the white-eyeballed black population outside.

Pilsener was famous. You could come to his place, drink on credit, and borrow twenty-five dollars; he never turned down a man he knew, white, black or shaded. He trusted his fellow mortals without reserve, and was always paid back. As his habit was to drink with his steady customers, he was always stinking drunk on nights when trade was good, and hadn't the faintest idea next morning what he had paid out or taken in. So he made up a number of maximum bills at random and sent them around to everyone who might have been there. Those who had drunk or dipped into the till came in and settled.

Trinidad is like that. If it's a bit on the screwy side, it's openhanded, warm-hearted.

Being British, the island is, technically, at war. The natives are terribly worried and Britishly brave about that war. But being Trinidadian, they also manage to enjoy themselves. The colonials run around in their little cars with the card A.R.P. (Air Raid Precautions) on the windshield. They are very proud of that card, and delighted when blackouts—practice blackouts of course—give them a chance to rally round.

Every day is a round of cocktail parties, dances, bridge-socials and teas that collect for Bomber, Win the War, Red Cross, and a dozen other funds. All day and all night Trinidad jiggles to the snappy Calypso song, "Run your run, Adolf Hitler, run your run . . ." Platoons of volunteers march and drill in the streets. On corners you hear hot debates over whether it would be better to boil Hitler in Trinidad oil, or to thrust him into Asphalt Lake where he could sink to a dreadful conclusion. Trinidad feels important, and loves it.

There's always something going on in Trinidad, and whatever it is, and whoever you are, you're in on it. One day you're floating in the warm blue sea, eating a mango with one hand and paddling with the other. The next day you're pounding the boards with a crowd of mixed dancers in the hottest time, spiritually as well as physically, you'll ever have in your life. You go deep sea fishing, play tennis, and take a ride "Over the Saddle," looking down over hills into valleys shimmering green, neatly patterned to cocoa groves, fruit orchards, and sugar fields. You have tea and scones, calaloo soup and papayas. You "vacation" with the rest of Trinidad at neighboring Tobago and visit a coral reef with the Latours to peer at the mysterious undersea life of coral and tiny rainbow fish that nibble in a friendly way at your shoe laces. You attend a Hindu fire-walking ceremony, visit a Mohammedan mosque, palaver with black monks, and get serenaded by the Calypsos. You gasp at extravagant sunsets, and one evening a double rainbow arches over the Savannah like the finale of a Warner Brothers super production.

This is Trinidad—or a piece of it, at any rate. No one can paint Trinidad as a whole. There's too much to it, a bubbling, riotous melting pot, a seething mass of color under the tropical sun and the southern cross. When Uncle Sam's gobs, pilots, and leathernecks go down there to that naval-air base, they'll get drunk on something headier than planter's punch. And so will you, if you are foolish-lucky enough to pass through the Dragon's Mouths and expose yourself to the cockeyed kaleidoscopic carnival which is Trinidad's daily portion.

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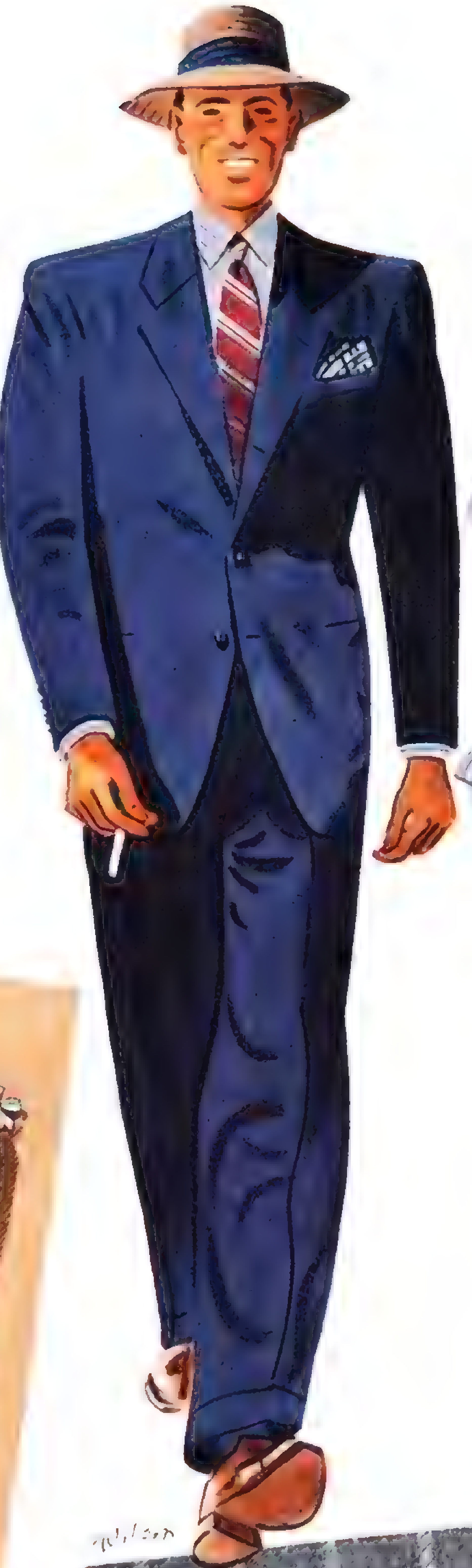
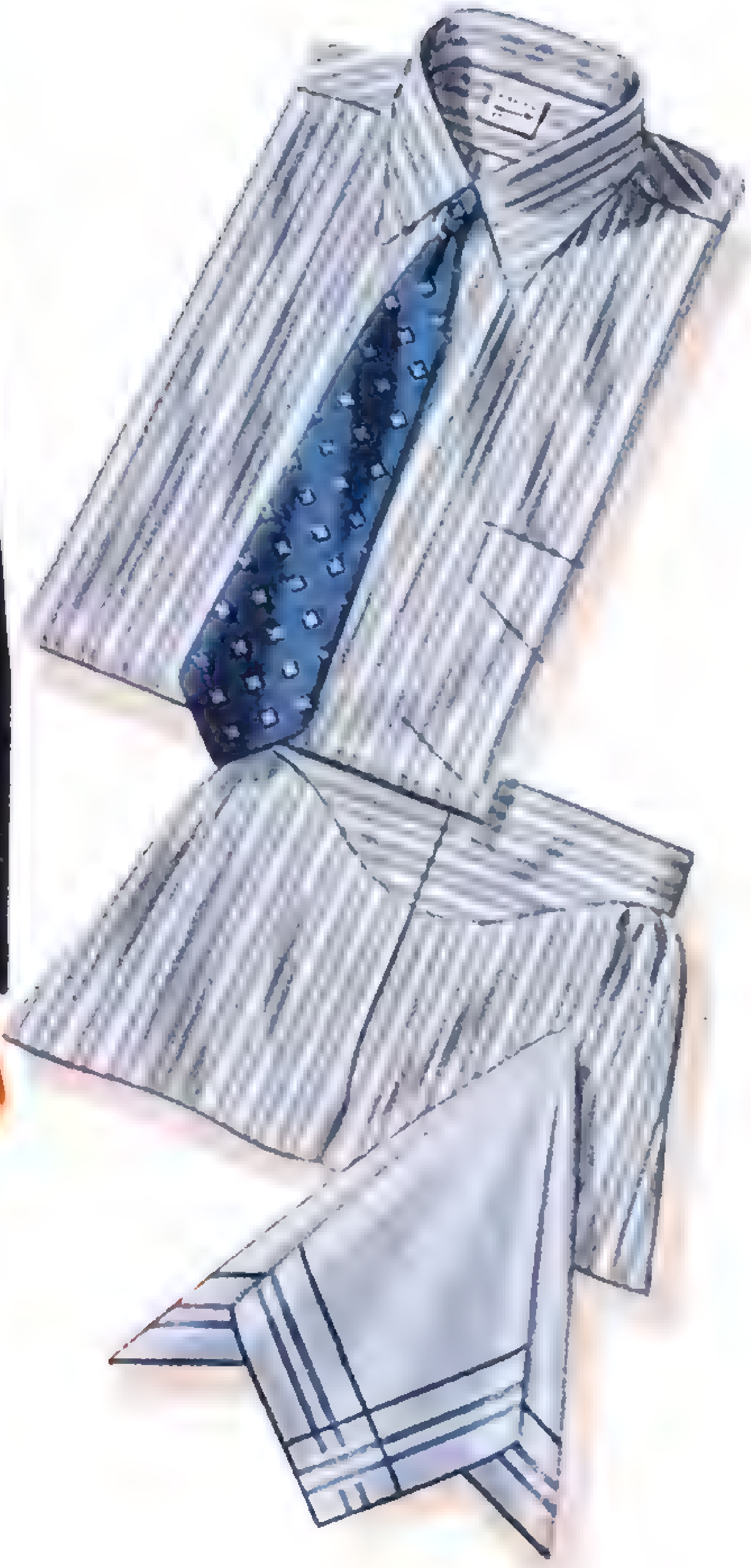
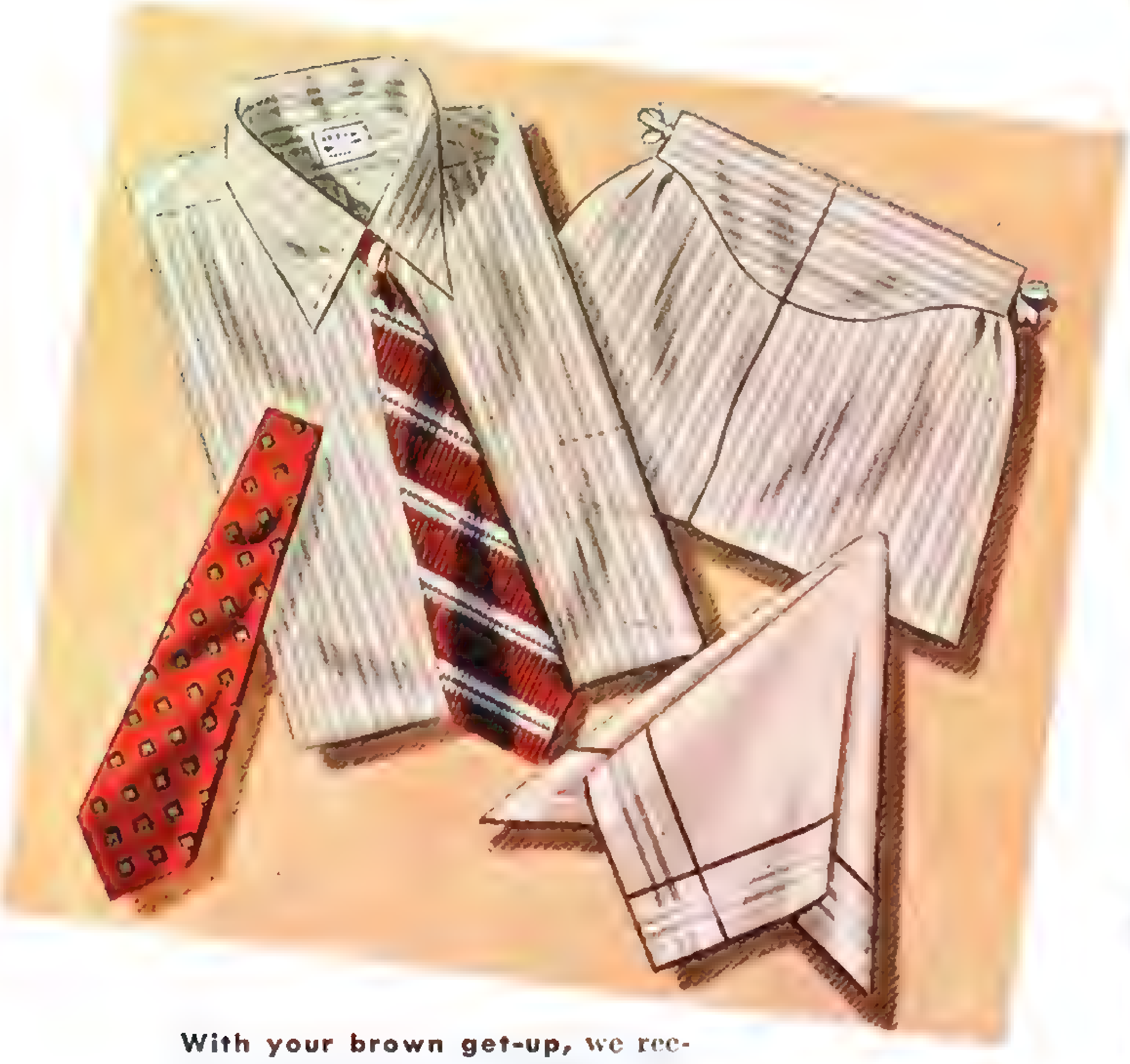
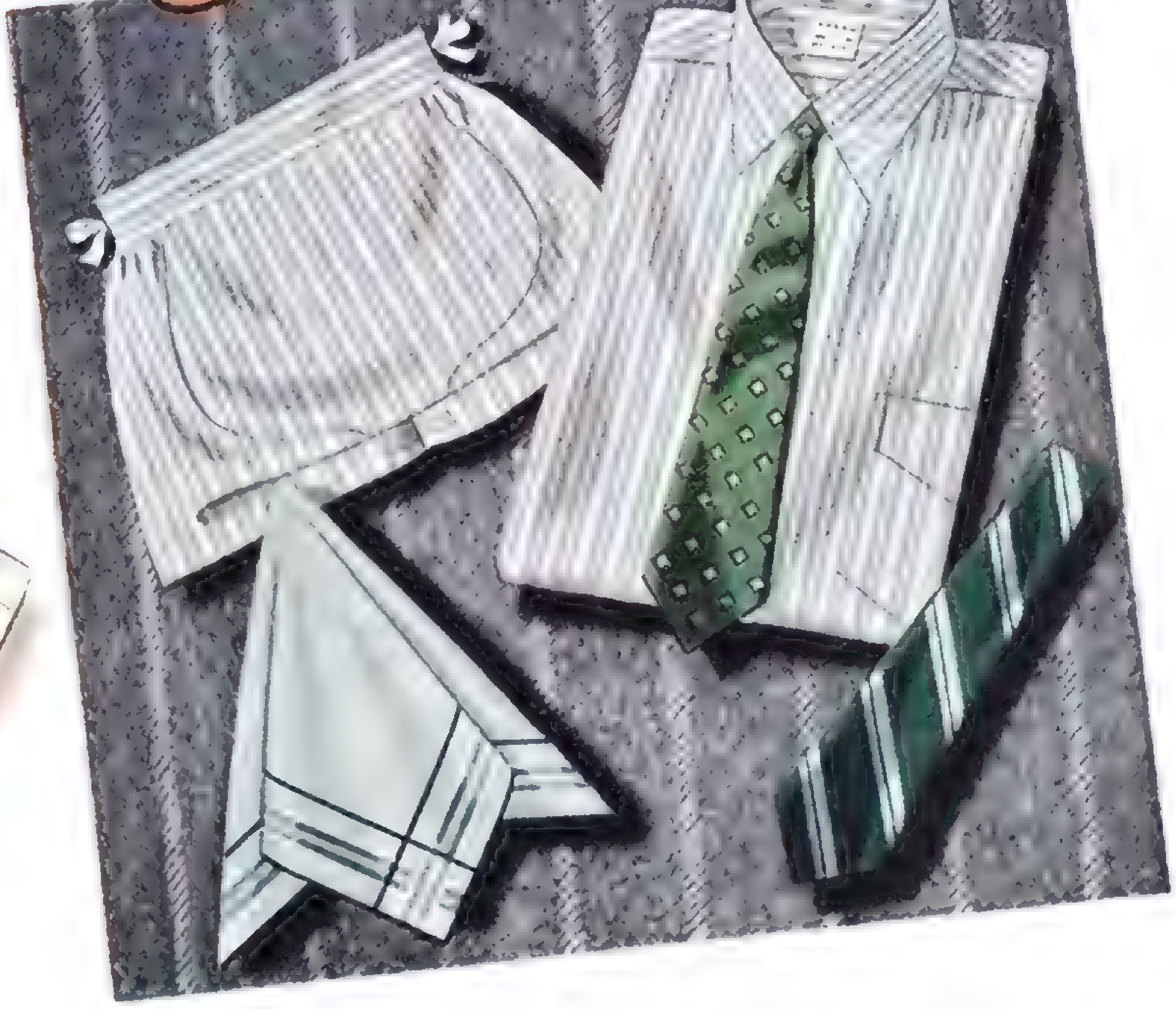




With your blue suit, this Trafton group rates A+! The two Trafton ties are wrinkle-resistant and perfect-knotting. $1, each.



With your brown get-up, we recommend this Trafton ensemble. The Trafton shorts have Arrow's famed super-comfortable seamless crotch. The tariff, 65¢. Tops, 50¢.



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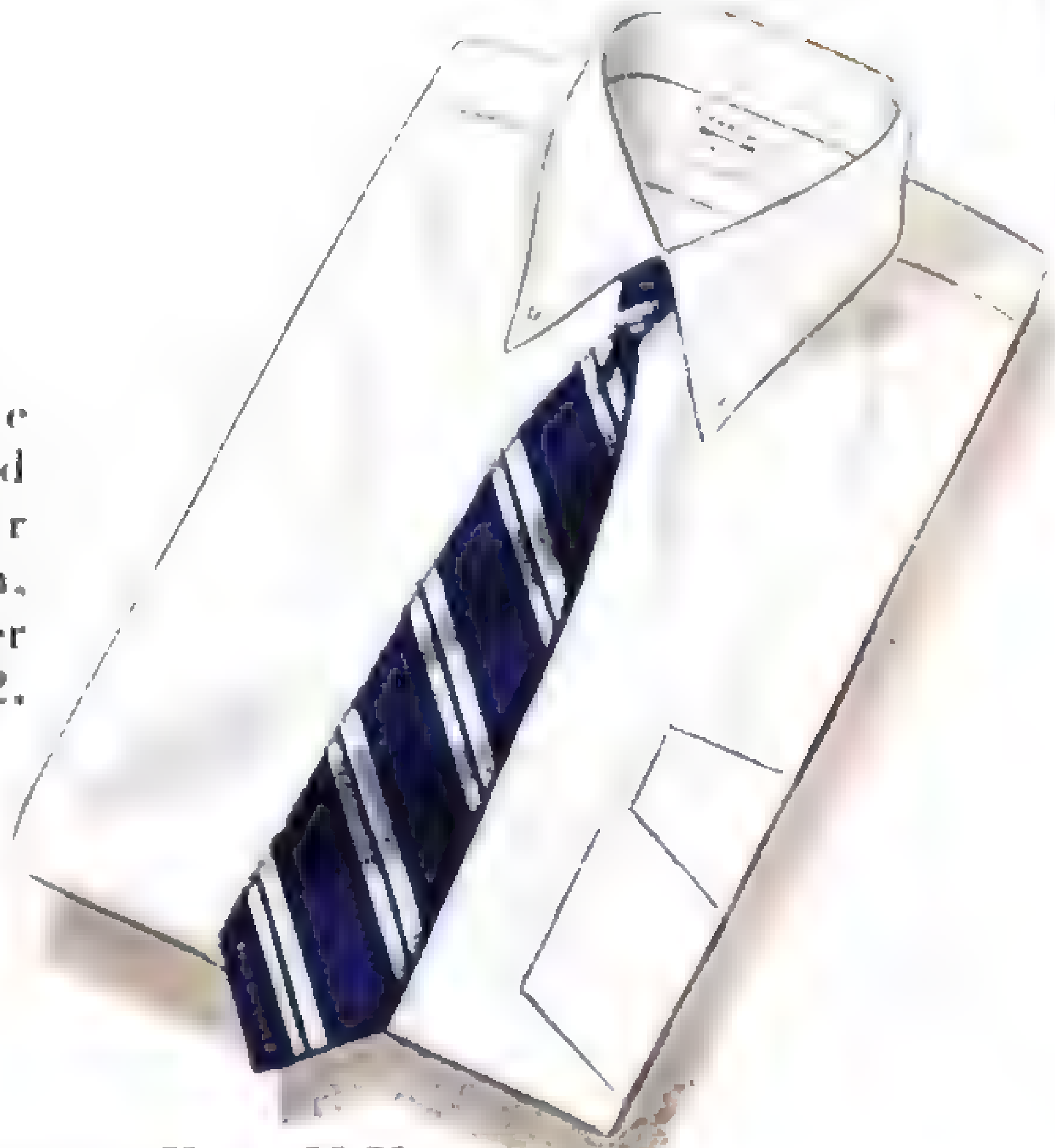

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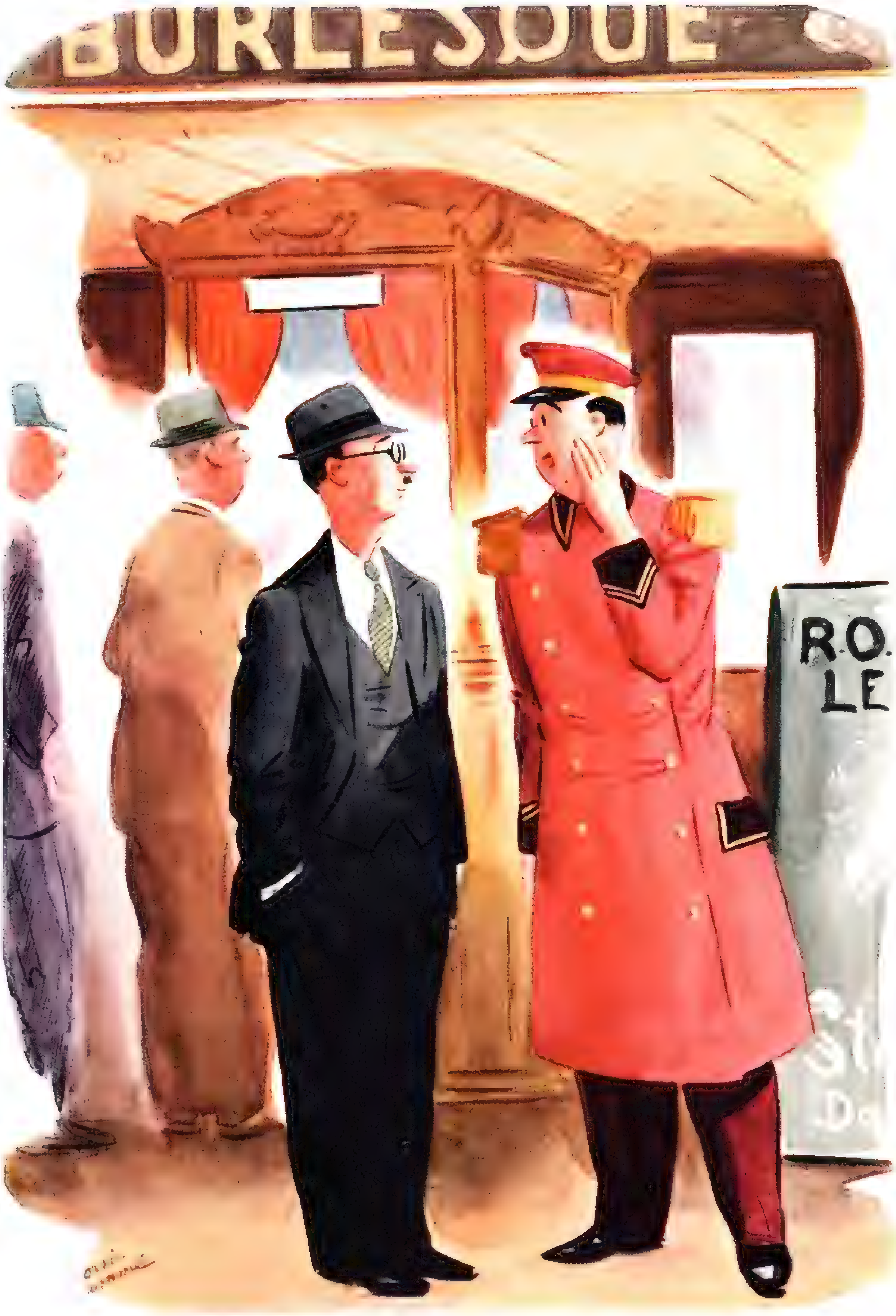
BURLESQUE
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LE

"—and then, while your heart is pounding in your throat, she drops the last rose and stands naked on the stage"

The Man Who Made Peace

Continued from page 64

him when the line broke. Quicker'n I can tell it, Jim was in the water. He threshed around and when he come up he had the other end of the line—bringin' that trout with him. How 'bout that?"

"I heard 'bout that. I heard it time again." T-Bone glared at him, anger burning in his belly, Oat's pale blue eyes meeting his hot sullenness with an expression of bland and genuine innocence.

"What's that feller sayin'?" Oat asked, turning his head to the preacher. "He must be out of his head for sure."

Oat had established a reputation as the town wit. Part of the diversion of a Saturday afternoon was to laugh at his quips and sallies at the traveling preachers who preached on the courthouse lawn. Today's preacher, however, was different from the others. He was a little man with beady eyes, dressed in baggy, unmatched garments that still held more of the shape of their former owner than they did of him, his soiled tennis-shoes criss-crossed with laces of old twine. Instead of shouting like other preachers he spoke in a very soft voice. Every few minutes he would interrupt his sermon and introduce himself to those who had just joined the crowd.

"Step right up, folks," he said. "Step right up. There's nothin' to sign and nothin' to buy. Just the word of the Lord comin' to you from Chitlin' Bill Jackson. That's my name—Chitlin' Bill Jackson from Cherokee Creek. Ain't got no larnin', ain't got much sense. Jist got a call direct from the Lord. That's why I come here. I come to do the thing the Lord told me to do."

"What air this thing?" Oat called aloud, swallowing a grin. "What be you aimin' to do, brother?"

"Chitlin' Bill will tell you," the preacher answered. "Step right up, folks. Nothin' to sign and nothin' to buy. Just Chitlin' Bill Jackson tellin' you how hit happened that he seed the Lord."

Oat Greer laughed softly. "Seed the Lord! Seed Him comin' right out'n a whiskey bottle, I reckon."

Some of the men laughed, but not T-Bone. He liked to hear preaching, better than anything else in the world. Time was, long ago, when he might have been a preacher himself. Sometimes, working in the fields, he'd rest on his hoe and try to talk preacher-like to the corn. But the words didn't come. It never sounded proper. He didn't have the call.

"My name is Jackson," the preacher went on. "Chitlin' Bill Jackson from Cherokee Creek. I seed the Lord, I seed him plain as day, and I come to do the thing He told me to come and do."

"What air it?" Oat called. "What air this thing?"

This time the preacher paid him no heed. His beady black eyes examined the crowd.

"I seed the Lord and I heered the Lord," he continued. "I seed him plain as you see me. I was takin' the cattle from pasture when He came to me. Mine eyes were blinded but my heart jumped up. I heered the call of the Lord."

T-Bone stood with his eyes fixed on the preacher's face. This was a special kind of preacher. This was the kind of preacher he used to want to be—a natural preacher with the call of the Lord.

"Hit was jist two days ago," the preacher continued. "I was takin' the cattle from pasture and I saw the Lord. He was sittin' on a fence post and He talked to me like a natchal man. There was a brightness on His face like the noonday sun. I looked into the brightness and I saw the Lord. I saw Him plain as day. He talked to me the way he talked to Peter and to Paul. He said I was to lay off farmin', and leave the cattle to fend for theirselves, because I was born to spread the Gospel. He said for me to go out and spread His word, to drive out wickedness and sin, and he said for me to come here and do the thing he told me to do."

A stillness held the crowd. The men on the curb no longer chatted. And slowly, as men and women joined the listeners, the crowd grew larger. It spilled across the sidewalk and overflowed into the street. T-Bone became gripped with an absorbed intensity. The world about him hardly existed. He waited to hear what the preacher had come to do.

"There ain't no sight like the sight of the Lord," the preacher went on, his voice mounting higher. "His brightness is like the brightness of the sun. He air fairer than the daughters of Jerusalem, sittin' in their milk-and-honey bath. He come to me and He spoke to me. He spoke to me like a natchal man. His voice was sweeter than the music of a ivory-laid guitar. 'You go smite them with a miracle,' He said to me. 'Smite them sinners hip and thigh.' So that's what I come to do. I come to work a miracle of the Lord."

A murmurous ripple ran through the crowd. Somewhere behind him, as from a distance, T-Bone heard Oat Greer's nasal drawl. "He's done worked that miracle already. Hit's a miracle he ain't in the crazy house." There was an eddy of subdued laughter, trickling into silence, but T-Bone did not join in it. His eyes were focused on the preacher in a fixed, hypnotic stare.

"What air this miracle?" Oat's insistent voice demanded. "What kind of miracle do you aim to do?"

"A miracle of the Lord, brother, a miracle of the Lord." The preacher moved a few steps in his soiled sneakers and ran his eyes across the crowd. They chanced to rest on T-Bone, black and shiny like the stare of some small yet unfrightened beast accidentally come upon in a laurel thicket, his oversized garments hanging loosely from his limbs, and beneath the leathery wattle that drooped from his chin T-Bone's Adam's apple twitched and quivered.

"Hit'll be a miracle the likes of which the world has never seed," the preacher continued. "Hit'll be a miracle like unto the time Joshua stopped the sun."

His eyes, resting on T-Bone's face, seemed to be burning with some leaping inner fire. T-Bone's chest tightened with emotion, the material world about him no longer existing, his breath coming shallow and dry. He stared at the preacher with unhinged jaw.

"When?" Oat demanded. "When's this miracle goin' to be?"

The preacher gestured toward the rim of mountains that cupped the town.

"When the sun sets over old Hogback's hump, brother," he said. "That's when hit'll be. 'Wait until the sun is settin', the Lord said to me. 'Wait until sunset comes into the sky. Then go ye to the holy ground and work me the miracle I told you to do.'"

Oat Greer gave a muffled guffaw. "Holy ground! This is nigh unto the *un*holiest ground in the whole country. Hit's so unholy hit won't even grow weeds."

He chortled, expecting some appreciative response, but this time there was no laughter. A different mood possessed the crowd. It was hushed, silent, waiting. And the town itself, as if it too had fallen victim to the preacher's spell, was subtly changed—the radio switched off, the juke-box in the cafe silenced, the horns no longer blaring.

"Hit's quiet as Sunday," a young girl said tensely. "Hit's like a Sunday or a funeral day."

"Look," said another. "The sun air startin' down to Hogback's hump. I'm afeared, sister. Let's go home. I'm most mortal afeared."

Their voices were overridden by that of the preacher. It grew ever more fervid and intense, the sun curving swiftly on midsummer's glittering arc, the eyes of the throng following its downward path. There was a moment utterly without sound, the preacher's eyes turned skyward, and then his voice spoke again, filling the hushed emptiness of T-Bone's trance.

"The time has come," the preacher said. "Let us go to the holy ground."

He stepped to the sidewalk from the lawn, the crowd dividing to let him pass, and then T-Bone found himself part of a shuffling procession of men, women and children that wound its way through town and into the open country, its numbers increasing as it went, coming at last to rest in the hillside cemetery where a cluster of weathered slabs lay half-choked by an invasion of briar and honeysuckle from the adjacent woods.

"This is hit," one of the young girls said. "This is what he meant by holy ground."

"Let's go home, sister," the other pleaded. "I'm afeared. I'm most mortal afeared."

The preacher began to pray. He lifted his arms to the sky, the loose sleeves of his coat falling back upon his elbows, his soiled sneakers hidden in the weeds.

"I come like you told me to, O Lord," he said. "I laid off my farmin', and I left the cattle to fend for themselves, and here I am. This is Chitlin' Bill Jackson, Lord, answerin' your holy call. I seed you and I heered you and I come to do the thing you told me to do."

He paused, looking into the setting sun, a winged hum of insects filling the silence and somewhere, muted by distance, the troubled yelping of a hound. The sun fell lower, old Hogback's hump burned as with fire, the preacher began to speak again.

"Everything's ready, O Lord. Here I am. The time has come. Show these sinners what the Lord can do."

A woman began to sob, holding her hand to her mouth, the hound's sharp yelping faint across the fields. Soon there were many women sobbing, weeping and wailing aloud, infecting the children with the uncontrolled articulation of their fear. The men in the crowd stood silent, rooted in some stubborn determination to meet whatever the moment had to bring with the same steely and long-jawed passivity they met storm and flood and death, only the cessation of their ruminating jaws giving evidence of their bated emotion.

"Here I am, O Lord," the preacher continued. "This is Chitlin' Bill Jackson—Chitlin' Bill Jackson from Cherokee Creek. I looked into your face and I saw your brightness and I come to do the thing you told me to do. I come to raise the dead."

He waved his arm, encompassing the cluster of headstones within its swing, his eyes frozen in a beady stare that seemed to be probing the final mystery of space.

But nothing happened.

"Do it, Lord. Do it like you said you would. Come on, Lord. Smite these sinners hip and thigh."

An eerie shrilling knifed the dusk, three sharp and separate screams, the cry of a whippoorwill from the nearby woods. A woman shrieked, running madly through the crowd, and a knot of boys standing beneath one of the trees took flight like a covey of startled quail. Then, suddenly, as panic seized the crowd, three shots rang out, whining through the woods. T-Bone Dix, with drawn revolver, was facing his brother's grave. The scars of the burial shovels were still upon it, and a few runners of honeysuckle crept across the reddish earth, and T-Bone's teeth were bared in some old and deep and venomous hatred. His Adam's apple moved as if it were a living, frantic thing.

"I killed you once," he said, spitting the words through his teeth. "Why cain't you stay killed?"

And once again, whining their

Continued at top of page 136

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The Man Who Made Peace

Continued from pages 64-135

confession through the woods, the shots rang out until the chamber was empty and T-Bone stood glaring into emptiness with the smoking revolver in his hand.

What happened then, in the seethe and moil of confusion, no one precisely remembered: but presently, seized from behind, T-Bone was disarmed by two deputy sheriffs and led away. "I'll learn you," he kept on shouting. "I'll learn you to stay killed." The crowd streamed townward, drawn by this newer excitement, and it was not until next Saturday afternoon, after the courthouse gossipers had concluded that T-Bone Dix would be hung for murder sure, that Oat Greer was able to tell what happened to the preacher.

"There he was," Oat said, drawing the blade of his knife along the strip of yellow wood. "He stood there lookin' at the sky, waitin' and waitin', and he must have waited five minutes or so. Then he started in to cryin', worse than any woman you ever saw. 'Why didn't you do hit, Lord?' he said. 'Why didn't you do hit like you said you would?' That ole whippoorwill cut loose again, and it was fast gettin' dark, but he didn't pay no mind. He just stood there cryin', worse than a woman whose man's jist died. 'I seed you, Lord. You know I seed you. Why didn't you do hit then? Why didn't you do hit like you said you would?' "

Oat ran his thumb along the blade of his knife.

"What did you tell him?" one of the men asked, preparing to laugh. "I bet you gave him something hot. What did you say?"

Oat was lost in meditation. A yellow shaving dropped upon the little pile that lay at his feet. He was thinking the same thoughts he had been thinking ever since he watched the preacher walk down the big road into the dusk. He was thinking that maybe the Lord works his miracles like he does everything else: that maybe even them that works them don't know what they do: and that, as long as he lived, he'd know he had seen a miracle with his own mortal eyes.

"What did you give him, Oat? Tell us how you poured hit on. What did you say?"

Oat looked his questioner straight in the eye.

"I kept my trap shut," he said. "I never said a solitary word." #

History of a Man of Pulp

Continued from page 51

with its shaded windows.

Joe had never seen this part of the university life. Mary Triste had said, "Liquor is a drug . . . a synthetic form of relaxation . . . weakens powers of the mind and builds false friendships." Joe thought he might meet one of the fellows from his class as he walked toward the bar.

Joe pushed through the door and it swung shut behind him. The barroom was dimly lit. Nobody stood at the bar and the tables were empty except for one over in the corner. A girl was bent over a newspaper. Joe was about to turn and walk out when the girl looked up and smiled. Joe walked over to the table and sat down. (Mary Triste had said time after time that it was not proper to speak to a lady unless one was properly introduced to her. But Joe had a fresh thought. He thought it couldn't matter how you met people in a place where they served liquor.) Joe nervously pulled his chair into the table.

The girl looked up and frowned. "Just because I smile," she said, "doesn't mean that you forever after have an open invitation."

Joe's face went red. "I'm very sorry. I beg your pardon." He started to rise.

She looked at him closely. "That's all right. You can sit here." She went back to her paper.

Joe looked at her. She was wearing a sweater and a skirt. Part of her collar stuck out over the sweater but the rest of the blouse only made wrinkles under the jersey. Joe suddenly realized that he was leaning forward, staring. He sat straight.

"There aren't many people here," he said gruffly.

She looked up. "No, the kids are mostly studying for their finals."

"Yes, I remember. I graduated from the University only a few years ago," he said, "in '36."

The girl sat back in the chair and studied him.

"That's funny. I graduated the same year. I don't think I remember you."

"I studied quite a bit," Joe said.

"Well, if you were in the honor society I should know you. You're not Jim Black?"

"No, I fear I never made the honor society. My name is Joseph Reed."

"Oh, I know how that is," she said. "When you have to work your way through school and study, it's tough. My name is Pat Rittman."

Joe looked down at his hands. They felt warm. Pat turned toward the bar. "Frank, bring me another beer. What will you have, Joe?"

"I'll have the same," he muttered, then he relaxed.

Pat sipped her beer slowly and watched Joe over the top of the glass. Joe tried to hide the bitter taste of the beer. Pat chuckled hoarsely.

"Don't you like beer?"

"No," Joe said solemnly.

"Well, just pretend you're drinking it then. But don't sit so stiff. Relax."

She turned her chair toward Joe, uncrossed her knees, and spread her legs under the table.

Joe unconsciously looked down at her legs. Then he looked up quickly, his face red.

"I never thought my legs were that good," Pat said.

Joe said nothing.

"Where do you work, Joe?"

"I work at Trumbell's," Joe explained. "Behind the shirt counter."

"Well, we can't talk about shirts. My knowledge of men's shirts is very meager."

"What do you do?" Joe asked.

"I'm teaching at the school now."

"That must be fascinating."

"The hell it is," she said. "What do you read?"

"I haven't read much lately. When I was a boy I used to read biographies of great men but I haven't read much lately."

Pat smiled wryly.

Joe's face suddenly brightened. "I can tell you what I do read," he almost cried.

"What's that?"

"Mary Triste's columns."

Pat's forehead wrinkled.

"That's one on me," she said. "What does she write?"

"Here," Joe said. He quickly picked up her paper and thumbed through to the feature page. "This is her column."

"This the dame you're talking about?" Pat asked.

"Yes, I read her column every night and I have a complete collection of her columns for almost twenty-five years." Then he added proudly, "My mother used to correspond with her."

"Oh, she was a friend of your mother's?"

"No, she used to give my mother advice about me."

Pat looked at Joe closely and frowned. Joe sat back proudly and smiled. Suddenly Pat's frown broke and she giggled.

"Oh, you're kidding me," she said.

"No."

"Then you mean you read this stuff, study it, save it?"

Joe nodded.

Pat said seriously, "I'm sorry. Excuse me. I think I better go." She picked up her purse, dropped some change on the bar, and walked out the door.

Joe watched her go. The bartender came over.

"She's some kid," he said. "Smart as a whip. You want something else?" Joe sat still. "You owe me ten cents then. She paid for hers."

Joe gave the man a dime and walked out. He wanted to catch up to Pat but she was gone. He kept thinking of her back through the park and in his room and after he was in bed. He knew this could not be love because Mary Triste said that love was built over long periods of time as people learned to respect each other and built up common interests and shared experiences.

Yet he thought of her legs stretching under the table and her skirt wrapped so snugly round her legs. Joe squirmed uncomfortably on his pillow and tried to think only of her eyes.

Over the week end Joe couldn't think much about anything except Pat. He would walk toward the bar but when he sat on the bench at the end of the park and thought of what he might say he felt weak and walked back to his room instead.

Monday evening he read Mary Triste's column and felt guilty. He clipped the three columns he had neglected and pasted them in the scrapbook, wondering all the time if Pat was at the bar. Joe remembered that his mother had always told him that when in doubt he should ask himself, "What would Mary Triste do on such an occasion?"

Joe went to the closet and brought down the heavy scrapbooks. For half an hour he thumbed through them, glancing at the titles. Finally, he caught the heading he wanted, "When a Young Man's Fancy Turns . . ."

Carefully he studied the message.

"This is the Spring of 1934," the article went on. "This year is no different from any other year because when the buds start bursting and the sap begins to flow a young man thinks of love . . . Suppose you meet a young lady for the first time and you are interested in her. You can't love her because, as I have explained before, love is built on common interests and experiences you share together over a long period of time. However, if you are interested in the young lady, if you find her speech invigorating, her bearing lady-like, her intelligence of the highest sort, then you should call on her or phone her for an engagement. When addressing her over the phone you say, 'This is John Smith. I met you at so and so's home. Do you recall the hostess introducing us? I thought our conversation very interesting. Would you like to attend the theater with me this Friday evening?' . . ."

There was such more of this and Joe hunted through all of her other columns until he found more and more information relating to love affairs.

Joe spent three evenings in the barroom before he saw Pat again. He was sitting there for the third night with the third consecutive beer untouched when she pushed through the door. She looked tired and her hair hung loosely disheveled.

She spied Joe and walked over to his table.

"Well, if it isn't Mary Triste's little boy," she stated loudly.

Joe got up and pulled out a chair for her.

"I can only stay a few minutes," she said and dropped indifferently into the chair.

"Better a moment with the gods than eternity alone," Joe answered.

"Hey, you're picking up," she said. "Was that from Triste's column?"

Joe blushed. Pat drank the beer that the bartender brought her

Continued on page 138

Canoeing, boating—water sports of any sort—are great fun and great for your health. But the hot sun bakes your hair and scalp—leaves your hair parched, dry and lifeless.

Your plunge completes the damage—leaves your hair a social disaster. Natural oils are washed away. It dries out lustreless and unresponsive to your comb and brush.

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HELP KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME WITH

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1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

WHAT'S your summer sport—golf, tennis, handball or swimming, or just loafing on a sun-drenched beach?

No matter what your schedule or your skill, remember that the broiling summer sun is an enemy of your hair! Its blazing rays bake your hair—leave it dull and brittle. And then, your soaking shower or refreshing swim washes away natural scalp oils—leaves your hair a dry, unmanageable wreck!

Build up your health and stamina—enjoy your healthful hours in the sun! But give your hair the stimulating help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel that pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your dry, oil-depleted scalp. Unsightly loose dandruff is routed and your hair takes on a natural, lustrous appearance—stays perfectly in place! And no sign of objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get Vitalis today. Make the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" a regular "follow-up" to your summer days and sports—an assurance of healthier, handsomer hair at summer's end!

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Old as Kentucky distilling tradition itself is this ancient Old Crow distillery around whose weather-beaten walls has grown up a vast modernized plant.
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History of a Man of Pulp

Continued from pages 51-137

and looked at Joe.

"I've been reading your Mary Triste's column the last few nights, Joe. I apologize. It's not quite all bilge. Do you think she would be able to help me?"

"Perhaps, what's wrong?"

"It's very sad. I lost my man and I'll have another gulp of beer. You don't want yours?"

Joe pushed his beer across the table.

"You never lost a man, did you, Joe? I guess you never lost a woman, did you? Wait'll you start losing but I guess you never had anything to lose."

Joe stared hard at her.

"I know what Mary Triste would say about that," Joe said.

"I'll bet you know what Mary Triste would say about anything," Pat said harshly.

Joe looked puzzled. "I only wanted to help you."

"All right, all right, go ahead. Tell me."

"Mary Triste would say that the man probably did not appreciate how fine you are and that there are a lot of other fish in the sea."

"Well, you can tell your Mary Triste that fish are like people. They may be all built the same but each has different emphasis and I liked his emphasis the best." Her words came loosely. She had her elbow on the table and her hand rubbed her cheek.

Frank came over to the table with beer. He studied Pat.

"Pat, you better not drink no more. You better go home," he said. "Gees, I never saw you so drunk before."

Pat made a sweeping bow. Her eyes were very bright and sad. She spoke slowly.

"Frank, I wish to apologize. I was at the Hi-Lo before I got here."

Frank wiped his hands on his apron.

"Looky here, Pat, I think you oughta go home. Whaddye say?"

Pat's mouth twisted angrily, then slowly she smiled.

"Frank, I could take that for an insult but, my good man, I won't. I'm going."

She got to her feet, put one hand on Frank's shoulder, and leaned over to whisper in his ear.

"Frank, I'm not drunk. I'm just sad. My feelings are all black and blue."

Joe was up. "May I take you home, Pat?"

"Sure, sure, everyone can. We'll have a party."

Frank looked suspicious.

"Ya sure you know this guy, Pat?"

"Sure, he's all right," Pat said. "All of Mary Triste's friends are gentlemen. Do you know that?"

"I don't know nothing about Mary Triste," Frank muttered, "but just the same, you take it easy, guy."

"I can assure you—"

"All right, all right," Frank said irritably, "I'll call a cab."

When Frank got back, he helped Joe get Pat to the door and into the cab. He glared at Joe as the cab pulled away.

Pat's head rested heavily on Joe's shoulder. In the dim light he could see her dark eyelashes against her cheek. Joe wondered if it would be all right if he put his arm around her. Finally, he did, but he just barely let his hand touch her arm. He could feel his heart thundering above the vibration of the motor. A street lamp shone on her faintly parted lips, the white gleam of her teeth. He took her shoulders tightly and leaned over her. Then he felt her whole body lurch violently against him.

The cab twisted suddenly and jerked to a stop. Joe felt himself jerked by the collar and pulled out of the cab. His head was pounding, and he was panting softly as a cop grabbed him and, muttering angrily, pulled him up the street.

About two that morning, when the taxi driver got away from the police station, he stopped in the bar. Frank was snapping out the lights on the tables.

"Say, maybe you want a drink. You oughta have something for all your trouble."

The cab driver flung his cap down on the bar. "I'd a liked to kill that guy Reed," he said. "Guys like him that take advantage of drunk girls oughta be killed. It was lucky yuh told me to watch out. Sometimes, you know how it is, we're not supposed to let on we know what's goin' on behind us."

"Yeh, but I could see it in that guy," Frank said. "His manners was too good. You could see he was after something. His eyes was black, black as this headline here."

"Well, his name'll be in headlines tomorrow," the cabby said.

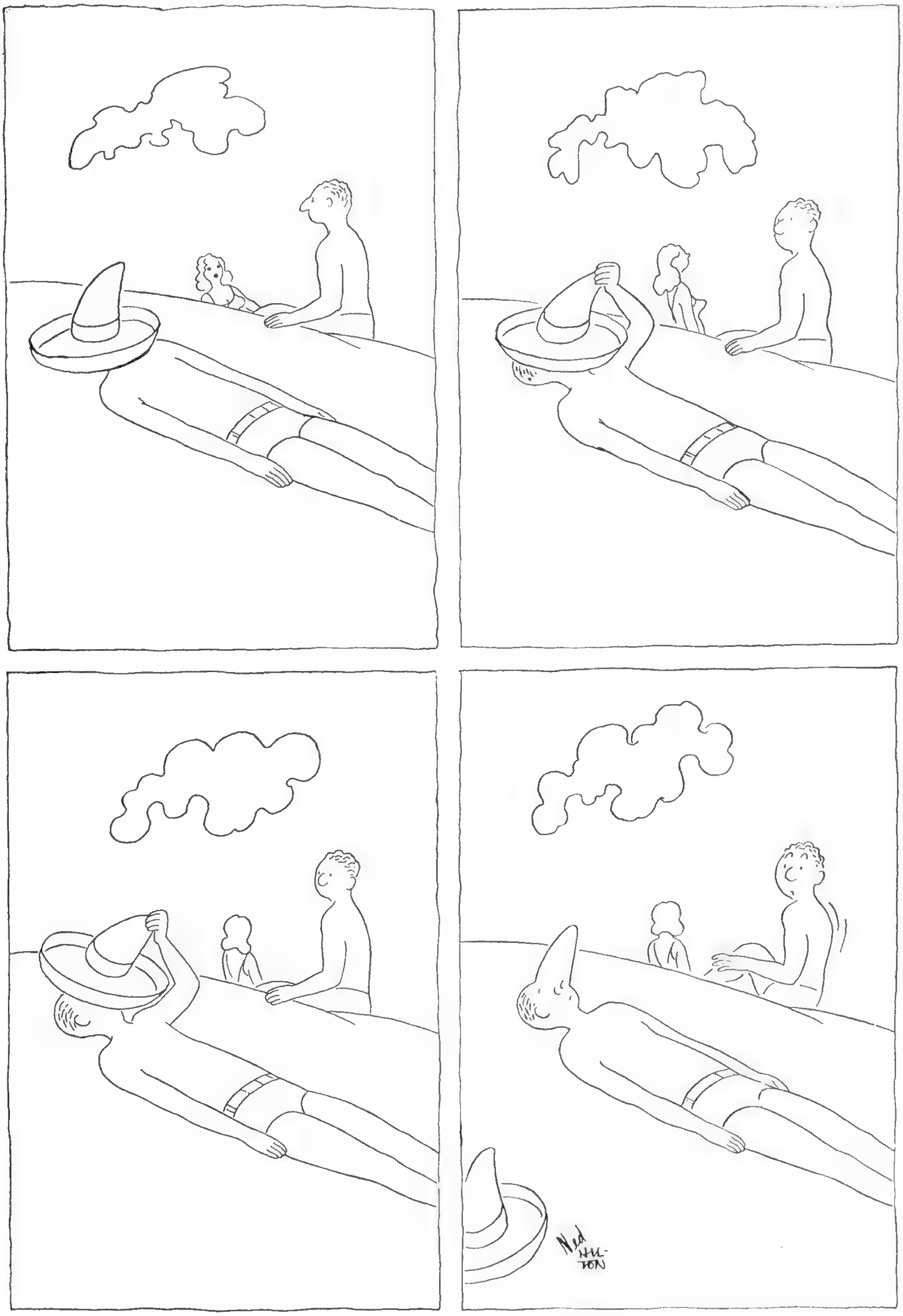
The news didn't make headlines, but it hit the front pages. Even Mary Triste's boss came over to her in the New York office. He pointed to the story on an inside page.

"This Reed thing ought to make a meaty article for you, Triste," he said.

"I'm way ahead of you," Triste said. "How do you like this lead: 'The brutal actions of one Joe Reed, that have so sickened and terrified the home-loving parents and good Americans, is an example of an undisciplined young man, bred in an atmosphere lacking clean habits, moral discipline, and cultured manner. These are the things I have so long told you are essential in the education of a growing boy. To say, I told you so . . .' "

The boss snapped the ashes off his cigar.

"Not bad, not bad," he grunted. "But paint him blacker. This is the kind of thing your department ought to cash in on." ♯


Ned HIL-TON

Her Heart Belongs

Continued from page 90

blow, crashing all my ideas about torch singers and strip-tease items about my ears. A perfectly swell small-town kid, with a Texas drawl (Weatherford, Texas) who might well have come to town for a glimpse of the movie stars.

Such a peach of a person.

George ordered a cocktail for her and when it came we touched glasses and took a sip. Sherwood looked miserable, and surreptitiously shoved his coke away with his elbow. I felt sorry for him. After all, he had been right about Miss Martin.

"Take my cocktail," I told him, "and drink a toast with Miss Martin. Don't drink it all."

He picked up the cocktail and looked uncertain. "What to?" he said.

"Anything," I said. "Your eternal love. The weather."

"To you, Sherwood," Miss Martin said, holding her glass in front of my chest, and smiling at him. He touched his glass to hers, not too steadily. He then took what he intended to be a sip of the cocktail.

"Damn it!" he said.

He picked up his napkin and wiped the cocktail from his chin, tie, shirt, and front of his coat. "Damn it!" he said.

"Next time," I said, "wait until you can taste it before you start swallowing. Is that the way they do it at the school dances?"

"At school," Sherwood said, bumping his nose against my shoulder as he looked around at Miss Martin, "they don't have Miss Martin."

* * *

"I told you," he kept saying.

We were on the set of *Kiss The Boys Good Bye*. Miss Martin was standing above us, on a springboard at the edge of a swimming pool. She was dressed in a white fluffy dress and looked light enough to fly. The background was that of an old Southern house, with trees and a garden.

"If you say that once more," I told him, "I'll have you thrown off the set."

"You and your strip-tease babes," he said. He lit a cigarette. "I told you she was just a wonderful girl. I wish Mother was here to see her. I wonder," he added casually, "how it would be if I went with you to see Miss Martin get her dress fittings, instead of going on the other set."

George had arranged for Sherwood to go on the *One Night In Lisbon* set while I went with Miss Martin to see her dress fittings, which we were to do as soon as she finished this scene.

"I've already seen a set," Sherwood said pointedly, "and I don't want to see another one today. I'm getting a headache."

"But Madeleine Carroll's on that one," I reminded him.

"I know, but . . . What I mean is, I have never seen—"

"It wouldn't be proper," I said. "How about you?"

"I'm Daddy."

"If you say that once more, I'm going to ask Mr. Brown to have you thrown off the set. 'I'm Daddy,' all during lunch and here on the set. She's got a new song now. She sings it in this picture."

"What is it?" I asked him.

"*Kiss The Boys Good Bye*," he said.

* * *

When Miss Martin and I got to the office of Edith Head, Paramount Studio designer, Miss Head told us that Dorothy Lamour at the moment was in the fitting room, using up all the mirrors trying on a neat number for *Caught in the Draft*, but would be finished in a moment.

Miss Martin went to make a phone call, and Miss Head said Dorothy had seen us coming and wanted me to go in and give her my opinion on her new outfit.

"What the hell for?" I said. "What do I know about those things, those sarongs? I've never crossed the equator in my whole life."

"Don't be silly," Miss Head said.

"You go on in first, then," I said, "and be sure it's, you know, time for me to come in. If a single pin should slip—"

Miss Head pushed the door open and shoved me in. Miss Lamour was standing before the mirrors. Looking in the mirror, she said, "Hello." I said hello. She said, "Well, how do you like it?"

I looked at it. It was a black dress that came clear up to her neck. "I think it fits too close around the neck," I said bitterly.

"I think so, too," she said. I started out. "Where are you going?" she asked me.

"Out," I said. "I know when I've been double-crossed. And by you, whom I love so des—"

"Don't you ever get tired of that?" she said.

I went out. I don't know how Lamour got into this anyway.

When I got back Miss Martin was sitting on a couch in the reception room with her feet over one end of it. I sat down. "Tell me your life history," I said.

THE STORY OF MARY MARTIN

I was born in Texas (she said) and at an early age took an interest in dancing. I don't know why. My parents were very straight-laced, though darling, and

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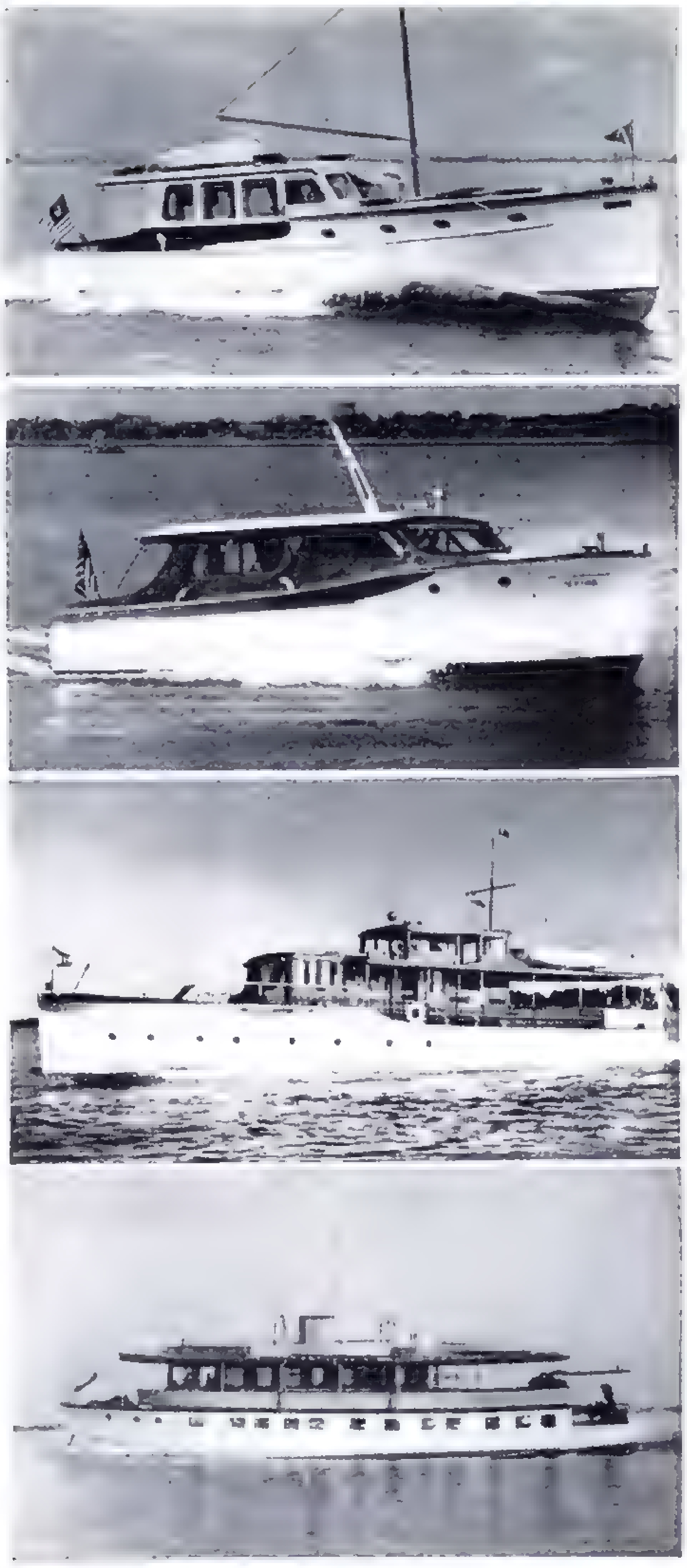

did not believe in dancing and at first I had to pretend that my obsession with dancing really was a form of interest in chasing grasshoppers out of the fields. We lived on a farm, near town. I always carried a small net with me when practicing dancing and when caught could be seen waving it.

As time went on, though, I had to come out in the open with it, as I also wanted to practice my dancing when the grasshoppers were not in season. I have been a dancer ever since. At first I had five pupils. I rented a vacant barn on a nearby farm and carried on my school there. I must have been pretty good because almost before I knew it, I had three hundred pupils. This may sound like a major error in arithmetic, but it's true. I didn't have them all in the same barn, of course. I rented several barns in various places and would go from one to another.

But I also was learning to sing, and pretty soon I decided I liked singing better than I did dancing. I also decided that Texas was too small for my various talents, and I took the money I had saved up from my dancing classes and went to Hollywood. My mother did not approve of this.

After a lot of hard luck I finally got a job singing in a saloon.

I did not think of it as a saloon because it was quite beautiful and expensive. But one night I said to myself, Mary, no matter how you want to slice it, you are working in a saloon. I quit. I wrote to my father for some money, as I was broke, and he sent me what he could spare and finally I got a job in a night club.

This was a very swell and very nice place. I got the job early in the evening and went right to work. As soon as I was through, which was four o'clock, I phoned my mother in Texas to tell her about it.

"Mary," she said, "what in goodness' name are you doing wide awake at four in the morning?"

I said, "Mother, I simply have a night job, that's all. There's no essential difference between working days and working nights."

"That's what you think," she said; and she hung up.

She was here three days later, to take me home. We discussed it. She agreed to go with me to the club for a few nights and see what it was all about. She finally said I could keep it.

Well (Miss Martin said) that's about all. All this time I was trying to get into the movies, which of course was the reason I came to Hollywood in the first place, but nobody wanted to hire me. One night, though, there was a play producer from New York at the night club. He came around after the show and asked me if I'd like to go to New York and play in a musical show, and I said I would. So I did. I did a kind of a strip-tease, as it's called, and I also sang *My Heart Belongs . . . To Daddy.*

I've forgotten the details of Miss Martin's story after that, but it is to the general effect that a Hollywood talent scout saw her, and brought her back to Hollywood, which had refused to give her a job before.

Anyway, Dorothy Lamour came out of the fitting room and I nodded to her coolly, and Miss Martin and I went in. Miss Head was there. A man came in with three bolts of cloth: one pink, one pale green, and one white. The cloth was sheer, and had large figures on it. Everybody seemed pleased. I kept my mouth shut. It looked like junk to me. Maybe, I thought, it will look better when draped on the subject. And don't spare the horses.

They unrolled, or unbolted, some of the stuff and Miss Head held it up beside Miss Martin. They looked it over.

"All right," Miss Martin said; "now let's see how it will look on me."

Not a bad idea. I sat back in my chair.

"Oh, of course," Miss Head said. I closed my eyes.

When I opened them, which was almost instantly, Miss Head had a pad of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other. She did some quick sketching on the paper. "Like this," she said.

They looked at the sketches and nodded. So did I.

Miss Martin walked back and forth across the floor a couple of times, in an elegant attitude. "I want a white feather cape, for one of the scenes," she said. "Ostrich feathers. I've always wanted one anyway, and I might as well have one in the picture. May I?"

Miss Head said she could have it.

We then left the designing department and went out on the lot to Miss Martin's dressing room.

Sherwood was there. He looked triumphant.

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"I simply told Mr. Brown I didn't want to go on the set. I said I had been on a set before. I said I wanted to wait for Miss Martin in her dressing room. I explained to Mr. Brown that I forgot something."

"And what was that?" I asked.

"Her picture. Miss Martin, can I have your picture?"

Miss Martin said he certainly could, and she got out several large ones and he made his choice and she autographed it for him.

We said goodbye to Miss Martin and thanked her for everything, and went home.

On the way home Sherwood said, "How were the dresses?"

"Fine," I said.

"Some day," he said, "I'd sure like to—"

"You got the picture," I reminded him.

He lit a cigarette. "I know," he said. He blew the smoke upwards. "I know that. But anyway, some day . . ."

"When you grow up," I said.

He didn't say anything the rest of the way home. #

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The Farmer Takes a Horse

Continued from page 71

town, came this Majefsky.

Who was Majefsky? I'll tell you in a word. He was a nobody. He was the only son of a poor tailor who had once been sentenced to Siberia after the Revolution of 1905. I knew little of Majefsky's family, and the son I had never heard of.

He came to me, his clothes were poor, but the light in his eyes burned like a thousand candles.

"*Gaspadyin*," he said, "I hear there is a peasant in trouble here. I have come to see if I can help."

"How can you help?" I asked. "There is no hope, and Proknikoff will go to jail."

"Perhaps if you told me the details of the case . . ."

"Your desire to help is commendable," I said. "But a lawyer is necessary, and there are no lawyers."

"I am a lawyer," he said.

"You? But you are so young."

"I apprenticed myself in an office," he replied. "Yesterday I was admitted to the bar, and now I am qualified to argue cases in court. My father has given me one hundred rubles to make my start. Let me handle the case, and I promise to . . ." He paused, grew red with embarrassment.

"What do you promise?" I asked.

"That I will do my best."

I looked closely and saw that he was in earnest, that in spite of his youth, or because of it, the fire burned strongly.

"It is enough," I said.

The trial took place next day, and the courtroom was filled almost to the rafters with townspeople and farmers who came from miles around. Everyone despised Dzaprinkov and prayed that he would lose his case, for they knew that Proknikoff would not steal a horse, could not, because of his simple honesty. I arrived early and sat in the first row. Already Proknikoff was seated with Malka, both with fear written plainly in their features. How can this terrible thing happen to us, they seemed to be asking mutely. Does not God protect His children even as He watches the flight of the tiniest sparrow?

And there, also, was Majefsky, seated with his clients, apparently feeling nothing, just staring straight before him.

Then Dzaprinkov came into the courtroom. Everyone turned to stare at him, except Majefsky. He stared directly before him. And Dzaprinkov was something to stare at. He was dressed in business attire, his coat too small to meet across his fat stomach, so that his magnificent watch chain glittered like a golden milky way against the sky of his black vest.

He floated into the courtroom like an ascension balloon and took his place at the plaintiff's table before the magistrate's bench, along with the prosecutor. It made me angry just to see him, for it is not right for a man to be always victorious, or to be all-powerful.

The judge entered the room, sat at his bench, smiled a greeting to Dzaprinkov and inquired as to his health. And then the trial was under way before I could recover from my anger.

The prosecutor announced that he could prove that Proknikoff had stolen the horse, called witnesses who testified that the horse belonged to Dzaprinkov, the landowner. Another witness, a servant of Dzaprinkov, testified that he saw Proknikoff make off with the horse without the owner's knowledge. Another said that the horse was worth far more than the sixty rubles Proknikoff asserted he had paid, and that Dzaprinkov was too good a judge of horseflesh to make such a bad bargain. And to all of these witnesses Majefsky waived cross-examination.

What kind of a lawyer is he, we asked ourselves in the courtroom that day. How does he expect to win a case if he does not prove the servant is lying? If he does not prove that the horse is rightfully the property of Proknikoff? It is what one should expect, I thought, from a young, untried lawyer.

Then Dzaprinkov was asked to the witness box.

"Did you sell the horse to Proknikoff or to his wife or to his agent?" asked the prosecutor.

"I did not."

"Did you give him a receipt or a bill of sale?"

"I did not."

"That is all. Does the defense wish to cross-examine?"

Majefsky shook his head.

"Then," said the counsel for Dzaprinkov, "the plaintiff rests." He sat down, smiled at Dzaprinkov, who preened himself and played with his watch chain.

Majefsky rose slowly. "The defense," he said, "calls Stephan Proknikoff to the stand."

Proknikoff had to be nudged out of his seat by Malka. He sat in the witness box nervously and kept glancing out of the corner of his eye at Dzaprinkov as if awaiting some further catastrophe.

"Your name is Stephan Proknikoff?"

"Yes."

"Did you steal, obtain without payment, or otherwise acquire the horse in question illegally?"

"I paid for him. Sixty rubles I paid."

"Are you sure?"

"Sixty rubles."

"That is all. Will the prosecutor cross-examine?"

The prosecutor rose and approached Proknikoff in the witness box menacingly.

"Will you please let the court see your bill of sale?"

Proknikoff looked despairingly at Malka and shook his head. "I did not know about a bill of sale," he said. "I paid sixty rubles. It was all I had. For years I saved . . ."

"Will you please let the court see your receipt for this sale?"

"I did not know about a receipt. I paid the *Gaspadyin* sixty rubles. I know nothing of papers. I am a poor man."

"If you have no bill of sale, and no receipt, how can you say you did not steal the horse?"

"I did not steal him. I did not steal him!"

"That is all!"

When Proknikoff stepped down I saw that his eyes were wet, and Malka, too, was crying.

But Majefsky was standing again. "I wish to recall Vladimir Dzaprinkov," he said. Dzaprinkov waddled again to the witness box, smiling disdainfully at this young man who dared cross-examine the great landowner. Majefsky also smiled a little awkwardly.

"You are a wealthy man," said Majefsky, "and you are a successful man. There would be no purpose in your lying, would there?"

"My reputation is as good as any in the Empire," said Dzaprinkov. "Certainly better than that of a peasant once arrested for passing counterfeit money."

"I know your reputation," said Majefsky. "So I shall merely ask you one question. Did you, or did you not, receive any money from Stephan Proknikoff or his agent for the horse in question?"

"I did not. And I demand that Proknikoff be imprisoned for stealing my horse."

"Very well. There is nothing more to be said. You see," and he smiled boyishly, "this is my first case, and I know so little about law that I foolishly accepted a hopeless case for my first. I shall know better in the future."

I could have murdered Majefsky. What had become of his fire, his promise to do his best? He had given up without so much as trying to defend Proknikoff.

"You are wearing a magnificent watch chain, *Gaspadyin*," Majefsky was saying.

Dzaprinkov was all smiles, beaming like a pumpkin. "It is almost pure gold," he said proudly.

"I am sure of it. A watch chain like that makes a man look very distinguished. Perhaps if I had one I could become a successful lawyer just as you have been successful. Would you consider selling such a chain to me?"

The judge interrupted Majefsky. "You are wasting this court's time," he said.

Majefsky bowed his head, ashamed. "I beg the court's pardon," he said.

But Dzaprinkov's eyes became shrewd. "It is all right," he said to the judge. "Business is business, and a man should turn an honest ruble wherever he is."

The judge smiled benignly on Dzaprinkov. "Of course," he said. "You are quite right."

Dzaprinkov turned to Majefsky. "You want to buy the chain?" he asked. "I shall want eighty rubles, cash."

"Eighty rubles is a bargain," said Majefsky. He took from his wallet a hundred ruble note. "Do you have the change?" he asked.

Dzaprinkov nodded, took the hundred ruble note and gave him twenty rubles change. He removed the watch chain from his vest and gave it to the young lawyer.

Then Majefsky turned away slowly, counting his twenty rubles, all he had left from the hundred his father had given him.

"Can I leave the witness box now?" asked Dzaprinkov.

"Yes, you may leave." And then suddenly it happened.

Quick as a lightning bolt Majefsky turned, his face pale, his eyes flashing, his hand, clutching the twenty rubles, pointing like a dagger at Dzaprinkov.

"Your honor! I demand the arrest of Vladimir Dzaprinkov!"

The court was electrified. The judge leaned forward, astonished. "On what charge?" he asked.

"On the charge of wilfully and criminally passing counterfeit money!" His accusing finger continued to point to Dzaprinkov. "This twenty rubles he has just given me is false and valueless, and I demand his arrest!"

Dzaprinkov sat back in his seat as if stunned by a heavy blow, so suddenly did the accusation come.

"No!" he stammered. "No!"

"You deny the charge!" thundered the enraged Majefsky. "You dare to deny it! You who have become wealthy by making worthless money and passing it on to unsuspecting victims!"

"That's not true. That's a lie!"

"Then where did you get this money, answer me that!" shouted Majefsky, waving the incriminating evidence before the man's eyes.

Dzaprinkov cowered in his seat, his eyes shifting to and fro like those of a mad man. Sweat broke out in beads on his face and jowls and he trembled like an ox which has just received the death blow.

Suddenly he pointed his short squat finger at Proknikoff.

"From him!" he shouted. "He gave me the money. He is a proved counterfeiter. He gave me the money!"

"Proknikoff gave you the money? For what?"

"For the horse!" shouted Dzaprinkov, "for the horse!"

Majefsky's whole body relaxed slowly. "Your honor," he said, "I wish to beg the pardon of this court. The money is not counterfeit. The defense rests."

* * *

My son looked up at me, wiped his glasses, and put out his cigarette. "Is that all?" he asked.

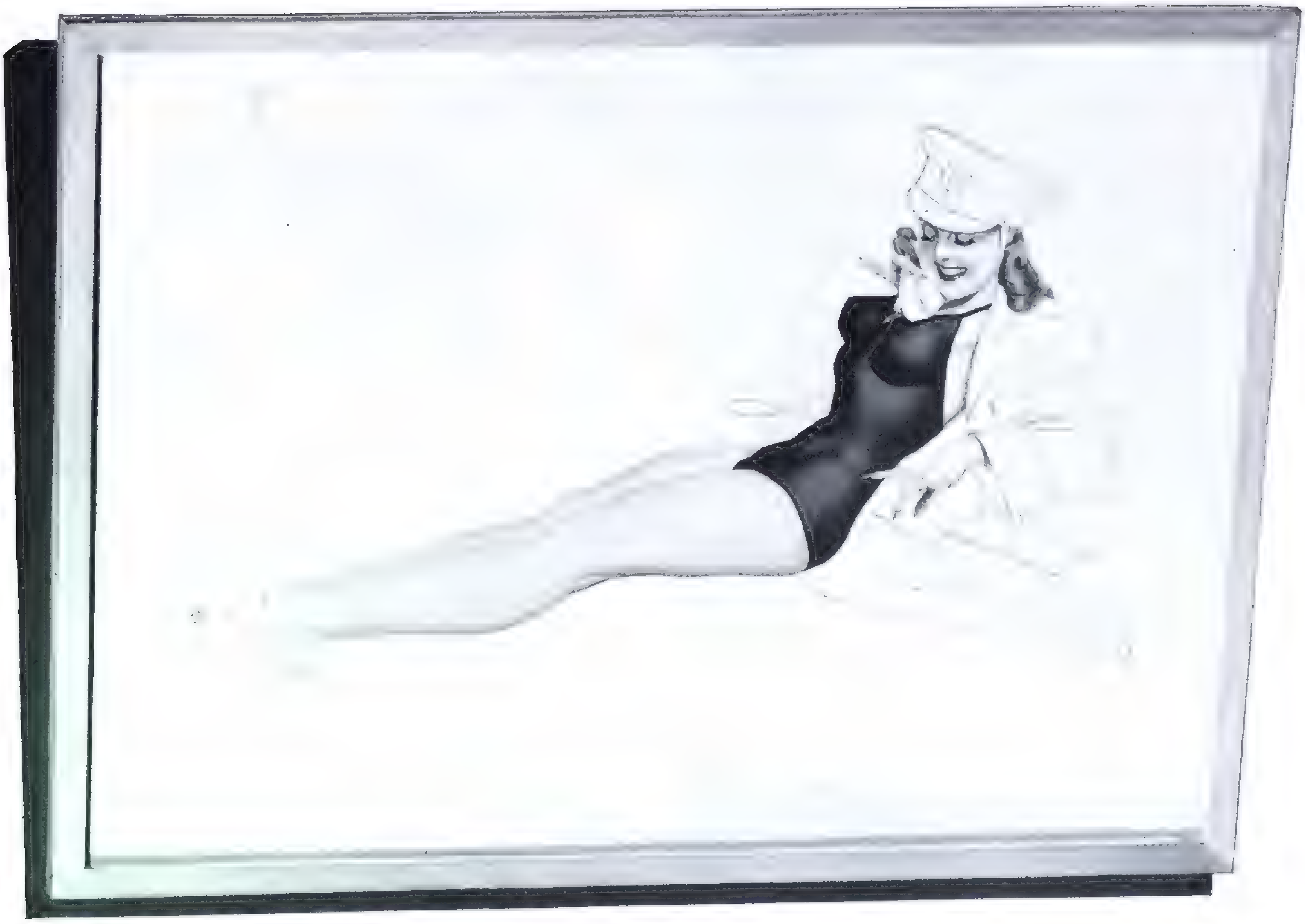
"That," I said, "is what I call a lawyer instead of a *shlemiel*."

"Absolutely unethical and illegal procedure," he said. "And besides, what does it have to do with Shmolentovitch and the fender?"

"A baby could see it," I said.

"I'm sorry. I don't get it. Now if you'll excuse me, pop, I have an appointment with the Registrar of Deeds." And he left the room.

You see what I mean? My son is an ox. #



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Sergeants Are Heartless

Continued from page 27

breakfist in the canteen with?"

"Sure. Absolutely," said the sergeant. "I'll hand you guys a buck for breakfast while I eat in the company mess. Positively. Be only too happy to. And I suppose you'll need a little jack to buy yourselves some silk pajamas, too. And next month, as soon as I get my pay, I'll buy you each a polo pony." The sergeant got up and struggled into his raincoat.

"He ain't got no heart," said Ortwingle.

"No sergeants ain't got any hearts," said Smoot sadly. "If a guy has got a heart they ain't such fools to make him into sergeants."

"You said it," said Ortwingle in his Greek chorus fashion.

"Time for you to take out your relief, Corporal," said Tooey. "I'll go along and inspect the posts while you make the relief."

Smoot, who was a good soldier underneath his incessant growling, tidied up his uniform and then called out his men. "All right, line up. Get those slickers hooked properly," he bawled. "What do you think this is, a Girl Scout picnic? You, Humperdinck—fix them leggins. And watch out or you'll bat somebody's brains out with the end of that rifle."

"Jeez, I only just got dry."

"Is it still raining?" someone asked sleepily.

"Look, don't let that fire die out, you guys."

"Come on, come on. We haven't got all night," said Corporal Smoot sharply. He sighed deeply. "Sergeants just ain't got no hearts, if you ask me," he mumbled under his breath to himself. "That's the whole trouble in a nutshell."

The relief fell in step and shuffled out into the black downpour. #

Story of a Ship's Writer

Continued from page 59

air of the whippet that has caught the mechanical rabbit, and the sardonic laughter of the accompanying destroyers ringing, so to speak, in her ears. And many a doughboy, whose letters home thrilled the old folks or the girl-friend with tales of submarine attacks on the way over, would blush to know the true nature of the "attacks" with which his life had been endangered. However, for us destroyers it was all in the game. Some day . . .

At the moment when our officer of the deck was getting curious about the *Fanning's* behavior, I was posting a new Watch Quarter and Station Bill in the crew's quarters for'ard. Even when the general quarters bell sounded off, I decided that since we had just left Queenstown Harbor there must be some mistake, and that I would damned well finish what I was doing, for once. But that didn't last long. There was a shout from topsides—a ring of hobnailed boots on the deck overhead—a frantic shuttling of the engine-room telegraph as the bridge called for full-speed-ahead and an answering harmonic whine from the blowers as they forced the oil-feed draft up to twenty-seven knots. And then came the confirmation—a metallic, hollow, crystal-clear explosion like a 22-calibre rifle bullet going through a tin can . . .

Up the ladder—across the deck—out onto the little iron platform—I do not even remember how I got there. The voice tube started spouting ranges and deflections from the gunnery officer. "Range two thousand—right ten!" I gave the dials a twist, yelled: "Number Two ready, sir!" and as my gun swept its formidable snout outboard, glanced hopefully ahead to see what there was to shoot at.

A destroyer going into action breeds excitement. There is tenseness on the bridge and on deck, not to mention the below-decks part of the ship where they can't see what is going on. The voice of the gunnery officer sounds hollow and unearthly over the voice tube. The blowers shriek and roar like a battery of airplane motors. Thick, dirty smoke pours in literal torrents from the four low stacks and whips out over the ship's wake, half-hiding the ships astern. Alongside, the water races past at express-train speed. The men, usually clad in the first thing they could lay their hands on, stand to their posts on torpedo tubes, at guns, on the bridge, or sealed in the airtight, blistering firerooms. If they grin, it is with the cold rage of the born fighter; if they kid a bit, it is with the bravado of the traditional torpedo-boat man who cares not a damn for anything under the sun, much less under the sea. Speaking for myself, I was too busy wondering what this was all about, to know how I felt. An hour or so afterward, I began to feel cold, and realized for the first time that between me and the December weather were an undershirt, dungaree trousers, and no shoes.

The *Nicholson's* speed in action was anywhere from twenty-four to thirty knots—twenty-seven to thirty-three-and-a-fraction miles per hour. As I looked ahead to see what all the shooting was about, I saw that we were turning in a long, wide circle to port—but not with the steadiness of the ordinary change-of-course maneuver. Our bow swung now here, now there—a few points right . . . a few points left. A sea sloshed along the fo'c'sle whaleback and drenched me to the skin with a half-ton of icy water. But what of it? We were finally chasing something—on the bridge they could actually see it! Now we were getting somewhere—no more of this long-distance gunnery! I glanced across the deck. Pointer and trainer of Number Three Gun, cursing blue blazes, were almost breaking their elbows trying to keep their cross wires on something that was presenting an extremely elusive target. I looked past them—and there, not a thousand yards to port, appeared a long gray back which, even as I stared goggle-eyed, slipped below the surface with a flirt of white spray, and disappeared!

"Down a thousand! Left, two!" Our circle narrowed. The slim ship heeled far over to starboard—seas slapped at my legs, and I clung to my gun for safety. If it appeared again, the U-boat—for what else could own that slimy gray back?—would be directly on the range of Number Two Gun! We couldn't miss!... Number Two Gun's crew grinned, cursed, and waited. Where the hell was she? ... Come up, you blankety-blank so-and-so ... Come up and fight!

She came up. Right under the muzzle of Number Two Gun—so close aboard that had we not trained it in just in time, our gun would have been wrenched from its mount—the first fifty feet of a giant sea-going Untersee Cruiser of the German Imperial Navy poked up out of the depths at an angle of thirty or so degrees, like a colossal crocodile coming up for air. Her ugly black torpedo tubes, her shipshape radio antennae, and her clean white wooden deck were actually so close aboard that we could not open fire! Mortally hurt by the *Fanning's* depth charge, she slid by not ten feet to our starboard—she had missed, by just that much, coming up directly beneath us!

The desperate U-boat commander, like an exhausted fox with hounds closing fast on every side, must have done some quick thinking. To lie quiet, with his way stopped, was to court sudden death from another depth charge. To blow his tanks and come to the surface would bring him directly under the waiting guns of every destroyer in the escort. Even as he hesitated, his ship, with her diving rudders broken and useless, became completely unmanageable; his whole bows were showing right at our starboard rail, and the members of Number Two Gun's crew were fairly screaming at him, throwing shoes and watch caps at him, spitting tobacco juice and profanity on his very decks!... But he had not much time to think. The *Nicholson's* depth charge, dropped with beautiful precision, lifted him and his ship almost out of the water.

I was looking aft—as who on the *Nicholson* was not!—and I saw that depth charge, released by the iron-fisted quartermaster on the bridge, roll quietly off our fantail. So I was looking for what I saw—a vast upheaval from the depths as of a submarine volcano in eruption; an acre or so of water in our wake lashed and torn to shreds as the full force of the explosion reached the surface. And in the very center of this terrifying welter, her sleek round conning tower exposed and the large black-lettered *U-58* plainly visible, the big U-boat staggered, reeled, and slipped again out of sight.

We on the *Nicholson* yelled in triumph. Why, the *U-58* was the sister-ship of the famous *U-53*—the *U-53* that had raised so much hell off Nantucket in 1916! And here she was at our mercy! One of the Kaiser's largest and finest, tossed about by Yankee depth charges, with a bunch of yelling Yankee destroyers snapping at her heels! Six months of waiting for this—but by God, it was worth it!

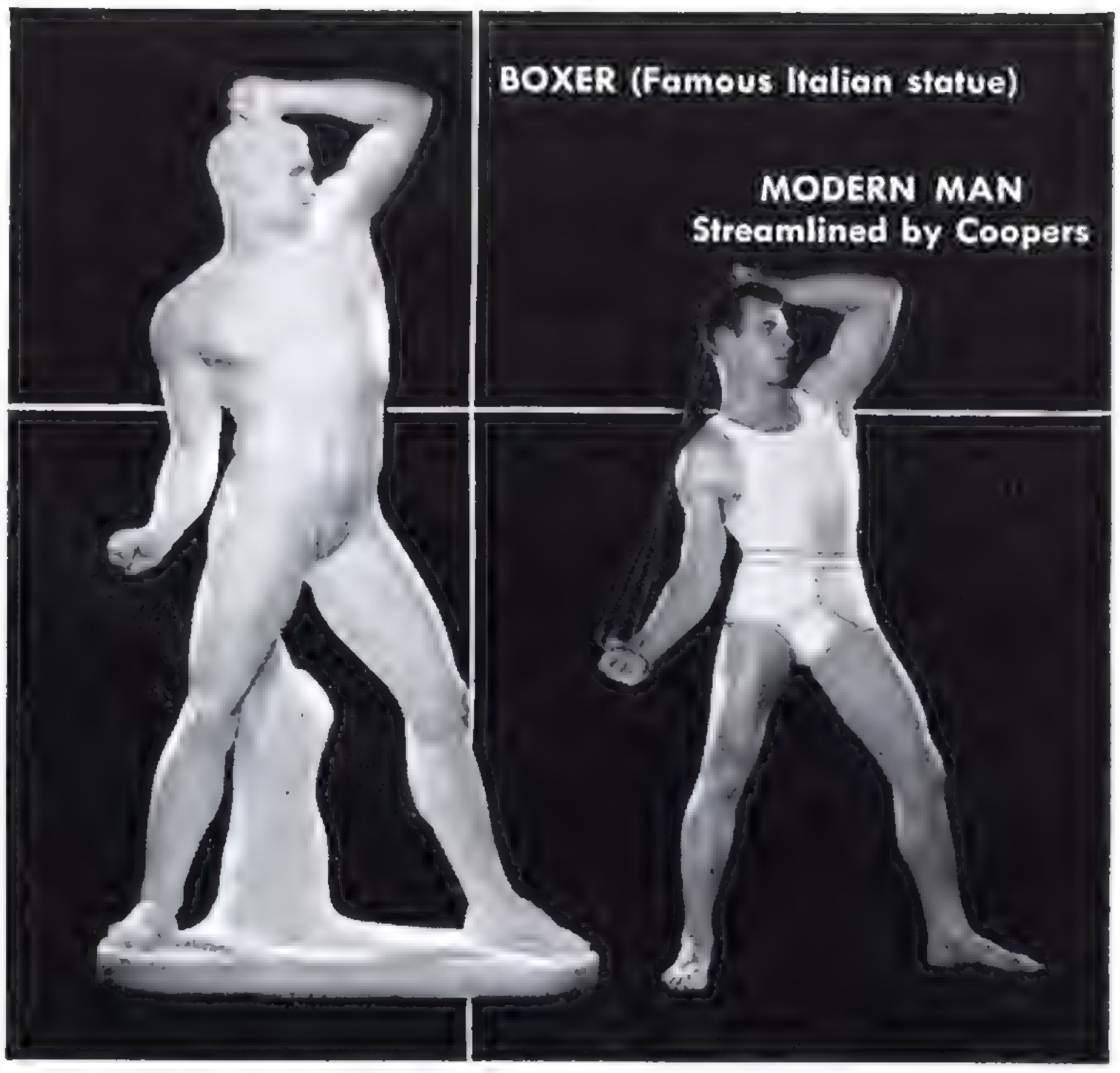
The *Nicholson* circled and came back to the spot where the depth charge had done its work. The boiling sea subsided, and the spreading brown stain of the explosion discolored the water. But where was the oil that always betokens a sunken submarine? Where were the splintered deck planking, the wreckage? Could she possibly have survived this second battering? Was she, even now, creeping along the bottom like a slimy reptile, waiting her chance to crawl away and lick her wounds in the mud? We reduced our speed, and made another watchful circle, fairly tiptoeing our way through the water in a breathless hide-and-seek of death. The remaining destroyers in the escort, ordered by our commander to stay out of the fight and screen the convoy, fretted to be in at the finish. Not a man on the *Nicholson* moved or spoke. We held our breath and watched the sea like hawks for air bubbles, wreckage, oil, *anything!*

With dramatic suddenness came the climax. Directly between the *Nicholson* and the *Fanning*, the *U-58* broke water. First came the conning tower with the tall black lettering. Then the five-point-two deck gun, short and ugly and capable. Then the whole huge length of her shouldered the water aside, and she lay like a gigantic, mortally hurt sea monster, rather at the surface than on it. So quietly did she emerge, and so quickly with so little fuss, that for a perceptible moment there was *tableau*.

But for a moment only. The *Nicholson's* Number Four Gun cracked a salute to the enemy, and a non-ricochet shell hit the water just short of the *U-58's* conning tower and kicked salt spray into her hatch. A second ranging shot was just over. Our third rang against the steel hull of her and burst, knocking into the water a sailor who at that instant hurried out of the conning tower with his hands in the air. And now appeared a figure at the conning-tower bridge—the figure of a man who in spite of the shelling seemed to move with infinite deliberation and weariness. He raised his arm toward us, and something white—"It's the German Naval Ensign!" yelled our Skipper from the bridge—fluttered in his hand in token of surrender.

There had to be comedy relief somewhere, and it came now. The *Duncan* and the *Downes*, two United States destroyers just arriving from the States, swung up

Continued on page 146



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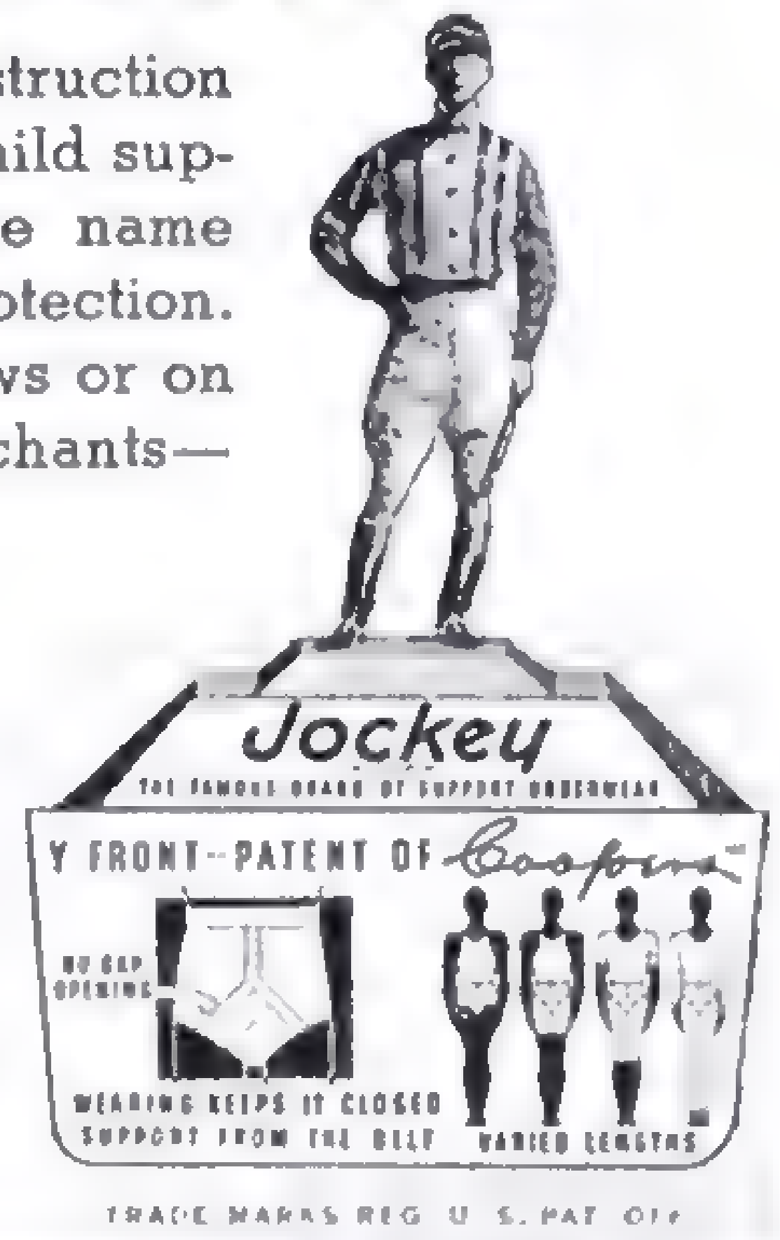

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Story of a Ship's Writer

Continued from pages 59-145

over the horizon; and their first glimpse of the War Zone disclosed a gun-fight, practically in the outer harbor of Queenstown, between a submarine and two destroyers, while a group of other ships sagely viewed the proceedings as though this sort of thing was quite usual! I've often wondered what their officers and men thought at that moment, but when after one startled look, they tucked their fantails between their legs and made for Queenstown Harbor, we found time to grin.

. . . But the sinister part of the show was not yet finished. The *U-58* was helpless. Her crew was lined up on her low deck, their hands in the air. Her commander—his name turned out to be Gustav Amberger—was showing the white feather. So far as we were concerned, there was only one thing left to make the day complete—take the *U-58's* crew aboard, and tow the *U-58* back into Queenstown right under the noses of the British Nayvee!

But then our Skipper remembered his responsibilities as Senior Officer Present of the escort. As such, he must stay with the convoy at all costs. Up there on our bridge he gulped down his disappointment, and signaled to the *Fanning* to take off the German crew, and tow the captured U-boat to port. The *Fanning*, replying that her own depth charge had disabled her and she must put back anyway for repairs, nosed slowly over to the wallowing submarine while the *Nicholson's* guncrews, alert at "hold fire," watched for monkey business.

But the glory of towing a U-boat into Queenstown Harbor past the British men-of-war, sister destroyers at their buoys, and the Admiralty on the hill just wasn't in the wood for us, nor for the *Fanning* either. The German U-boat skipper, preferring dishonor to death, had surrendered himself and his crew, but not his submarine. As we watched, he barked a guttural order, and two of his crew took their hands down out of the air and darted belowdecks.

"The dirty dogs are sinking her!" groaned our Skipper from the bridge. "By God, I'll fix that Dutchman! Boarding party away!" And the boarding party—consisting, incidentally, of Number Two Gun's crew—assembled for'ard of Number One Stack, complete with cutlasses, bandoliers, gats and rifles with bayonets fixed. Our whaleboat swung out in its davits. We looked hopefully at the Skipper.

"No, damn it," he said finally. "I won't send you yet. But stand by, and if those Krauts open their traps to me . . . oh, well. We're supposed to be gentlemen even at a time like this! Hell's bells, let the *Fanning* take the beggars off!"

Now the *Fanning* was alongside. The Skipper was right—the *U-58* was settling lower in the water. The Germans—"characteristically," as Admiral Sims said later—had opened her sea valves and scuttled her as later they scuttled their fleet at Scapa Flow. Her crew, as we watched, clambered aboard the *Fanning;* and the *Fanning's* men, in a desperate attempt to save the U-boat, passed hogging-lines around her fat belly to keep her up. But the *U-58* was the larger craft; and after holding fast until she was in imminent danger of capsizing, the *Fanning* was forced to cast off the hogging-lines and let her sink. Tough!

Well, that was that. The *Fanning* headed over our way. There was megaphoning between our bridge and hers. We all felt big and heroic, and when the crew of the *Fanning* cheered us—very generously, too, for it was her submarine—we cheered back. Then we rejoined the convoy, and took our station. There was a fluttering of signal flags in the dusk that was creeping over the ocean. And things settled down for the night.

* * *

Bill finished, and stopped staring at the ceiling. I came back to the room where we were.

"Nice going, Bill," I said. "That was good copy." Then I remembered the piece of paper he had handed me. I took it and read it through. This is what it said:

> "Time 14:00 BST underway from Base Six escorting OQ210 with destroyers Fanning, Cummings, Conyngham, O'Brien, Benham, Sampson. At 15:10 went to General Quarters, course 220° true, dropped depth charge on submarine, and fired 3 shots from No. 4 gun one of which took effect. Submarine sank 16:26 BST. Survivors to Queenstown aboard Fanning."

"What's OQ210?" I said.

"That's the code name of the convoy," said Bill. "There were three transports. One was the *Welshman*. She was taking back the Scottish *Black Watch*—they'd been having leave in Ireland." He up-ended his glass. "Boy, if those birds had been torpedoed and lost, it would have knocked what was left of England's morale for a cock-eyed loop! And if that had happened—goodnight!"

"You say you wrote this?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I was the *Nicholson's* yeoman—you know, ship's writer. I had to write up the log."

I couldn't believe it. "You wrote three sentences about a thing like that! I'll bet you'd have reported the Battle of Jutland in a fifty-word night letter. How did you ever get to be a copywriter?"

Bill shrugged. "I don't know," he said, looking into the bottom of his glass. "By not sticking in the Navy, I guess." Suddenly he became embarrassed. "I don't know why I got so long-winded. It must be this trick whiskey you're feeding me. Thank God I wasn't talking for publication."

But he was. I'll catch hell when he sees this. ##

The 1941 Lightplane Roundup

Continued from page 62

and the new Douglas bombers.

To understand the significance of this, we must split a few logarithms: to wit—the conventional plane must of necessity make a three-point landing, nose high, tail down. The plane has to be "stalled" a few feet above the ground, then allowed to settle—a stunt which calls for hours of practice.

With a tricycle landing gear, you can land even nose to the ground; the nose wheel automatically will push up the plane into the proper position. And this landing process can be undertaken, if necessary, with the power on—the way you might nose a car under the *porte-cochère* of Paulette Goddard's beach house.

With the ordinary plane, too rapid application of brakes will make the plane nose over. For this reason, you keep it running along like Paavo Nurmi, long after it has hit terra firma. With the Ercoupe, you can lock your brakes the minute you touch; and skid to an instantaneous stop.

Visibility is similarly affected. With the conventional plane, the pilot's outlook in taxiing is blocked by the engine, since the engine is high in the air, where his eyes are supposed to be. He can avoid playing propeller-toucher (a mechanized form of duelling with axes), only by zigzagging his plane and looking sidewise out of the window. But in the Ercoupe, he sits just as he does in a car, looking ahead over the hood; the fuselage is parallel to the ground, not pointing up at the skylarks, like a winged version of a 75 mm. howitzer.

* * *

The fastest of the new planes is the 1941 Culver Cadet. This job, chiefly of plastic plywood, zooms along at some 120 m.p.h., cruising speed, powered by a 75 h.p. Continental motor.

For this reason, if no other, it is a fast seller among lightplane flyers who want to get where they are going. For, after all, the chief virtue of practical flying is speed; you might just as well get to your destination ahead of the latest change on the world map.

The landing speed of the Cadet is 45 m.p.h., about fifteen miles faster than most of the other ships in the lightplane class, and calls, consequently, for more skill in handling. This is a balanced world, as Mr. Emerson once tried to say, with his so-called "Law of Compensations"; and gaining one thing means losing another. Personally, I'd sacrifice the safety and convenience margin a lower landing speed offers, for the increase in air speed.

* * *

Among the advances in convenience and comforts to be recorded, this year, is the newly-styled Piper Cub Coupe. Two-toned color combinations make this job look like a super deluxe auto; and a mechanical starter, custom-built RCA radio, exhaust muffler, key-locking ignition, hydraulic brakes, parking brakes, battery, generator, and custom-built clock, *as standard equipment*, complete the picture.

Engine horsepower has been stepped up to 75; and this engine, a Continental, hooked up to a large wing tank, makes it possible to fly halfway from Chicago to New York without coming down.

The muffler, however, deserves especial highlighting. Time was when talk and back talk in a plane could only be successful via telephone—or in deaf-and-dumb language. Some hold that this meant the lightplane was still in its horse-and-buggy days; others, that enforced silence was one of the great charms of air transportation—and such cynics sought planes' tempestuous roars with the zeal of Mr. Anatole France's man who married a dumb wife. But Piper has sent the roar to Limbo; and conversational inanities have ascended to new heights.

Piper is again offering, in 1941, a three-place job, The Cruiser; and a couple of models in training planes, including a 40 h.p. job, at $999—the lowest priced plane in the field. And, as in times past, free training goes with every purchase: at least of $999, or over.

Incidentally, planes—the Piper Cubs and others—can be financed, these days, the way cars are financed. You seldom, if ever, plunk down cash on the line; and this fact, multiplied by the number of months in a couple of years, makes flying as economically painless as a War Debt. Applied, specifically, to the low-priced Piper job, it would mean that if and when you wave some $333 in the air, you are flying. And this makes buying a plane almost as inexpensive as taking lessons—at least, at regular instruction rates.

Aeronca is also featuring a muffler on the 1941 models, as well as improved styling and a soundproofed cabin on the Super Chief. Cruising speed is 95 m.p.h., with a range of 350 miles. Engine equipment is Continental or Lycoming 65 h.p. Tandem training planes similar in general form to the Piper training planes are also available.

The deluxe Taylorcraft for this year joins both the Piper Cub and Aeronca in improved styling in the addition of a muffler. A nose wheel is also offered as optional equipment on the tandem trainer model—a nice touch for students who are too forward in their leanings. And like Aeronca, but unlike Piper, Taylorcraft offers optional wheel controls in place of the customary stick.

The Deluxe Taylorcraft comes with a 65 h.p. Lycoming, Continental, or Franklin engine. Cruising speed is 95 m.p.h. over a 375 mile range.

The shining, all-metal fuselage Luscombe offers again higher speed in its power class than the other high wing monoplanes. The 65 h.p.

Continued on page 148

DOBBS

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* No imitations yet. And we don't expect any. It's too difficult to make a hat like *Jolly Rounder!*

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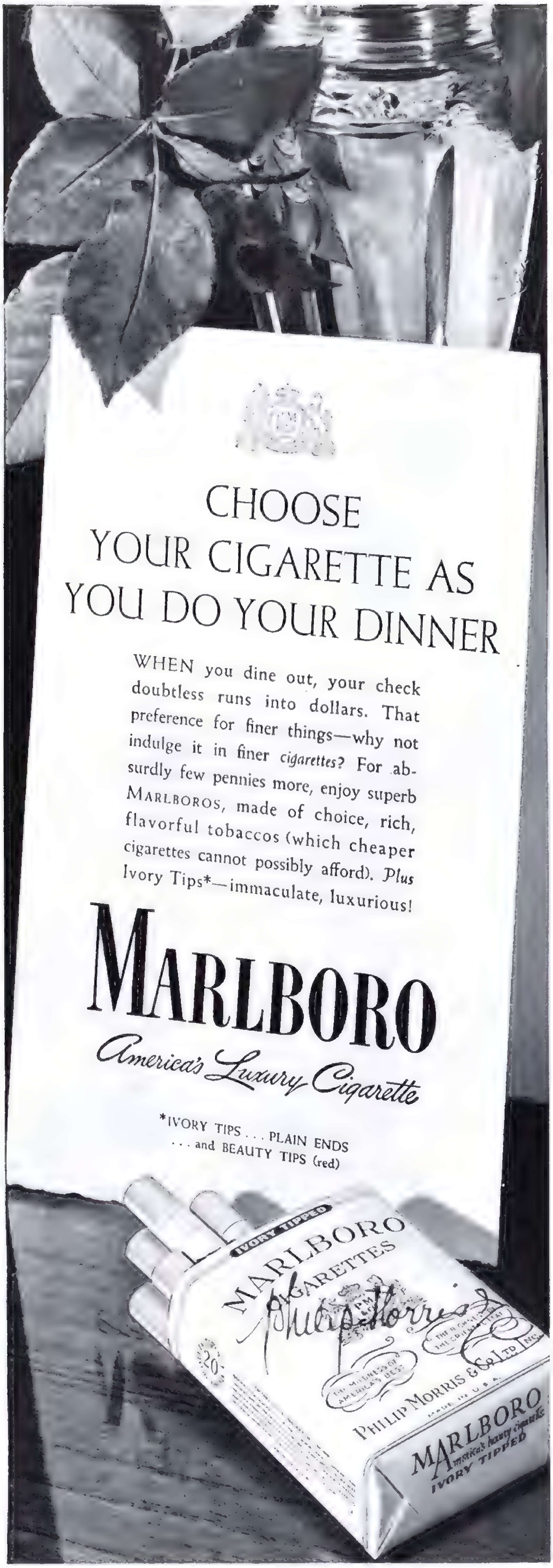

CHOOSE YOUR CIGARETTE AS YOU DO YOUR DINNER

WHEN you dine out, your check doubtless runs into dollars. That preference for finer things—why not indulge it in finer *cigarettes?* For absurdly few pennies more, enjoy superb MARLBOROS, made of choice, rich, flavorful tobaccos (which cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford). *Plus* Ivory Tips*—immaculate, luxurious!

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

*IVORY TIPS . . . PLAIN ENDS . . . and BEAUTY TIPS (red)

The 1941 Lightplane Roundup

Continued from pages 62-147

model, for example, cruises at 104 m.p.h., and 75 h.p. Silvaire cruises at 110 m.p.h.

The Stinson Voyager, like its predecessor, the Number 105, continues to be the luxury liner in the lightplane field. Although priced slightly higher than its competitors, it provides the full motor power comfort the junior executives and blasé business men demand. Carrying such desirable items as an electric starter, wing slots, and flaps for stability and easier landing, and a third place for the girl's mother, and cruising at 110 m.p.h., it is about as comfortable a job as any conservative sportsman could ask for. Powered by a 90 h.p. Franklin engine, the Voyager skims along at 110 m.p.h., with an advertised fuel cost of 1⅓ cents per mile.

Rearwin enters the lightplane field this year with four models, ranging in price from $1,795 to $4,495. Safety features include wing slots, and comfort features include exhaust silencer and electric starter on some models. The available engines are legion. Cruising speeds start at 103 m.p.h. and extend up to 177.

Porterfield continues with tandem models ranging in speed from 92 m.p.h. to a 90 h.p. Warner Scarab job turning out 120.

It is hardly feasible, in this space, to list all of the specifications of everything that flies. Ornithology is a field by itself. What is important for the purposes of this writing are the changes and new developments in planes which are within the financial reach of a man operating not more than three cars, or supporting more than two families.

The whole field can be divided roughly into two classes: (a) Planes available for everyday transportation and commutation; (b) exotica. The second is reserved as a special province of such men as those who gaily cultivate rare orchids, make safaris up the Blue Nile, or sit in the Stork Club with falcons on their wrists.

This is not to say that there are not planes which are desirable items for high sport and hard duty. Many of these have been covered in this column in times past, and no doubt will be covered again—if and when they develop news interest. And to all those excellent Fairchilds, Wacos, Bellancas, Howards, Beechcrafts, and big Stinsons, we sing orisons.

* * *

This is a curious time. Every catch-penny phrasemaker is going around saying "There will always be a something-or-other." Emphasis is on the past, reminding you somehow of a plantation overgrown with weeds. It may always be there, but what is it?

In the face of this spiritual back flip, flying, which is the perpetual symbol of life and hope and movement and health and futurity, is practically a stepchild of the private citizen.

It is true that military flying gets closer to the speed of sound, and for all we know, by the time this goes to press, it may be well up in the realm of supersonics. But private flying is suffering the fate of the neglected Dodo and the cloven-hoofed Eohippus.

This is partly due to the fact that the government is extraordinarily busy these days, and to the fact that the local Chambers of Commerce are perhaps even busier being busy about the government. But certain aids to flying are definitely in order; and you, as a member of your local Chamber of Commerce, might be willing to do something about it—between pep meetings.

Here are some of the things urgently needed:

(1) *More flying fields:* in most large cities, the nearest flying field is about as far away as the prophets' paradise to come; and ten to one, it has high tension wires around it, ready to give you a shock in reprimand the first time you undershoot the field. And over week ends, it is probably so crowded that you have to be a certified queen bee in order to be allowed to buzz down through the swarm. Almost every middle-sized city needs more and better airports.

(2) *Landing strips on the side of roads.* As a motorist, you can stop whenever you please, to drink the bad rural coffee, to nibble a Good Humor, or stroll in the woods in search of a non-existent penknife. Civilized flying calls for the same pleasures, and the possibility of emergencies demands them. Now, it is a very simple thing to build concrete or asphalt strips along main highways at five-mile intervals. Properly placed, and far enough away from telegraph and power lines, they would make cross-country flying as simple and as well-ordered as a stroll down Broadway. This is a matter for state legislatures and as a power in your bishopric, it is suggested you engineer a filibuster in this connection.

(3) *Highway markings.* When you fly across country today, you have your choice of straight navigation or flying by terrain. The first calls for a technical knowledge of deviations, variations, true norths, pretenders-to-be-north, drift, and so many other terrestrial curiosae, that unless you happen to be the Quiz Kids, you had better forget the whole business. (There is also, of course, flying by beam, but the beam never seems to point to the place you happen to be going.)

"Flying by terrain" is a fancy way of saying by landmark. According to this procedure you memorize all of the landmarks indicated on your map, every river, railroad, highway and bagnio, and smokehouse. Soon you're flying in circles, looking for a little manhole that isn't there.

A great help in this connection

is to fly the highways. Unfortunately, all highways, like the much-libeled Chinese, have a tendency to look alike when seen from above; and often you will leave a town by what seems to be the glorious Lincoln Highway, only to wind up above the local abattoir. The reasonable answer is to mark main highways with both state and U. S. numbers, so that the pilot can share this illuminating information with his brethren, jallopying along below.

* * *

For various reasons, a number of *bons vivants* find it inexpedient to buy a plane. Their time may be pre-occupied with the trivialities of business, or their aeronautical needs may be limited to occasional week-end commuting between the Stock Exchange and the Summer Palace near Minsk or Pinsk. To bridge this hiatus, Howard Ailor, at Roosevelt Field, has begun the first of a projected chain of "Fly-Ur-Self" services.

You can go out to Mr. Ailor's airdrome and select anything from a two-place Ercoupe to a five-place highspeed Waco cabin ship, fly from here to Honolulu—and pay only for the time you had the ship actually in the air.

Rental charges begin at some $13 an hour, for a two-place job, covering 100 miles in the hour—or approximately $6 per person per 100 miles. This means that for little more than you would pay for a bourgeois Pullman chair, you can drop in unexpectedly on any innocent host within two states of your point of departure, and justify your uninvited and unwelcome presence in the name of this our wonderful age.

Or if the spirit moves you, you can land the plane in the pasture of your own hide-out, let it lie fallow a week, a month, or even a year, and still pay only for the time it was actually in use—less, of course, a certain *couvert*.

In the course of time, the Ailor "Fly-Ur-Self" system will probably develop into an aeronautical form of the old Pony Express, or posting station. You would then fly your plane from Point A to Point B, and then abandon it. The *couvert* would then cease automatically; and the plane would either be flown back by some other customer, or left for dry rot at the discretion of the operating company. ⵌ

Cash and Carry Football

Continued from page 42

becoming more confused and more harmful generally. It would automatically do away with most of the entirely erroneous notions of evil in our college sports. And in the matter of sports, as in so many other things, the accepted notions of evil are, I believe, wrong. The principal evil in the situation today is not the fact that the athlete is paid. It is that the payment is denied, and that he is underpaid.

In any honest discussion of the situation we must be frank enough to admit these things:

First, that a large percentage of athletes, particularly in football, are paid in one form or another.

Second, that this pay is given to them in direct conflict with the rules set up by the school officials—the men who do the paying—and hence the payment is denied.

Third, that such a situation becomes generally known to the students in the colleges.

And fourth, that it is definitely harmful to the entire educational system.

One of the best ways to tear down character is to demonstrate to a youth that the things you try to teach him are in reality the opposite of the things you are doing.

"What the hell," the youth figures. "Here is a football player who passes when he shouldn't, who gets paid when it's against the rules. This must be the way things work generally in the world. So why hand me a false front. I'll just do things the same way—anything I get by with is o. k."

Once you admit the truth of these statements, you are prepared for an intelligent approach to the subject with a view toward curing it.

Now I am convinced that you can never cure it by trying to clean up sports. With a half-million dollars coming in at the gate, no college is going to make the mistake of letting good material slip away and take a chance on seeing the gate drop to a quarter-million bucks. It's not in the books.

And I don't think it should be. I think the simple, honest, and easy way to do it is to pay the athlete what he really earns.

You can figure out your own way of paying him. Perhaps a straight salary basis would be better. I advance here a suggested Performance Chart of pay, in case you find that better.

Blocking a tackler	$ 5.00
Advancing the ball (per yard)	5.00
Completed forward pass (to receiver and passer)	15.00
Opening a hole in the line	5.00
Punt over 35 yards	15.00
Punt under 35 yards	3.00
Punt under 15 yards (penalty)	5.00
Tackle	10.00
Blocking a kick	15.00
Touchdown	25.00
Fumble (penalty)	10.00

Of course this is merely a suggestion. It can be scaled down or up, to fit the gate, or changed in any other way. A lot of study and experimenting would be necessary to arrive at a just basis of pay using such a chart.

Now let us take a look at the game, the players, and the spectators in the light of what might reasonably be expected to happen with such a system introduced into our high school and college football.

In the first place, you would be forced, once you brought football

Continued on page 150

WE AGREE

The scalp is the basis of Hair Health

Important? You bet! Sometimes handsome hair means *everything* to a man!

If your hair is dry, thin, or oily, chances are that over a long period of time, the tiny hair openings on your scalp may have become clogged. Your scalp may be sluggish. It probably doesn't function in a normal way. So your once rich-looking crop of hair is paying the penalty. *Don't let this go on any longer!*

KEEP THIS HAIR FOLLICLE OPEN

AND KEEP YOUR HAIR

Normalize—now! Massage a few drops of Ideal Tonic into your scalp every day, and *keep those hair follicles open!* Let the oil flow out naturally over your neglected hair. Quicken that "do-nothing" circulation into nourishing energy. Let Ideal Tonic keep the way clear for full operation of nature's life-giving functions. No more itchy scalp or dandruff. No more excessive falling hair. Ideal Tonic combines with natural oils to give a lustrous, young-looking appearance to your well-groomed hair.

Start using Ideal Tonic today—while you can still get that much-in-demand rubber scalp massage brush free!

Special OFFER

A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa, and receive brush free.

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Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application.

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Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC

TRUMP IT... IF YOU CAN!

And can you trumpet on the Crown* Tested Bandwagon! One... two! Inhale. Exhale. You're sounding off about the Crown Tested Tag which helps you spot the newest, *quality* rayon togs at your favorite Men's Shop!

B Sharp! Make it sweet and short... the way that Crown Tested Tag answers your "Will it *wear?*"..."Will it *clean?*"..."Will its colors *resist fading?*"

Now rest... and while you're catching your breath, just steal a glance at the facing page. There's a summerful of the better fabrics made possible by the use of Crown Rayon!

But don't miss your cue! "All out" on the chorus... that's getting across to the boys in the back row how easy it is to ask for—*and get*—Crown Tested fabrics. Easy... because so many of the leading makers are now *confining* their rayon purchases to Crown Tested fabrics and identifying them as such. They *know* that Crown Tested fabrics make *good* clothes... *better!*

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics

CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED RAYON FABRIC

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AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
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World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn

THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON... THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

Cash and Carry Football

Continued from pages 42-149

out into the open and decided to be honest about it, to hire a Judge Landis for each conference to see that it remains honest, instead of going behind the bushes where such business is transacted today.

There would be spirited bidding for promising stars. But once you got your man and signed him, brother, he'd be yours. Not only would he be allowed to pass his grades and stay in college—he wouldn't be able to quit. You could make him keep right on.

One of the first changes that would arise from the adoption of such a system would be the development of an entirely new outlook on the part of the player.

He would have the advantage of getting into business early in life, and he could concentrate on his life's work without being bothered with parabolas and Robert Browning.

I predict the development of a special curriculum for athletes, under such a system. There would be a course in forward passing, one in punting, one in blocking, tackling, and so on, so that a football player who really knew what he was doing and how to do it could emerge with a straight A average, just the same as a future English teacher who happens to know how to juggle words around and spell them right.

I would quit deviling the life out of football players with things they can never learn and will never need to know.

The football player, in exchange for a busted nose, knocked out teeth, broken legs and rattled vertebrae that he usually manages to accumulate in the course of a college career, would have put together some hard coin of the realm, and would be better qualified to step into his future work—that of coaching football, playing football, or selling football equipment.

If he wanted to go into some other line of work, such as writing prose poems, that would be his fault. At any rate he would have his chance to better himself.

On top of all this the Cash and Carry system would make an honest man out of him again—and I am convinced that he was honest to begin with. He's simply a victim of our educational uplift procedure. No longer would he be forced to flush and stammer when an English prof read in class a theme that had his name on it but which he didn't write. No longer would he have to worry about hiding those greenbacks slipped to him after the game. The shame and humiliation of being paid secretly and dishonestly would vanish. He would be a salaried man, earning an honest living by hard work.

And the old boloney about the football player doing his work because he loves it doesn't enter into the picture. What if he does like it? I may like to write, you may like to raise chickens, and the man on your left may love the feel of those bills he changes every day in the bank. But we all get paid for it, just the same.

So much for the football player.

Now let us take a look at the game, and then go on to the spectators.

The game would be livened up considerably, I believe. The difference between professional and college football has proved this. All the elements of the spectacular would be revived in the game. A coach's salary would not depend so much on a 3 to 0 victory, as on giving the customers a first class show for their money.

There would be a revival, perhaps, of the drop kick. The place kick would come back into its own, and open play, as introduced by the Southwest Conference (to swell the gate) would become the general rule. The forward pass would really hit its stride.

Even though the game would become more spectacular, I believe that it would at the same time become less dangerous to the players—just as wrestling is not as dangerous to the performers now in the days of the spectacular as it was in the days of straight wrestling and the strangle hold.

A football player being paid, say, $500 a month would know that his earning power would cease with the first broken bone. He would realize, also, that a broken bone for an opponent would wreck his financial career, and probably bring prompt retaliation.

Major injuries are not necessary to fast, colorful, spectacular football—as the pros have demonstrated to the nation. The football player with a broken leg would not become a living symbol to his classmates and a definite objective to all the blondes (and I'll have more to say about those blondes later). He would simply be a worker out of a job.

The biggest effect, I believe, would be on the student body and the spectators in general.

Under this new way of doing things the college student would begin to have certain rights as an individual—rights he does not have at present.

Now he must sit in the rooting section of his college, or pay an exorbitant price for a seat some place else. And if he sits in the rooting section, he can not simply sit there and watch the game. If he does, the chances are he'll be thrown out on his neck.

No, he must root.

And I contend this is unfair, unnecessary, and undemocratic. I contend it is a violation of the basic principles of individual liberty, and that when a man pays to see a game he is entitled just to watch, if that's what he wants.

But that isn't half of it. He is actually in danger of bodily harm of a severe nature if he should ever express an unfavorable opinion about one of his own team's performers.

He would be mobbed.

This is worse than undemocratic. It is a form of mild hysteria that should not be cultivated in our colleges. There, of all places, the individual liberty of a man should be nurtured and cultivated.

The college student should have the same right, then, to razz a football player as he has to razz a baseball player when he goes to a professional game. It should be an accepted and healthy part of the procedure, and would be if the players were hired hands.

Not only would it encourage free expression of opinion in the youth, but it would be of benefit to the players.

Let us suppose that the quarterback on your team starts for the goal with a clear field, and for no apparent reason falls flat on his face and loses the ball. What happens? Why you and your fellow students sit silent, probably groaning inwardly. The quarterback picks himself up slowly, walks dejectedly back to the lineup, and may even just mope his life away. He has failed his college. There is nothing he, nor you, can do or say.

Well, under the system of paid performance, things would be different.

You would join most of the rest of the gang in denouncing the quarterback shouting for somebody to murder him, send him back to the minors, or otherwise get him out of the picture. You might even throw a pop bottle out on the field to demonstrate how you feel about it.

And the quarterback? Why all this would arouse the fighting spirit (the one the yell leader has been talking about) in him, and he'd probably shout out some insulting things at you and throw the pop bottle right back into the stands.

This would help football.

The Cash and Carry system would put the Old Grad back in his place—something we've been needing now for a long time. He's been posing for years as a man whose soul is wrapped up in seeing his college win, and he's been sticking his nose into everything because of that noble pose, whereas the actual facts are that he's really interested in winning that bet he made. And of course he wouldn't bet against his team.

Well, when football comes out into the open as a paid show, then he would be concerned mainly with making a sound bet, no matter where he placed it. You'd find a few screwballs here and there who would be like Dodger and wouldn't bet on any other team. But they could bet on the number of touchdowns or something on that order, when they felt sure the home club was doomed.

The Old Grad would be just another paying customer, with no rights except those that other people enjoy.

The entire college football situation would be improved, I believe. Some odd results of the present system would disappear. There is the matter of blondes, which I promised I would take up.

At present the average college student has no means of competing with athletes for the girls. He is out of luck and has to wait around for the leavings and castoffs. The fullback gets the pick, the quarterback next, and so on down to the substitute guards. Then the non-football player comes into the picture.

The Cash and Carry system would end most of this. Girls love a hero, but when a man gets paid for his heroic work, why he's no longer a hero. He's a laborer, or professional man, earning his pay. And he has to have something besides a string of touchdowns to his credit to walk away with the pick of the girls.

The average college student, with things changed as I advocate, could go to a girl and say, "Look, Baby, I've got as much dough in the bank as that mug, and here's what I'm going to be earning ten years from now, while he'll be out there peddling nose guards . . ." and so on.

A healthier situation would develop in this respect. The girls would begin to look upon football as a business, which it actually has become, and the glory that once hung in thick layers over the head of a quarterback would fade, so that the blondes could be distributed out among the common herd—for better or for worse.

There are many other things that might take place—and all for the better. I would look for the injection of some humor into college football for the first time. Humor is sadly needed in this country, particularly in things such as football where even a smile might get you ejected from the stands.

Coaches would begin to get their just dues—they would get it in the neck from the fans when they didn't handle things properly, and they'd get it right there on the spot. They've been needing it for a long time.

With football on an open, out-and-out cash basis, there would be no disgrace in taking the profits and using them for the school. It would be possible to increase the salaries of the college president and other school officials, paying them out of football profits. A college president might even look forward to getting as much as a coach some day.

You can go on for a long time figuring out things that would happen. I leave that to you.

I give you, then, the Cash and Carry, or Cut in the Gate system for what it may be worth. If you don't want to accept it, then my other suggestion is that you remove the charge at the gate entirely and actually turn college sports back into the realm of amateur athletics. You simply remove the financial angle entirely.

Either one or the other.

The middle ground on which we stand today is resulting in a pretty shoddy situation that is definitely harmful to the youth of the land. And he's entitled to a break. ##

CROWN* RAYON *takes a holiday*

ALL ABOARD! As you walk down the aisle, pretend not to notice how this suit makes you the apple of feminine eyes. The maker, Famous-Sternberg, aptly calls it Mirro-Kool . . . it's tailored of a cool Crown Tested Rayon fabric which will hold its smart lines through the worst of the Dog Days!

FORE! For par on looks you've got to have at least one of these Crown Tested Rayon slack suits whose jacket-shirts do double duty. Why Crown Rayon? Let leading sportswear makers tell you! Bartlay, Brentwood, McGregor, Puritan, Seven Seas—they all specify Crown Tested Rayon fabrics because they know that the original colors *you* buy will resist sun fading and stand up at the cleaner's!

WHITE KNIGHT . . . that's what your glamour girl will think as you waltz her around. But when you get a *white* jacket . . . get a good one! You can rely on famous "After Six" formal clothes by S. Rudofker's Sons. They use Crown Tested Rayon fabrics. Reason: Trip after trip to the cleaner's Crown Rayon will come back as *white* as the day you bought it. Crown Rayon won't "yellow"!

AND SO TO BED . . . does the sight of you in pyjamas make you scowl? Switch to Weldon Crown Tested Rayon pyjamas. Luxurious, without spilling over on the "sissy" side. Fabrics don't fade out to pastel memories of their original colors!

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Would you like to know the name of the Men's Shop nearest you that features these wearable, fashion-right clothes? Just write . . . or wire . . . the Advertising Department . . .

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Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED RAYON FABRIC

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Guy: Ghoul of the Ghostly West

Continued from page 86

ambitions had been divided between baseball and getting-rich-quick, still a boy today in his delight with sailboat tinkering and automobile mechanics.

It is Mrs. Guy—born Clara Skinner, also an artist—who is, by contrast, the Westerner. Her father came from Detroit, her mother from Chicago. When her father died, her mother went to Colorado to live with a brother, and there, at Sterling, Colorado, she remarried. It was to visit them and a married sister, at Landor, Wyoming, that the Guys set out for the West. The chief purpose was to show off little Nancy, who had been born a year and two days before the day on which they set out (Feb. 16, 1940), with Sterno stove to heat the milk for baby, and a pair of skis lashed to the top of the car. Three times a day they would stop on the road to heat their food and the baby's milk. For the purposes of other long-distance travelers who plan to take along a baby, the Guys advise that the infant be fed an hour before the family is to take shelter for the night.

They made Sterling, Colorado, in four days. The landscape was dirty, barren, tough, flat, abandoned and with vast unoccupied vistas, and Guy liked it because it looked like part of the dust bowl, which it might have been. After a day's rest Guy left wife and baby and went off to get some skiing. He headed for Estes Park, north of Denver, where someone had said he would find the right snow.

The skiing was not so good. Another place was mentioned as providing better sport, and Guy moved on to Boulder where he astonished several of the natives by asking where Boulder Dam was. The next day he took a short cut through the canyon for Berthoud Pass, and the weather was so grand that he spent most of the time grinding his camera at the landscape. He passed a series of abandoned mining shafts through which, formerly, men had hoisted up loads of gold and silver ore. And before he knew it he was at Central City where, pausing to get his bearings, he studied his excellent automobile road map and read this legend about Central City: "Noted for two ghost towns near here." The gleam of curiosity in his eyes at the moment was the gleam of conception of *Fun in Ghost Town.*

Not many people were about but the first one questioned offered to take him to the nearest dead town. A mile out, or rather a mile up, on one of the steepest grades Guy has ever experienced, they reached the place, once called Nevadaville, just one long street marked by foundations of buildings that had never been put up and by hollowed out façades of structures that had been emptied out and crumbled. What amazed Guy was that most of the building material was brick, the mere transportation of which must have been most difficult and expensive. There wasn't a human being or an animal in Nevadaville. He ground out a few feet of film and then they left. That is all he saw or experienced of a Western mining ghost town. The "fun" was the product of an imagination that could people the desert with reasonable and burlesque facsimiles derived from the theatre, the movies and reading matter.

Traveling downhill back toward Central City, his brakes went bad, and Guy reached the nearest garage with the emergency brake up, as a result of which it was burned out. Hesitating to offer his ghost town guide a money tip he suggested a beer, which they downed at the Central City saloon which is supposed to be the setting for that immortal epic, *The Face on the Barroom Floor.* Whether that is true or not, James Guy was ready to believe, and one of his ghost town gouaches is based on that saloon reminiscence.

The garage man told Guy he could not repair the leak in the pressure tube, which was diagnosed as the cause of his brake trouble, and the artist set out for Idaho Springs, six miles away. When, finally, he reached the place, a sheer drop from Central City, he felt like a man who had won a reprieve from a death sentence. He made it in first gear, the ignition off, and had to go to bed before his heart resumed its normal beat. He put in the next day skiing at Berthoud's Pass and upon his return, the car repaired, he rejoined his family at Sterling.

His wife's sister and her three-year-old had arrived from Wyoming and the two women enjoyed a heart-warming exchange of experience and gossip. Guy then undertook to drive them home, a distance of some 500 miles. The prospect of meeting a brother-in-law of whom, until he saw him, Guy persisted in thinking a rude sheep-herder, was nothing for which to drive 500 miles, but then Guy loves to drive. During the last bleak 135 miles Guy feared the worst. There was in that complete stretch of back-road not a house, not a light, not a human being, not a fence, nor any other landmark, not even a Burma-shave ad. They arrived at Landor, which is on the Oregon Trail, with the children bawling and tempers frayed and the driver probably swearing under his breath at in-laws.

By the time the Guys turned the car around for home, they had developed a case of unadulterated admiration for their sheep-herder brother-in-law, William Vaughn, the nearest thing to an old-time Golden West character, a cowboy in the romantic tradition, a cowboy with a college education and much handsomer than Gary Cooper. At the town stores they sell photographs of Vaughn, as one of the sights, to tourists. For the record, he is no sheep-herder, but an employee of the federal government grazing service, responsible for an area larger than the state of Connecticut, which he covers with station wagon, trailer and horse. He arranges the ranges for cattle and sheep men, counts antelope in the spring and has other similar duties. Brother Vaughn throws steers for fun, sports a .45 revolver, wears beautiful clothes and a Stetson hat that did not give the artist rest until he had obtained a replica for himself at North Platte, Nebraska, on the way home. From Vaughn the artist learned much about the West, and probably something incidentally about ghost towns. The Guys left Wyoming with a bad case of hero worship and I dare say that the image of Vaughn must have worked itself into the ghost town paintings, perhaps in *The End of the Cad*. The Guys spent some time in and around Landor, visiting the Indian reservation thereabouts and looking for aborigines with feathers in their scalps and finding them in store clothes at the wheels of new, shiny cars. Only recently each Shoshone Indian had received $1,000 from the government for letting an Arapaho move in with him. Guy took camera shots at the scenery, bought a pair of leather gloves and shopped madly for the Stetson he couldn't get until he had reached Nebraska. On the way home they stopped for a night at Sterling to say good-bye again and then headed for home in earnest. Of such experience is the raw material of *Fun in Ghost Town*.

James Guy was born in 1909 at Middletown. There was nothing particularly distinguished or promising about him. He was a bad scholar. When he was about sixteen his family moved around a lot, so that his education was disastrously broken up. At Northfield, Massachusetts, he was expelled from boarding school for staying out nights. The young man didn't want to learn anything. He wanted to be a ball player and he played semi-pro baseball in both Connecticut and Florida. When he was a grammar school kid in New Haven he recalls that he would sneak away after supper, instead of helping his own mother with the dishes, and lend a hand to Ma Bender, wife of the great Chief Bender, who had come to fame as pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics and who was at that time managing the New Haven team. At Bender's place he used to see the almost legendary Ty Cobb and other players, whose autographs he dutifully collected on baseballs and paper. During the winter he would spend his free time batting at a baseball suspended from the attic roof by a rope.

At seventeen he left high school intending to go into business and make a million by the age of thirty. After about three months of high-pressure salesmanship, he sold one typewriter; commission, fifteen dollars. Then he went into the business of selling Oriental rugs, being assigned to a furniture booth at the New Haven Tercentenary Progress Exhibition. There, instead of selling rugs, he became fascinated by the operations of a store window artist. He applied at the Yale Art School but they wouldn't open the doors to him because he was no high school graduate, or the equivalent thereof. He entered instead the New Haven Public Library and read every art book he could lay his hands on—all, except the anatomy books which the lady librarian thought it proper to withhold from one of such tender years. He bought one tube each of white, black, red, blue and yellow—he had read somewhere that with these colors it was possible to achieve any effect desired—and with them tried to copy Del Sarto's *Head of a Young Man*. His second painting was an original, based on Poe's *The Raven*.

The Hartford Art School put up no barrier against Guy's desire to be an artist and for two and a half years, commuting daily from New Haven, Guy attended regularly. He had the benefit of an admirable teacher, Albertus Jones, who then advised him to pursue his studies elsewhere, Hartford could teach him no more. The Summer of 1930 he went to Provincetown, Massachusetts, where, besides painting, he staged a labor play, *Strike*, his first introduction to social significance. He tried to bring *Strike* into New York, but in vain. He remained in the metropolis. This was the bitter time, before the federal government took living art under its wing. The artist recalls mornings so cold that he would run to the nearest movie house for warmth, if not for entertainment. The coming of the art projects practically saved his life. In 1932 Hartford gave him his first one-man show, at which he sold several hundred dollars worth of pictures, which was something.

Today he is more or less established, if somewhat precariously. He has at least emotional anchors in wife, child and home, motives and responsibilities he did not have before. He does not call himself a surrealist, although others may, and do. He says he paints ideas, as he does. "When I'm half-way through with a picture I discover that it has social meaning, and I'm surprised." James Guy may be called a depression period radical, for there is nothing in his background or conditioning which would make inevitable the questioning of social values that has been going on in his picture making. He reads a lot about art but he forgets it all when he sits down to paint. There is no doubt that his painting is becoming more mature, more robust, richer emotionally, larger in scope and broader in stroke. *Fun in Ghost Town* was a lark, which may show that he is easy enough in the control of his medium to want to play a little with it. ⌗

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The Star-Spangled Banner

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You'll find *The Star-Spangled Banner* gatefold on pages 19 and 20 of the July issue. What's more, you can secure an unfolded reprint of this symbolic feature . . . *absolutely free*, in full color, and ready for framing . . . simply by signing and returning the reader-dividend coupon you'll find in the July issue. But this is only one of the many features you'll want to see in the new *Coronet*, just part of the extra value *Coronet* offers you in every issue. Get your copy of the July issue today!

NOW ON SALE

July CORONET

They've Got to Eat Their Cake

Continued from page 49

the age of million dollar gates.

"Maybe," says Jimmy Bronson, who today is matchmaker of the Bronx Coliseum, the biggest of the "small" clubs, "maybe boxing will be saved by the draft. The draft ought to do what the World War did for the sport. If it does, boxing will come back with a bang."

But, you want to protest, you still read about Madison Square Garden being sold out, about Joe Louis, Max Baer and a few others making plenty of dough in the big stadiums.

True. But the few great stadiums and halls don't mean very much when you consider the boxing business as a whole. There are many more small clubs with much greater seating capacity, summer and winter. The decline of these clubs is the decline of boxing.

As sport and incidentally, too, as business. After all, even the gates in Madison Square Garden are not what they used to be. People in the know will enlighten you that there is a close tie-up between the million dollar gates and the small clubs. The wise men of boxing will tell you that the small clubs were the backbone of boxing. They would be still, but most of them have gone with the wind. And they are still going fast.

They say that two-thirds of the clubs existing ten years ago have closed their doors. The rest are doing a measly ten per cent of the business done by small fight clubs in the Twenties. The people of Boston used to spend between $30,000 and $35,000 on boxing every week. Today it is $3,000 at the most. Chicago spent $40,000 to $100,000. Today, the Marigold Gardens in Chicago have to be sold out to take in $2,800. Detroit was once a great fight town. Today there is no boxing at all in the city.

You can blame this decline on external reasons, like the depression, the rise of other sports (basketball and softball, for instance). But the real reason is internal.

Take a look at what happens to the average small club nowadays —that is, to the small promoter.

A small club with a neighborhood patronage depends on its neighborhood appeal. The club promoter finds a boy with possibilities. He boxes him in prelims for a while. Gradually he works him up to the top spot on his card. The boy meets better and better opponents. And he beats them, either because he is always better or because they aren't half as good as their reputations—which they made in the good old days.

Now the promoter has a good boxer. What's more, he has a public that has followed the boy's career and feels a personal interest in him. He's "their" boxer. They want to see him rise. Maybe he'll get a crack at the champ in his division . . . But here is where the promoter hits a snag—a snag whose name is Mike Jacobs. That's his name right now; it might be any other.

Mr. Mike Jacobs is President of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club in New York. He controls Madison Square Garden and the big baseball arenas in New York. He also has established what his numerous enemies have termed a "boxing monopoly." Whether you call it monopoly or not, the fact of the matter is that he possesses exclusive contracts with the champions and the outstanding contenders in almost every division.

Therefore, if our young boxer (to come back to him) wants to fight the champ or a contender, he has to go to Mike Jacobs. And so he packs his bag and makes for the big town. From now on his fans in the home town hear only what comes in about him over the AP or UP wires. That's not enough for them. Nor for the promoter of the small club, who can't pay his rent with newspaper reports, or feed new boxers on them.

Assume that the promoter has luck. He finds a new prospect. The same thing happens; the new boy works his way up. And the chances are three to one that he'll head for New York, too. Gradually the public turns sour. It's not hard to see why. It's like wearing yourself to a frazzle housebreaking a dog. And every time you finally get him housebroken, the dog runs away, and you have to start all over again with a new dog. After a while you give up keeping dogs. The fans feel they've been suckers, and they stop coming. The club closes its doors, and you don't get any more boxers coming up from below.

Now, take the villain of the piece, Mr. Mike Jacobs.

He is cursed for having established a monopoly through his exclusive contracts. Needless to say, anyone else in his position would try to protect himself by such contracts. But the joke is that legally these contracts are no contracts at all. They restrain a man from practicing his profession or earning money. Mike Jacobs knows perfectly well that they can't hold in court. He took James Braddock, who had an exclusive contract with Madison Square Garden, under his own wing and staged the fight with Joe Louis for the Heavyweight Championship. And the Garden couldn't do a thing about it.

Well, then, how does the man get away with it? What's his secret? Is it done with mirrors? No, it isn't done with mirrors. It's done with money. It's not the contracts, it's the money behind these contracts. Boxers and managers know they'll earn more money with Mike Jacobs than with anyone else. And so they sign up.

Mike Jacobs pays more than any other promoter because he earns more. There are two reasons why he earns more. The first is that he is an exceptionally gifted promoter. Not so much that he has new ideas, but he has an infallible flair for knowing what the

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public wants. Second—and this is probably the key reason—there's more money floating around New York City than anywhere else in the country. Mike Jacobs found that out by experience. When he staged fights in other cities, he lost money. In New York he makes money. It didn't take him long to decide he wasn't going to stage boxing matches for peanuts.

The result is that boxing—like the legitimate theater—has become more and more concentrated in New York. And like the theater, which for years has had no real roots in the rest of the country and has been living on Broadway as in a hothouse, boxing, too, has become rootless. It isn't the exclusive contracts that are killing American boxing, but the exclusive centralization of boxing in New York.

For, more than any other sport, boxing must have a constant supply of fresh blood, in the literal meaning of the word.

Whenever Mike Jacobs is accused of ruining boxing with his exclusive contracts, he replies that he must protect himself since the fight business, like the show business, is a gamble.

That is true. Truer than Mike knows. For the fight business is much more a gamble than the show business. Both share the same unpleasant feature: you never know whether you're going to make money or lose it. But in addition to that, no matter how successful financially a match is, the boxing promoter is certain to lose a large part of his investment. That is, he must lose one of his two boxers. For boxing is an elimination sport.

Say a producer builds up a couple of young actors and makes stars out of them. They become big attractions and they stay big attractions, even though one or the other flops now and then. The same is true of many sports—a man's or a team's prestige doesn't hit bottom because of an occasional defeat. Notre Dame and the Yankees are still big drawing cards, even when they are beaten.

But not a boxer. And a beating for a boxer is a physical beating as well as a moral one. Take Joe Louis and Max Baer. Louis knocked out Baer so thoroughly that for a year Baer wasn't in condition to think about boxing. That sort of thing couldn't happen to a tennis player, a runner, jumper or baseball player. It couldn't even happen to an actor after a flop. But suppose Baer had got away with only a few bruises. Even then his defeat degraded him professionally. For a long time he vanished from the boxing scene, and when he reappeared it was more because there were no heavyweights left (Joe Louis had finished them all) than because Max Baer was really considered any good. In any case, where a beaten Cunningham, Riggs or DiMaggio remain stars in their sports, a beaten boxer becomes a second-rater immediately, or else is simply through. The process is helped along because boxers never talk each other up. Instead of saying before the fight that their opponent is good, so that if they win their victory means something and if they lose they have an alibi, fighters never fail to refer to their opponents as bums.

It's a hell of a fix for the promoter. Here he has two boxers—say Gorilla Slaughter and Tiger Kelly. He's built them up carefully over a stretch of years. Both of them have knocked out a dozen men. He's spent plenty of dough on publicity. Now the public demands to know who is better, Gorilla or Tiger. Both of them, you see, represent a certain amount of frozen assets. But the only way the promoter can turn these assets into money is to have them fight one another. The fight may make money, but it will also eliminate either Gorilla or Tiger. If Gorilla wins, Tiger's value as an asset takes a tumble or vanishes completely—and vice-versa.

Nowhere else is it so true that you can't eat your cake and have it, too. The promoter's cake is his boxers. He has boxers up to the time he decides to eat them—that is, convert them into money. And then he is left with only one of the two he put in the ring. If things turn out badly, he may have neither.

But not only the promoter suffers. Boxing itself is in danger from this continuous elimination—in danger of anemia. Before long there aren't enough boxers left. And then the vicious circle begins.

The promoter—Mike Jacobs, say—says to himself: "There are not enough boxers and they're always eliminating each other. Well, then, I might as well have them fight in New York where they'll make the most money for themselves—and for me." Of course, It's the logical thing to do. But when the boxers who have been fighting in New York eliminate each other, the promoter needs new material. Result: he gets it from the small towns. He goes on doing that until the clubs in the small towns close their doors. When they do that, the effect soon comes down on big-time boxing like a Stuka bomber. No new boxers. Boxing finally succeeds in eliminating itself.

This isn't a theory—it's happening. There have never been so few small clubs as right now. And never so few coming boxers. Joe Louis, for instance, has no one to fight at all. Why? Because he beat all the heavyweights in the game. And since he appeared—for the past five and a half years, that is—not a single new prospect has come up. Not one. It's in the very nature of the sport. As long as the idea of boxing continues to be beating hell out of your opponent, there aren't going to be enough opponents, if they don't come up fast enough.

How then could they be made to come fast enough?

Maybe Jimmy Bronson is right. Maybe the draft will really give boxing another chance. World War I

Continued at top of page 156

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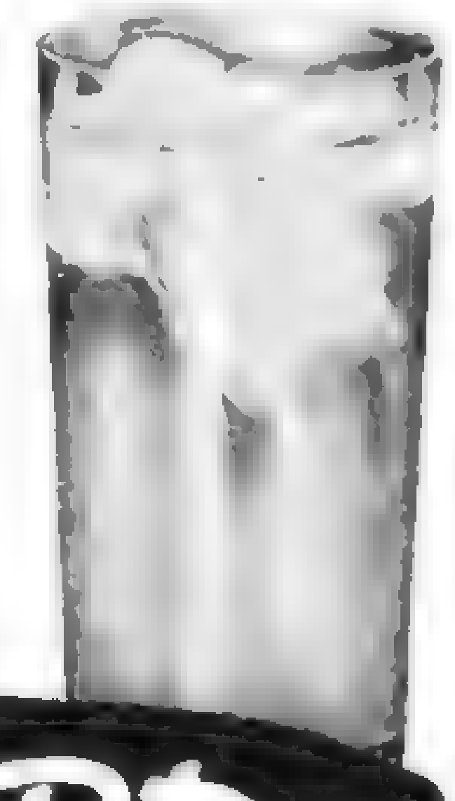

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

They've Got to Eat Their Cake

Continued from pages 49-155

produced a Tunney and many lesser boxers in no time at all. The draft, which will go on year after year, may produce many more boxers. More important still, it may produce, as it did once, a few million fans and go on producing them year after year. That and only that would solve the real problem of boxing. Then there would again be a great number of small clubs all over the country, not doing an occasional business, but assured of a regular public as well as a regular reservoir of boxers. And even if New York took away one or two more local boys, there would never be the danger of a big town monopoly in boxing and of its death by pernicious anemia.

There would be million dollar gates—if we still had any money—and there would be sensational spectacles by the topnotchers. But they would rather publicize boxing than endanger its very existence. With an army of fans and an army of fighters all over the country, boxing would become a national sport, which it is now in name only. ⧺

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
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The Grand American Way

Continued from page 25

upshot was that a group of Dayton men donated a tract of land near Vandalia and a sale of life memberships was begun. By August, 1924, trapshooting had its permanent home. From that time on the trapshooters put the sport under amateur control, removed the manufacturers' subsidy, and re-named the governing body the Amateur Trapshooting Association.

Vandalia squats somnolently at the junction of the Dixie and National highways, but a week or two before the "Grand" pays its annual August visit it shakes off a year's lethargy. The restaurant-owners order more good country food from the city, housewives put up signs reading "Rooms For Rent" that come down almost before they are tacked up, and there is a general air of hustle, bustle, and prosperity about the place.

Automobiles turn inside the white gates of Vandalia Field instead of continuing their normal course east or west on the National Highway. Their license plates are from almost every state in the union and the Canadian provinces, and their owners are from metropolitan centers like New York, Chicago, Houston, and Philadelphia or from crossroad hamlets with intriguing names like Flin Flon, Manitoba; Floydada, Texas, and Blooming Prairie, Minnesota. The Canal Zone is usually represented, and last year several Cubans found the tournament well worth the ride.

The "Grand" attracts Atlanta policemen, Chicago jewelers, Texas oilmen, Jersey insurance salesmen, Kansas cattlemen, Indiana garage mechanics, Ohio merchants, Missouri housewives, and Michigan collegians. They come from every income strata, but they all have one common interest, and that is their love of trapshooting.

One of the most dramatic interludes of the 1940 tournament, for example, was provided by Roy W. Miller, a Minnesota rural mail carrier, whose $25-a-week salary provides for the support of seven children. Mr. Miller didn't think he could afford the expense of entry fees, shells, travel, and living expenses but a bunch of the boys said he could share their tent and they'd cook their own food.

So Mr. Miller came along, and for three days it looked like it was only for the ride. On Thursday, however, he entered the Preliminary Grand American Handicap and broke the first ninety-six targets. At that point he asked for time out to compose himself, then stood off an attack of the yips to become the second marksman in forty-one years to finish without a miss in the Preliminary. He won $500 as first prize and close to $1,200 more in the Ford purses, a sort of pari-mutuel arrangement in which part of the entry fees is pooled for the shooters to split. Riding home with $1,700 in his well-worn jeans Mr. Miller thought it was a pretty good world, after all.

A tented, trailered city springs up, mushroomlike, at Vandalia Field several days before the tournament opens. Shooters bring their entire families along, cooking their meals and sleeping less than fifty yards from the line of traps.

The home of the association, a two-story, white frame building, rises above a neatly-manicured landscape, and is the center of a midway that sprouts carnival fashion as the "Grand" approaches. Up and down the line, an eighth of a mile each way from the main building, a row of tents arises. They're occupied by ammunition companies which sell and service guns, a half-dozen quick lunch counters, and purveyors of shooting jackets, sun glasses, recoil pads, and other shooting accessories. You can get a haircut, a full-course meal or have your picture taken for the folks back in Oconomowoc without leaving the grounds.

The tournament derives its name from the feature event—the Grand American Handicap—which is held on Friday, the last day. Three preliminary days precede the tournament proper, which usually begins the third Monday in August. It starts off doing a three-ringed circus a couple better, with a senior race for old-timers seventy years and over; the husband and wife event; the junior and sub-junior clay target championships of North America, the first for shooters under 18 and the latter for youngsters under fifteen, and the race for state champions. The last-mentioned event is restricted to winners or runners-up in the sixteen-yard singles championships of the same year, and in 1941 for the first time the ladies are going to have their own champion of champions race. Even in trapshooting you can't keep a good gal down!

Things move fast the second day. Outstanding are the amateur clay target championship of North America, and the women's North America championship. On Wednesday, shooters compete for class trophies in AA, A, B, C, and D, according to the averages they have compiled for the year, shooting at sixteen-yard registered targets. The high-average gunners, who have compiled a year's percentage of ninety-seven or over at sixteen-yard single targets are placed in Class A, and lower average shooters are placed in correspondingly lower classifications. On Wednesday there is also the professional championship for the ammunition company representatives. As in bowling, trapshooting's amateurs get the cash and the pros get the loving cups.

One of the week's most intriguing competitions is the Double Targets championship on Thurs-

Continued on page 158

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The Grand American Way

Continued from pages 25-157

day. A pair of clay targets is released simultaneously, and contestants, using double-barrelled shotguns or pump guns, must fire at both pigeons, one after the other, a strenuous and highly-demanding test of skill. Inasmuch as the best trapshooting is achieved by firing while the targets are rising, the trick in doubles is to shoot at both targets before either begins to fall from the high points of its trajectory. This is comparatively easy on the first target, but not on the second. If you wait too long before firing at Number Two you find it necessary to get a definite lead under the second target.

The Preliminary Handicap, also held on Thursday, is a warmup for the "Grand," and is run off at 100 targets under the same yardage conditions as Friday's big show.

Being a handicap competition, the "Grand" is rarely won by the topnotch shooters. The traps are marked off at distances from sixteen to twenty-five yards, and the lower your yearly average, the closer you're placed to the targets. With the 97-98-99 per cent. shooters set back twenty-four and twenty-five yards from the rise, the door is usually wide-open for somebody never before heard of to step in and grab off trapshooting's most-prized possession.

The handicapping system is the reason so many unknowns have climbed to scattergun immortality by winning the "Grand," and then have shuffled off right back into oblivion forever after. A twenty-five-yard position puts an expert nine yards farther back than a novice, and the expert finds as a result he must increase the lead given the target, mainly because of the greater range of the target at the breaking point.

A hardware merchant from Brecksville, Ohio, named Frank Carroll, gave the Grand American Handicap its last electrifying performance in 1937. A trapshooting nonentity till that fateful Friday, Carroll broke 100 straight targets from nineteen yards, thus becoming the first contestant since 1926 to "go straight" in the feature championship. In 1926 Charlie Young, known as "Sparrow" because he began shooting in the live-bird days, won the "Grand" at the age of sixty-five with 100 straight. He's eighty-one now and it took an auto accident in 1938 to keep the "Sparrow" out of competition in the "Grand" for the only time in thirty-six years.

Even Young's magic firing failed to capture the imagination of the trapshooting public as did the victory attained in 1930 by Rufus King, Jr., of Wichita Falls, Texas. At age fourteen, just out of grade school, Rufus broke ninety-seven targets from sixteen yards to put 966 contestants back into whatever shade there was that day. After that dip into the champagne-dripping goblet of trapshooting fame, young King turned to golf, a sport demanding the co-ordination, rhythm, and "grooved swing" of trapshooting.

Other than those featured by a perfect score or some unusual twist, the most dramatic Handicaps have been those decided by shootoffs. Held following completion of the day's events, these are the occasion for trapshooting's nearest approach to personal competition, with two or more individuals who have tied in the regulation firing pitted against each other at the same trap. The 1938 and 1939 "Grands" were both determined by shootoffs.

Winning in a shootoff, however, is hardly any more conducive to butterflies in the belly than the other extreme. Take the 1940 "Grand," for example. Ernest Wolfe, a West Virginia accountant, broke ninety-nine of one hundred targets in an early squad and then had to wait through six nerve-wracking hours while 900 remaining contestants marched down the line of traps hoping to equal or better, by one target, his score. That's comparable to those last hectic hours of a National Open when the guy who's figured "in" sits around awaiting the best —or the worst—from the rest of the hopeful field.

About everything has happened in the "Grand" except that no woman has ever won it. If a gal does, it may be Lela Hall, a straight-shooting wife of a restaurant owner in Strasburg, Missouri. She's America's best lady trapshooter, but in the "Grand" she's back on the high-yardage lines with the rest of the big shots (sic.).

The tournament runs into money and no foolin'. It costs $7.50 to enter each of the sixteen-yard events, $15 for the Preliminary Handicap, and $20 for the "Grand." Around 1,100 shooters compete in the course of a week, which definitely takes the tournament out of the penny ante class. It takes a crew of bookkeepers and cashiers to figure up how to split the money.

You don't, though, need an expensive gun to walk off with your share of the prize money. Mark Arie, the Champaign, Illinois, crackshot, used a standard repeating shotgun costing less than $50 to win more than $50,000 worth of trapshooting prizes. In 1936, Ben F. Cheek, an Indiana garageman, won the Grand American Handicap with an automatic type field gun of standard grade that he had picked up second-hand for around $25. ‡

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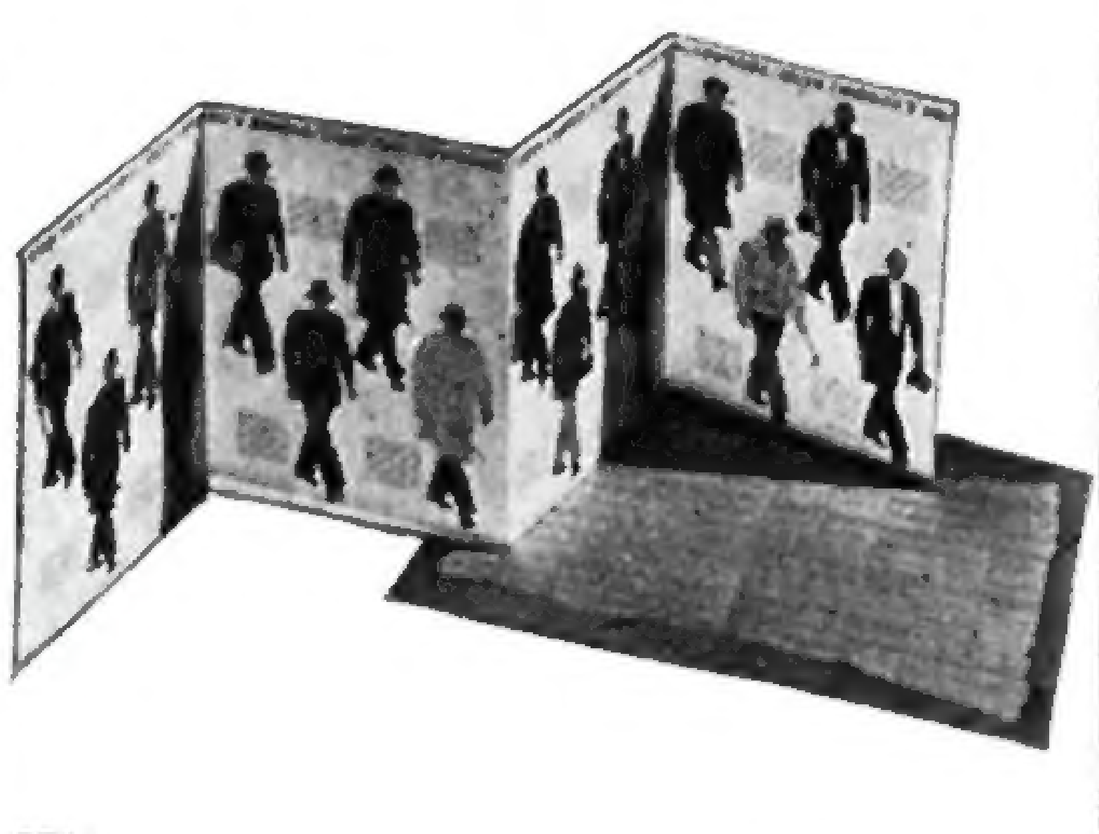

RIGHT DRESS!

To help keep you in step, Esquire's Correct Dress Chart for 1941 is at your command.

Containing sixteen life-like full-color fashion figures plus 108 descriptive paragraphs telling you what to wear, when and where—it is your complete fashion guide for Right Dress. And all you need to have one of these charts for your very own is 25c in coin and the coupon below.

Tear off and mail to Esquire, Inc.

Esquire, P. O. Box 1719, Chicago, Ill.

Rush me my copy of Esquire's Correct Dress Chart for 1941. I enclose 25c in coin for production, handling and postage costs.

NAME________________

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NOTE: This coupon entitles you to only *one* Esquire Correct Dress Chart.

MINO
bias-cut
SHORTS

can't bind
can't crawl
gapless fly
bias cut 25% more stretch

over 2,000,000 sold last year ...proof of satisfaction. If your dealer can't supply you use coupon below.

MONTICELLO SHIRT CO.
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
IN CANADA **TOOKE BROS. LTD.,** MONTREAL

Enclosed find....Please send postpaid ......pairs of Mino Shorts. My size....
PATTERN: White ☐ Plain color ☐ Stripe ☐
QUALITY: 65c ☐ $1.00 ☐ $1.50 ☐ $2.50 ☐
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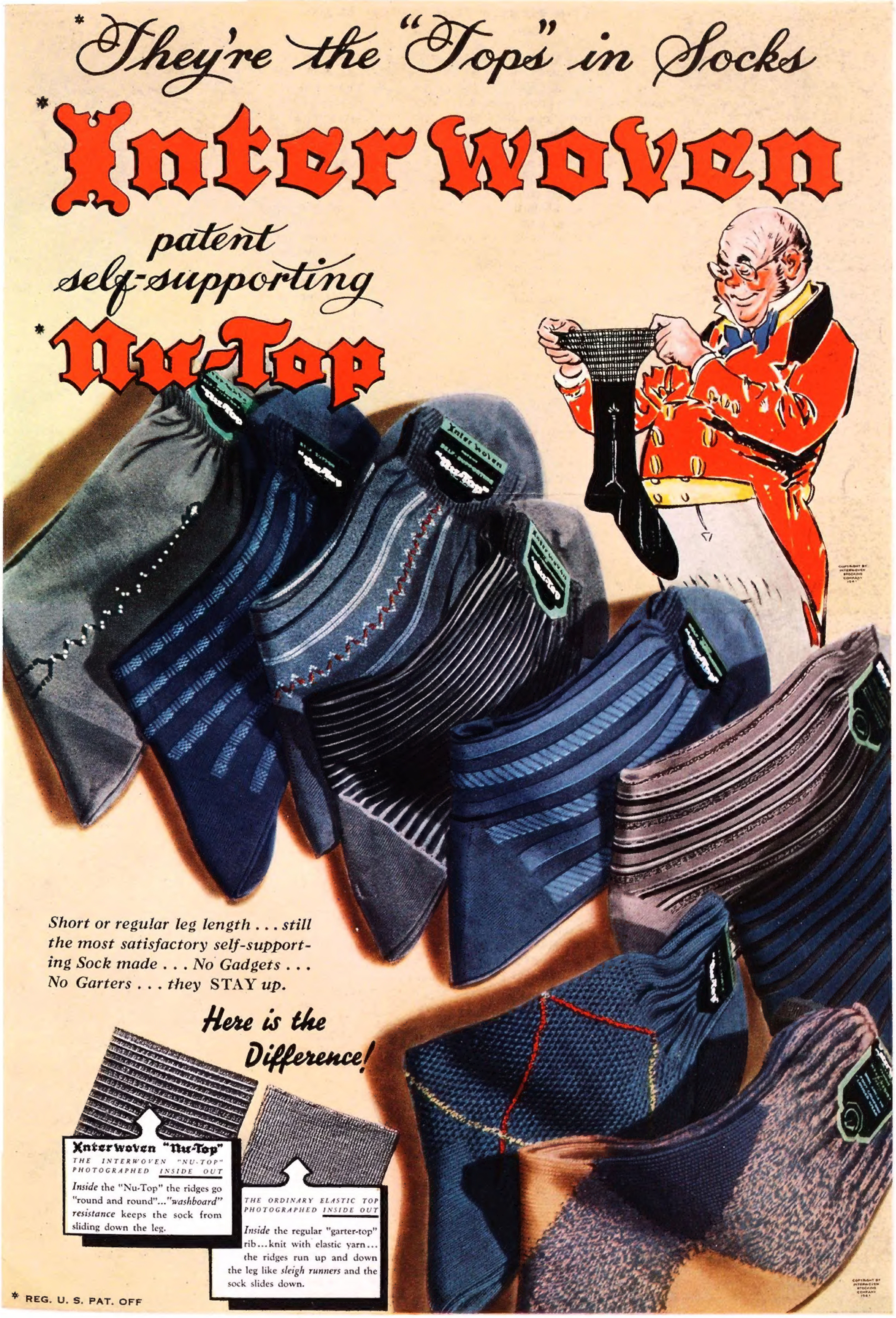

*"They're the "Tops" in Socks

*Interwoven

patent
self-supporting

*Nu-Top

Interwoven
Nu-Top
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COMPANY
1941

Short or regular leg length . . . still the most satisfactory self-supporting Sock made . . . No Gadgets . . . No Garters . . . they STAY *up.*

Here is the Difference!

Interwoven "Nu-Top"

THE INTERWOVEN "NU-TOP" PHOTOGRAPHED INSIDE OUT

Inside the "Nu-Top" the ridges go "round and round"..."*washboard*" *resistance* keeps the sock from sliding down the leg.

THE ORDINARY ELASTIC TOP PHOTOGRAPHED INSIDE OUT

Inside the regular "garter-top" rib...knit with elastic yarn... the ridges run up and down the leg like *sleigh runners* and the sock slides down.

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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THIS IS AMERICA... *young* America... in the air! Here at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego—at 27 other "West Points of the Air"—the Army Air Corps pilot training program is turning out class after class of young men who can outfly the Eagle they are pledged to defend... they're the Army's Flying Cadets.

THE CAMPUS is an airdrome runway... classroom a 2-place trainer. And the "prof" is veteran test pilot Paul Wilcox *(center, above and at left)*, Ryan chief instructor. "Dodoes" now, they'll be doing Immelmans in eight weeks. And when they've passed that final "washing machine ride," it's "Hi ya, buddy. Got a Camel?"

YES, Charley Cadet, you'll find the cigarette that rates in the Army is the flavorful brand that is extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Today—and for more than 20 years—reports from Army Post Exchanges show Camels are preferred. The Army man's... the Navy man's... America's favorite cigarette—Camels.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

CAMELS ARE ACES WITH ME. FLAVOR APLENTY — AND EXTRA MILD

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," says Chief Instructor Paul Wilcox, Civilian Director of Army Flight Training at Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego

GONE are the "Jennies" and the baling wire "crates" of 1918. *This* is 1941! Things have changed in this Army of ours, but not the Army man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

Today, as then, America's front-line cigarette is C-A-M-E-L!

Paul Wilcox's "I'd walk a mile for a Camel" tells you of the flavor that never wears out its welcome—full, rich, cool, extra mild. Science tells you of Camel's extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke *(see above, left)*. Join up now with that ever-growing army of Camel smokers. Today get Camels—and for that chap who's waiting to hear from you, get an extra carton.